Dungeon®

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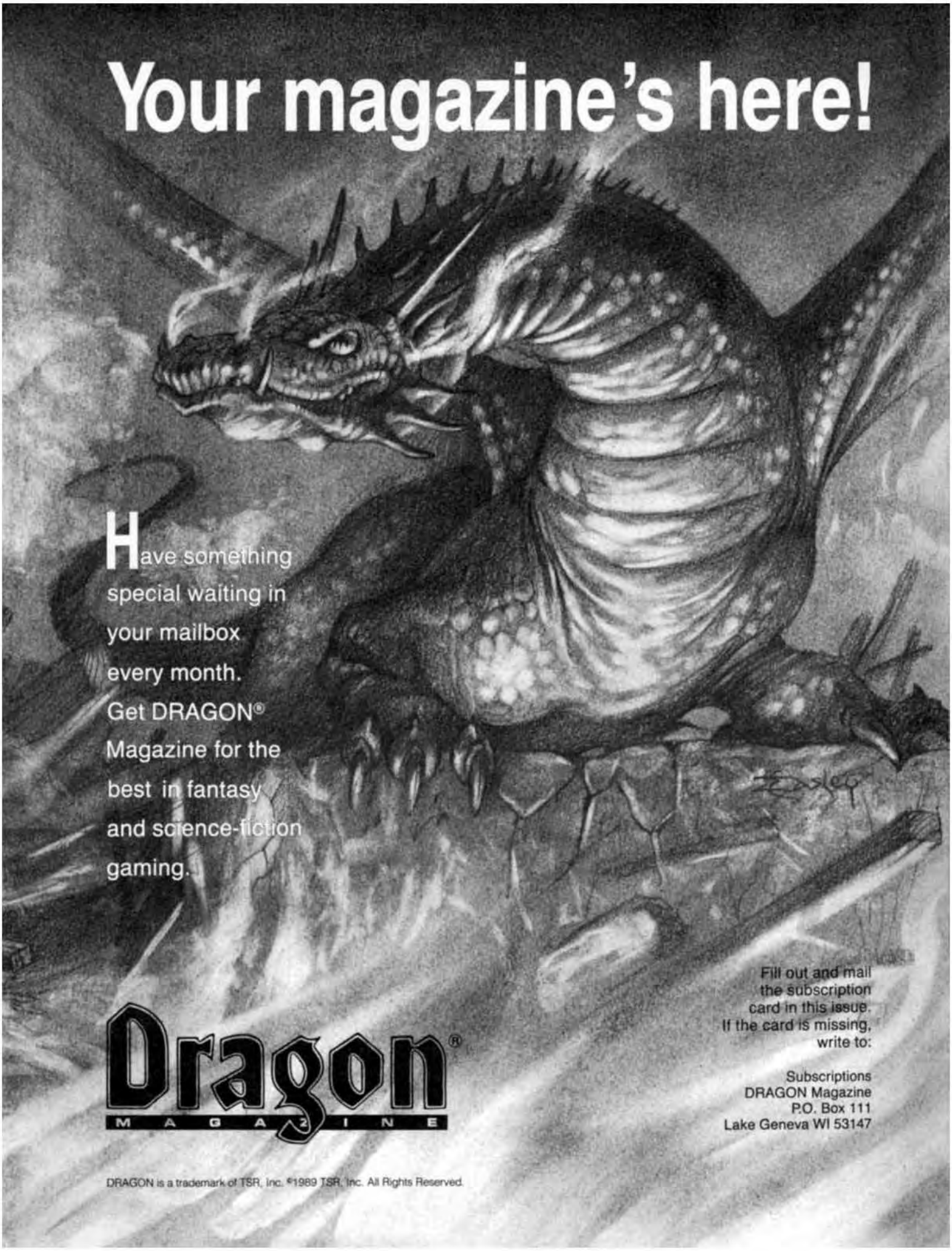
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COVER: What sort of creatures are these? Are they friend or foe? Janet Aulisio's cover painting gives no clue, so you'll have to read "The Chest of the Aloeids" to find out for sure.

I Am Not Roger Moore

All right. I admit it. I've tried for days to think of something wildly interesting to write about in this space. It's Monday and the entire issue goes out to the printer on Friday, so I'd better sit here and write something that will fill about 30 lines of type.

The problem is, I don't want to just tell you what's in this issue, like some magazines do. I'd rather you found out what we have in store for you by actually reading the adventures. And I don't have any burning issues that I feel need addressing from my editorial perch.

So I'm left with a blank computer screen and a pile of mail. Might as well see what you've sent in. Maybe I'll get an idea for my editorial.

Mondays always bring the most mail, and today is no exception. As usual, I notice that almost a third of it is addressed to "Roger Moore, Editor, DUNGEON® Adventures." Isn't that peculiar. I've been editor of this magazine since issue #9. Can it be that a third of you haven't read any issues since December 1987?

"Roger," I shout over the cubicle wall, "why doesn't anyone know who I am? I've been editing this magazine for over two years now."

No answer comes back over the wall—just a muffled sob. I walk into Roger's office to find his face buried in his arms atop a stack of mail easily twice the size of mine. And at least a third of *those* envelopes are addressed to "Kim Mohan, Editor, DRAGON® Magazine."

So I'll promise not to take it personally if you promise to remember to write to me, Barbara Young, Editor, DUNGEON Adventures. And if you have any ideas for stimulating and thought-provoking editorials, please send them my way.

Barbara G. Young

Vol. IV, No. 3

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To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive.
"El Dorado," Robert Louis Stevenson

LETTERS

Only What PCs Deserve

Count my vote *against* boxed scripts in adventures. I never like being treated as if I can't think up my own words. Besides, when I DM a prewritten adventure, I always customize the descriptions to fit what the PCs are doing. If they dash into a room without looking, they don't care about the loose thread on the curtain. If it is important, they don't deserve to know about it unless they look. As for being able to set up a scripted module faster, the DM should read the text either way. Otherwise, (s)he will be just as fooled as the players by hidden traps.

Thomas M. Kane
Farmington, Maine

"Irongard" Error

I believe I have detected an error in issue #18's "Irongard." The new spell *curse of forgetfulness* is listed on page 7 as being of seventh level. However, it is cast by a wizard of only 12th level who should be able to cast no spell higher than sixth level.

Is the wizard supposed to be of 14th level, or is the spell supposed to be of sixth level?

Also, will your magazine continue to accept and print first edition AD&D® material, or has this Second Edition nonsense taken over everything?

Edward Holmes
Summershade, Kentucky

Mad Meerim, the wizard in "Irongard," should be changed to 14th level with a THAC0 of 16.

DUNGEON® adventures should be useful for groups playing both first and Second Edition AD&D games, but we will be using the Second Edition statistics format, and monster statistics will reflect any changes made in the Second Edition.

A Taxing Problem

When I bought the July/August 1989 issue of DUNGEON Adventures I was outraged that I had to pay tax. I know that it is illegal to charge taxes on periodicals. However, the bookstore owner insisted that DUNGEON Adventures had been reclassified as a non-periodical in the great state of Taxachusetts. It sounded fishy. I believe the Revolutionary War started in this state over an issue like this.

As a Dungeon Master, I would like to request more detailed maps with your modules. This applies to the modules in DUNGEON Adventures as well as any other module published by TSR. Your modules always contain an abundance of written information and description, but the maps are comparatively sketchy. A picture is worth a thousand words, and I rely heavily on maps when I DM.

I think maps should show more than just corridors and rooms. I need to know how the contents of a room are arranged because this affects the choreography of fights. Maps should show where the beds, chests, tables and chairs are in each room, just in case a player wants to do a little swashbuckling. Sometimes maps are needed with each square representing only five feet, especially maps of buildings. I find that most maps of buildings contain no detail, especially if they are safe bases. Such buildings are usually mapped with an exterior view only and I find this type of map almost worthless.

Richard Medeiros
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

I'm sorry that you had to pay tax on DUNGEON #18. I checked this situation out and discovered that the problem lies in the way our distributor, Random House, handles TSR products. DUNGEON Adventures and DRAGON® Magazine carry ISBN (International Standard Book Number) codes. This is probably what causes the bookstore's cash registers to insist on charging tax.

If you want to fight for your rights, you might point out to the bookstore manager that the magazines also carry ISSN (International Standard Serial Number) codes, found in the first line of tiny legal print inside each magazine. A serial is a periodical. We are also recognized as a periodical by the U.S. Postal Service for second class mailing purposes. Good luck, and be sure to let me know how you fare.

We've been trying to use more icons on maps to show the placement of furniture and other "dungeon dressing." If the author doesn't provide this sort of detail, however, it's difficult for our cartographer to make it up; he can't take a chance on adding something that might conflict with the adventure. In the next revision of our guidelines, I'll suggest that authors provide more detail on maps.

Realms Modules Forgotten?

I have been a avid player of the AD&D game for about eight years now. I just started DMing about two years ago. I have grown a fondness for

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the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ world because the players in my group were so into the WORLD OF GREYHAWK® that I thought it would be a good change of scenery. There is just one problem. Most of the accessories for the Forgotten Realms aren't modules. In fact, I have seen very few modules other than those within your pages. Why is it so hard to find good modules for Forgotten Realms adventuring?

I would like to congratulate Randy Maxwell for his magnificent production of "The House of Cards" in issue #19. This method of using the *deck of many things* was very intriguing.

Harold Milles
Southgate, California

James M. Ward, TSR's Director of Creative Services and publisher of DUNGEON Magazine, replies:

It's always nice to hear from a long-time fan of the AD&D game. You are absolutely right that TSR has not produced a wide range of modules for the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting. The primary reason for this is that the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting is still in its role-playing infancy. As a result, TSR has put out a great deal of resource material and just a few modules. But this is changing, and I think you will be pleased with the amount of module material that will be available. Here are the projected releases for 1989 and 1990 so that you can ask for them at your local store:

FRC2 Curse of the Azure Bonds *(available now)*
FRE1 Shadowdale *(available now)*
FRE2 Tantras *(available now)*
FRE3 Waterdeep *(available now)*
OA6 Ronin Challenge *(March '90)*
OA7 Test of the Samurai *(February '90)*
FRA1 Storm Riders *(April '90)*
FRA2 The Black Courser *(July '90)*
FRA3 Blood Charge *(November '90)*
FRA4 Halls of the High King *(Oct. '90)*
FRA5 Ninja Wars *(December '90)*

We Goofed? Not This Time!

I am writing to say that somebody goofed! In "White Fang" (issue #20), paragraph 79 says "Something happens if you have the copper ring. If you don't have the ring, go to 72."

It should say, "If you have the ring, go to 109."

And, in answer to Rusty Merritt's letter, you can tell him that he's not alone. I am 16 years old and a DM/player. I have been playing the AD&D game for six years now.

I would also like to say that the cover of issue #20 is awesome!!! Keep up the good work.

Todd A. Rafferty
DuBois, Pennyslvania

For the past six years I have enjoyed the D&D® and AD&D game systems. In my five years as a DM, I have accumulated a large amount of game materials. My subscription to DUNGEON Magazine is one of my better investments. Most adventures therein fit well in my campaigns, and there is always a piece or two in each issue I can readily use.

I have a couple of questions about issue #20. On page 28 of the [1st edition] *Dungeon Masters Guide* it states that there is no magical elven chain mail armor. In Wolfgang Baur's "Ship of Night" (page 23, area F14) there is an indisposed drow elf wearing *elven chain mail +2*. Have I misunderstood this rule, or has it been changed along the way and I missed it? It may seem a small matter, but a suit of *elven chain +3* or higher would be invaluable to a thief character.

Also, in Nigel Findley's solo adventure "White Fang," section 79 puzzled me. The last two lines say, "Something happens if you have the copper ring. If you don't have the ring, go to 72." Okay. But what happens if you have the ring? I have had my issue for two weeks now and nothing has happened yet!

Lastly, now that the AD&D 2nd Edition game is going strong, will you be looking for more submissions for that edition? I am more comfortable with the old one, but if using the new edition will give a better chance of publication, I'll try my luck there.

John J. Malloy
Wilmington, Delaware

Magical elven chain mail is allowed in the AD&D 2nd Edition game. See pages 139 and 182 of the 2nd Edition DMG.

You should have had Todd around to help you figure out the mystery of the copper ring. For those of you who jumped right into the adventure and didn't read the introduction on page 26, here's the clue:

"Certain items that Lykan may find have been given special numbers. Be sure to record each item's number, as you will need to know it later. At various times, there are things that happen or options that you have only if you possess one of these special items. When you are told 'Something happens if you have the golden key,' add the item's number to the number of the section you are currently reading, then go to the section number that matches the sum to find out what happens."

I thought the author had used a simple but very clever game mechanic to conceal information the player might not know. I hope it wasn't too obscure.

We are definitely looking for AD&D 2nd Edition modules, but it's more important to write a good adventure. We can help you adjust for 2nd edition rules if we like your module proposal.

What We Like To Hear

I just received my first issue of your magazine and I was very impressed. You had a great mixture of short and long adventures, and I thought that each of the modules that I read was creatively written. I'm sure my players will feel the same way.

I was surprised at the number of letters I read from people who dislike solo adventures. I thought that the solo adventure that I read was very exciting. I only wish that someone would devise a way for players to use their actual AD&D characters in this type of module.

I would also like to congratulate Grant and David Boucher for writing "Ancient Blood" (issue #20). The dungeon was well stocked with interesting traps, and the selection of monsters was very good. I hope DUNGEON Magazine will continue to print terrific modules like the ones I read.

Fred Bicknese
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

As we mentioned on page 26 of issue #20, the solo adventure works best with the character provided, but you may also use your own character if he or she is of a similar level and is similarly equipped. Ω

THE CAULDRON OF PLENTY

BY WILLIE WALSH

—Plenty of trouble, that is.

Artwork by Bob Gladrosich

To prove he's a game designer, Willie has invented a new game: tearing around his Dublin office on his new swivel chair! "I'm still not sure how the brakes work, and things are looking a little dented in places," Willie reports. Apart from his obviously hectic schedule, Willie expects lots of birthday cards on the 20th of February, when he'll reach the ripe old age of 24.

"The Cauldron of Plenty" is an AD&D® adventure for a party of 4-6 characters of levels 2-4 (about 15 total levels). A druid PC would be an advantage. It would also be helpful for the Dungeon Master to read through the "Celtic Mythos" section in *Legends & Lore*, or consult any book about the Celts and their legends. Though following a quasi-Celtic pattern, this scenario may be easily played in another cultural setting or adapted as part of a larger campaign.

For the Dungeon Master

This adventure is set in the small Celtic kingdom of Tiglas, ruled by a king called the Rí Luachra. Tiglas is part of a loose confederacy of states that make up the country called Áit Eile, ruled over by a High King or Ard Rí. The High King in theory (if not always in practice) holds sway over the whole confederacy of lesser kings.

Tiglas is a green and fertile land, and it prospers after its own fashion and customs. The gold piece has only recently been accepted as a unit of currency. Prior to this, one's wealth and prestige were measured by how many cattle one owned. This custom still stands, making the acquisition of cattle an important motivation for the king.

Throughout the confederacy there is a strict honor code, called "honor-price." Instead of the hierarchy prevalent in the Middle Ages, where a king could rule by force alone and all classes remained fixed, the social structure in Tiglas and its neighbors works quite differently. In some ways it seems reversed to the medieval model. The only people outside this social order are the druids and bards, who may come and go as they please because of their reputed powers over magic and the spoken or sung word.

A man may rise through the social ranks by improving his honor-price, which is determined by how many people are dependant on and well cared for

by him. The king must have the best honor-price, and he may be deposed if he fails to live up to his obligation to care for his warriors (who care for their vassals, who care for the crops and cattle, which feed the warriors, the vassals, and the king). The whole society is interdependent and so takes special care that each person knows where he stands in the social order, even if that person's position is in a state of constant flux.

Competition to attain high honor-price is an everyday part of life in Tiglas, so a king's position is not guaranteed, nor is it certain that a son or a daughter of the current king will have the right to rule later. Moreover, it is the law in Tiglas that if the ruler (who is elected by the nobility) fails in his responsibilities to the land or its people, the people may demand a new king be put in his place.

The current state of affairs in Tiglas bodes ill for the Rí Luachra, who through inaction has allowed raids by neighboring kingdoms to deplete the cattle herds of the local farmers. Although the kingdom has sufficient stores of grains and other foodstuffs to survive the coming winter, the tradition of measuring one's prestige in cattle is strong, and the raids have caused unrest among the populace. The people feel that the king's warband, which is charged with protecting the kingdom, should make its own raids to win back replacement cattle for Tiglas. But neither the warband nor the Rí Luachra have acted, and inaction lessens the esteem of the king.

The Rí has other problems as well. One of his many responsibilities is to provide a nightly feast for his warband at his palace at Dunluachra. But there are not enough cattle to feed the warriors, so they refuse to take part in any military operations—including raids to capture cattle (which is their right, as they aren't being provided for properly by their leader).

To get out of this desperate situation before he is forced to abdicate, the Rí Luachra has taken the advice of a druid, Dertol, who has decided that if the king possessed the legendary *cauldron of plenty*, he could fulfill his duty to his warband, and the warband would then obey his orders.

Dertol's motives in recovering this item are plain. The magical cauldron is capable of producing, once per night, a fully cooked feast of either beef, mutton, or pork. The cauldron was created by druids of Dertol's order, and its return would be as great a boost to their prestige as it would be for the king's.

Unfortunately, the cauldron is owned by a verbeeg giant, the Bolg Mór, who has a nasty reputation for inhospitality. The monster lives beneath the ground in a group of caverns called the Poll Dubh Doracha, in the westernmost part of Tiglas. There he lives quietly, relying on the cauldron for food and forcing merchants to pay a toll to travel through his land. Occasionally, he also waylays travelers for money or recreation.

The Bolg Mór was a member of a typical bandit group that met with a sticky end in the lair of a hydra. Fleeing from that misadventure, he found the entrance to the Poll Dubh Doracha and squeezed in.

In his less-than-perfect condition after the fight with the hydra, the giant fell quickly to the influence of a *charm* spell cast on him by a mage who had recently taken up residence in the caverns. The mage suggested that the Poll Dubh Doracha could become quite a comfortable home with the Bolg Mór's help. So, much of the heavy work such as clearing a larger entrance fell to the giant. The mage also employed workmen to construct doors, walls, and cells, and to smooth out the rough walls of the caverns. Soon he began moving in equipment and conducting experiments. The *cauldron of plenty*, which the mage had stolen from its previous owner, served functional as well as research needs.

Perhaps it was the sight of the cauldron, which the giant soon coveted, that helped him shake free of the mage's *charm* spell. Gradually, the spell's strength waned, but the mage was too wrapped up in his studies and experiments to notice until it was too late. The Bolg Mór drove out the remaining workmen after slaying the mage, then took the caves as his new home.

Eventually, the giant grew restless and began exploring the area around the Poll Dubh Doracha. He came into contact with merchant caravans and soon realized the importance of trade as well as ambush and extortion. He attained a certain affluence as a result and became undisputed master of the hills. In spite of this, he never became vain or stupid, though he has been a powerful enemy of anyone who displeased him.

The Bolg Mór (verbeeg giant): AC 4; MV 18; HD 5+5; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type (spear) +6 strength bonus (18/00); SA +60 yards to range of thrown spear; ML 13; AL N(E); MC (Giant-kin, Verbeeg).

Naturally, the king's warband will refuse to act until the warriors feel they are being properly provided for. They won't accept coinage (it isn't traditional), so the Rí must find another way to win the cauldron from the unwilling giant. He has authorized Dertol the druid to offer terms of employment to a party of likely adventurers to recover the device. Through the power of his deity, Dertol knows that the PCs are passing through the kingdom, and he can find them anywhere in the land.

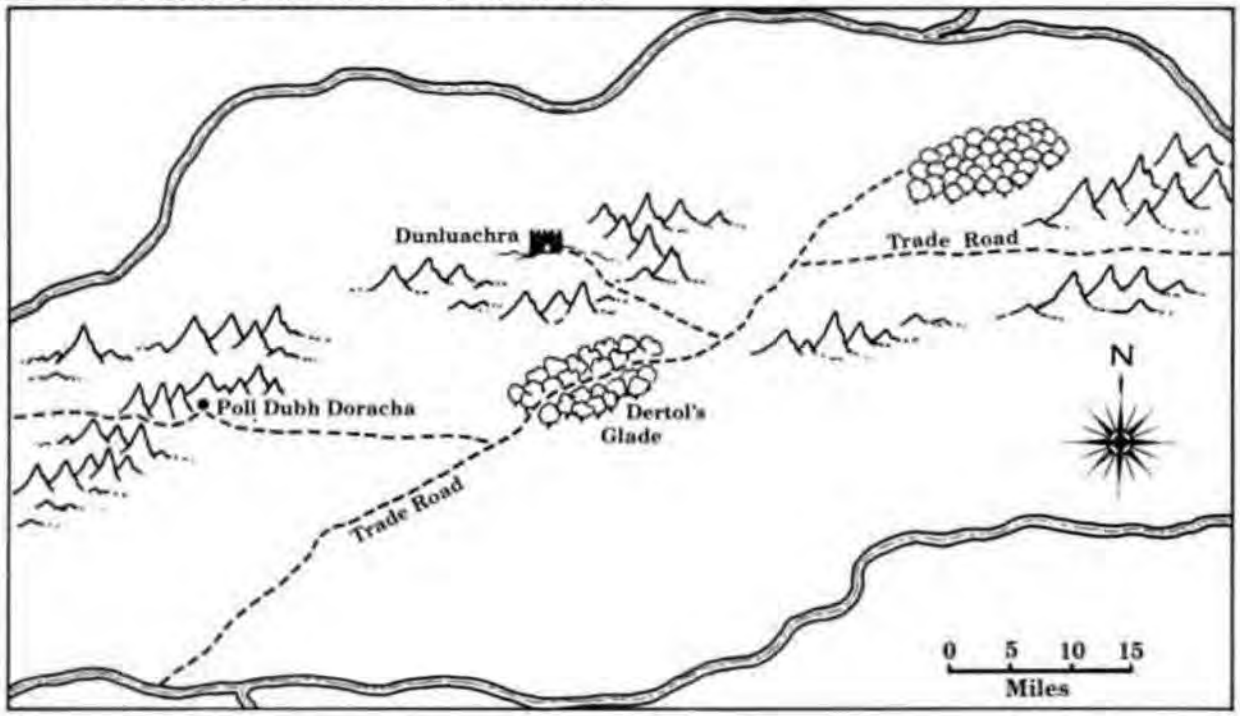
The DM may have the PCs pass through Tiglas on some longer journey and so encounter Dertol. If the module is being played as an individual adventure, Dertol may summon the PCs to the kingdom on a matter of high adventure and mutual profit.

Pronunciation Guide

In this module, certain words and phrases are presented in the Irish language to preserve the Celtic feel of the adventure. (If experts on the language find obvious mistakes in the structure of phrases, perhaps Tiglas has evolved a Celtic tongue of its own.) The following rough guide to pronunciation is given to allow the DM to pronounce the words as the author intended. If the pronunciations cause any problems, feel free to use others.

Name	Pronunciation
Áit Eile	Oit Ella
Ard Rí	Ord Ree
Bolg Mór	Bul-ug More
Dunluachra	Doon-loo-kra
Déan Caoireoil	Dane Keer-ole
Déan Mairteoil	Dane Mart-ole
Déan Muiceoil	Dane Mick-ole
Poll Dubh Doracha	Powel Dove Dur-ack-ah
Rí	Ree
Rí Luachra	Ree Loo-kra
Ruairi	Roo-ree
Tiglas	Tig-lass

THE KINGDOM OF TIGLAS



For the Player Characters

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> Passing through Tiglas, a small kingdom with mostly human inhabitants, you are pleased by its green and varied scenery, its western mountains, its small woods and streams, and its friendly people. The peasants are affable and quite approachable once their initial shyness is overcome. They are full of talk about recent raids from neighboring chieftains and how impoverished their lords have become as a result. It appears that cattle are the main targets in these raids, and indeed there are noticeably fewer cattle about than one might expect on such farmlands. The animals that remain are being carefully guarded.
>
> Druids are another matter. The few you encounter pass quietly on business of their own. They offer polite greetings but refuse to be drawn into involved conversations.
>
> Following your course one morning through a small, sun-dappled glade, you meet a druid wearing the blue robes and jewelled torc of high office. It would seem that for once you have met a druid who wishes to make conversation, for he raises his hand in salutation, saying "May the great Dagda, Lord of Gods, preserve you! Whither dost thou go?"

The druid introduces himself as Dertol, advisor to the Rí Luachra. He cryptically mentions that the woods were chosen as a meeting place in order to avoid "prying eyes and ears at the palace" (he means the warband). Dertol then says that it is the wish of the Rí that the PCs travel to the caves known as the Poll Dubh Doracha to retrieve the magical *cauldron of plenty*, which is currently in the possession of a giant, the Bolg Mór. For this service, the Rí offers the sum of 3,000 gp, payable on delivery of the cauldron to Dertol.

The druid gives the PCs the following information, which has trickled into the kingdom with the small caravans that cross the Bolg Mór's lands:

—The giant is much more intelligent than many of his kind and is likely to have set traps, tricks, or other hazards in his caves.

—The caves are dangerous enough, even if a giant wasn't living in them, as the limestone has been weakened in many places by water seepage.

—The Bolg Mór is said to have a weakness for stories of other lands. In dire straits, the adventures may use this against him if they are clever.

—The giant charges a 1-gp toll per person to caravans passing through his territory. He doesn't always stop caravans, but he will sometimes attack unwary travelers for the fun of it.

The druid can tell the adventures the following information about the *cauldron of plenty*. The information was gleaned from stories told by workers who were driven out of the Poll Dubh Doracha when the giant took over:

—The cauldron once belonged to a magician who had *charmed* the Bolg Mór into his service. Unfortunately, the *charm* wore off and the cauldron, the wizard's head, and his home at the Poll Dubh Doracha became the property of the giant.

—Bad luck is said to follow those who obtain the cauldron through force,

though Dertol can't say whether trickry or other nonviolent means of retrieving the cauldron will activate this *curse* (see "The *Cauldron of Plenty*" at the end of this module).

—The command words for the cauldron must be hidden somewhere in the giant's caverns. It is the PCs' secondary mission to obtain these command words. (Dertol is aware that he may obtain the command words by research among his fellow druids if need be, so he doesn't stress this mission.)

—The cauldron appears to be a normal cooking pot, but a *detect magic* spell will reveal it for what it is.

Aid is available to the party. If there is a druid character in the group, Dertol gives him a scroll with the spells *transmute rock to mud* and *animate rock* to assist in the success of the mission. The DM may allow a PC who receives these items to refer briefly to the *Player's Handbook* (either edition) to reflect Dertol's brief description of the spells effects, durations, etc. If there are no druid characters in the party, Dertol gives the PCs a vial of *oil of slipperiness* and a potion of *climbing*, and explains their uses.

Dertol then gives the PCs a map of the kingdom of Tiglas and directs them to the Poll Dubh Doracha. He suggests that the adventurers travel 10 miles due west of the glade where they had their rendezvous, at which time they should begin to discover signs of the giant. The druid wishes the party luck before he disappears into the trees.

Dertol: AC 10; MV 12; D5; hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (unarmed); SA spell use; SD +2 on saves vs. *fire* and *lightning;* ability to *pass without trace;* ML 14; AL N; S 18, D 12, C 15, I 15, W 12, Ch 15. Spells (5% chance of failure each): *animal friendship, invisibility to animals, locate animals or plants, charm person or mammal, hold person, trip, tree.* Dertol is unarmed, as in Tiglas it is a crime punishable by death to harm or hinder a druid. Even if the PCs have never adventured in this land before, they may (at the DM's option) know this is the law here.

Journey to the Giant's Lair

The Poll Dubh Doracha is a limestone cave network in the mountains west of Tiglas (see The Kingdom of Tiglas map). Most of the Poll Dubh Doracha was created by nature as water eroded the soft limestone rocks. The various man-made fixtures were commissioned by a mage named Druleen, the one who later *charmed* the Bolg Mór into service.

The Wandering Monster Table below may be used for encounters on the way to the Poll Dubh Doracha. As the land becomes wilder to the west, wandering monster rolls should be made at dawn, noon, and dusk. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1 or 2 on 1d6. If a night creature is indicated, wait until the next suitable period of darkness for the PCs to encounter the monster.

Wandering Monster Table (Roll 1d8)

1: **Goblins** (10): AC 6; MV 6; HD 1−1; hp 6 (×2), 5 (×3), 4, 3 (×4); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (short sword or sling); ML 9; AL LE; MC. These goblins are scouting for a good spot to build a lair. They haven't had too much luck, and although their leader won't admit it, they're lost. They will ask the party for directions as a ruse to get close enough to attack. The goblins do not have any treasure.

2: **Goat, giant:** AC 7; MV 18; HD 3+1; hp 19; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16; SA charge for +4 damage; ML 5; AL N. This creature attacks only if it feels threatened. Goats of any kind are rare in these mountains, as the larger predators relish goat kids as a quick snack.

3: **Boar, wild:** AC 7; MV 15; HD 3+3; hp 12 (can fight to −6 hp); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; ML 9; AL N; MC. Like the goat, this creature attacks anyone foolish enough to come within 30'. Otherwise, it ignores the party.

4: **Centipede, huge:** AC 9; MV 12; HD 1 hp; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg nil; SA poison bite (save vs. poison at +4 or be paralyzed for 1-6 hours; SD save at −2; ML 6; AL N; MC. This creature is hunting in the rocks for likely insect victims and will attack PCs only if annoyed.

5: **Dwarven prospectors** (6): AC 4; MV 6; HD 1; hp 6 (×2), 5, 4, 3, 2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (hand axe); ML 13; AL LG; MC; chain mail, shields. These dwarves are traveling on a path at right angles to that taken by the PCs. Kram, Kall, Gor, Zokal, Naynar, and Gakal are searching the mountains for minerals. Although not hostile, they are not overly friendly and have never met the Bolg Mór. They passed the entrance to the Poll Dubh Doracha several days ago and can direct the adventurers there—if they're asked.

6: **Ghouls** (4): AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 13, 11, 9, 7; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA paralyzation; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells; AL CE; MC. These ghouls attack only during the night (reroll this encounter in daylight or save it for the following evening). They come from a small plot where a number of warriors were buried. The violence of their deaths and the grievance they hold against the lord who abandoned them to their fate have transformed them into ghouls. Now they prey on any travelers who come within range.

7: **Ogre:** AC 5; MV 9; HD 4+1; hp 14; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10 or by weapon type (club); SA +2 to damage; ML 12; AL CE; MC. Knark, the ogre, likes to take a stroll around the area after dark, trying to corner a goat or a fox for the next morning's breakfast. He rarely catches anything any other way, as he's too big and noisy. The PCs may encounter him if they have a campfire lit and he chooses to come visit, or they may hear him thrashing about in the scrub, cursing and muttering. Any encounter with this monster has a 50% chance of passing peaceably. Knark keeps to himself unless he's particularly hungry.

8: **Will o'wisp:** AC −8; MV Fl 18 (A); HD 9; hp 38; #AT 1; THAC0 11; Dmg 2-16; SA electric charge; SD immune to most magical attacks; ML 17; AL CE; MC. This creature is highly dangerous, though it is alone and won't attack if the party is up to full strength. The monster attempts to lure a single party member into a pool or mire from which it can attack in relative safety. If the 'wisp is unsuccessful in luring anyone away, it bides its time until a less intelligent creature happens by.

It should take two days for mounted adventurers to travel to the caves due to the roughness of the terrain (five days if on foot at human/elven walking speed).

The Poll Dubh Doracha

Read or paraphrase the following when the PCs are within a half-day's journey (by horse or foot) from the giant's lair.

> The wilderness becomes even more desolate and uninviting as you travel farther from the green land of Tiglas. It's hard to imagine how any creature—especially a giant—could survive in an area so devoid of game. But you remember that the Bolg Mór has magical assistance.
>
> The only noises other than those made by your own movements are the sounds of rushing water. Fast-flowing streams appear from the rocks to flow for a short distance before plummeting into fissures in the rocky ground.
>
> After half a day of searching, you see a great refuse pile ahead. Judging by the mound of discarded bones, it would appear that the Poll Dubh Doracha and its giant occupant are close at hand.

The refuse contains the bones of the Bolg Mór's previous victims—all except their skulls, which the giant likes to keep as trophies. Much of the refuse is left over from feasts provided by the *cauldron of plenty*.

If the PCs search the dump and the surrounding area, they will have little difficulty in finding the yawning mouth of the Poll Dubh Doracha. Refer to the maps of Level One and Level Two when reading the following numbered descriptions.

Meeting the Giant

There are no wandering monsters to be encountered in the caverns, but there is a 10% chance per turn of exploration that the sound of the approaching giant is heard. The PCs should be aware that the giant is likely to be hostile to trespassers. The DM might wish to add an assortment of weird noises to frustrate the PCs. If the party is cautious, any encounter with the Bolg Mór should prove an interesting experience.

A typical day for the Bolg Mór begins at dawn, when he gets out of bed (area 18) and heads upstairs to stoke up his stove (area 8). After a leisurely bucket of tea, he checks his supply of fermenting beer and severed heads (area 5) to see how they're coming along.

An hour after dawn, the Bolg Mór may be found roaming the wilderness. He may learn that the PCs are nearby while on one of these excursions. He may also be gone when they arrive, or he may set out while they are in the caves.

If the giant locates the PCs' horses, he'll attempt to move them to another hiding place. The Bolg Mór plans to either sell or trade them, or to use them as wolf food.

In the late afternoon, the giant returns to the Poll Dubh Doracha if he hasn't encountered a caravan and conducted negotiations. He enters his main lair (area 18) and uses the command words for the *cauldron of plenty* (equal chances for each set of commands to be used that day). After his feast, he settles down to sleep or heads upstairs for more tea to wash down his meal. PCs hiding in the study (area 17) may use this opportunity to nip in and swipe the cauldron, though they'll have to avoid the giant on the way out.

Should the Bolg Mór get wind of the PCs, he'll first attempt to discover how many of them there are, how strong they are, and whether they are potentially hostile. If he decides they are "just happening by," he may even make overtures to trade with them, but if he thinks they are hostile, he'll try to eliminate them. If he feels the party is strong, the giant will use his knowledge of the Poll Dubh Doracha and his familiar wilderness to ambush the PCs.

Level One

1. Entrance.

> The tracks that lead here from the refuse pile indicate that this is the area from which the bones and other trash originated.
>
> The cavern is roughly circular, and the bare limestone has been twisted into many fantastic shapes: waterfalls, rivers, miniature hills, and spirals. Pillars, stalagmites, and stalactites abound. Some have been cleared or broken to make a path toward the opening at the south end of the cave.

Each formation in the entrance cave is a natural phenomenon caused by the accumulated deposits of dissolved limestone in droplets of water falling in the same spot for thousands of years. The Bolg Mór used his great strength and a huge sledgehammer to break the stalagmites and stalactites. He has little interest in the esthetic value of such phenomena (probably as little as any of the PCs, in the circumstances), but he does have an excuse for such destruction; he was *charmed* at the time by the caverns' former owner.

Apart from the fantastic shapes, there is nothing of interest to the adventurers in this cavern.

2. Sandy Corridor.

> The entrance cave leads into a dark tunnel heading south. The floor is soft underfoot, and the air is damp. Drops of water fall sporadically from the ceiling.

The ceiling is 12' above the floor. Characters without infravision will have to use torches or lanterns to see properly once past the entrance cave.

The floor underfoot is soft because it is made up of a thick layer of sand. There is much evidence of recent traffic through the tunnel. Most of the tracks appear to have been made by someone with size 16 feet. Some older tracks suggest small parties of humans or demi-humans (many of whom are now part of the refuse pile at area 1).

3. Waterfall.

> The tunnel emerges briefly into a roughly octagonal cave before taking off eastward. A stream of water pours down the western wall from a slitlike hole in the roof. The water disappears into a floor-level crevice near the wall.

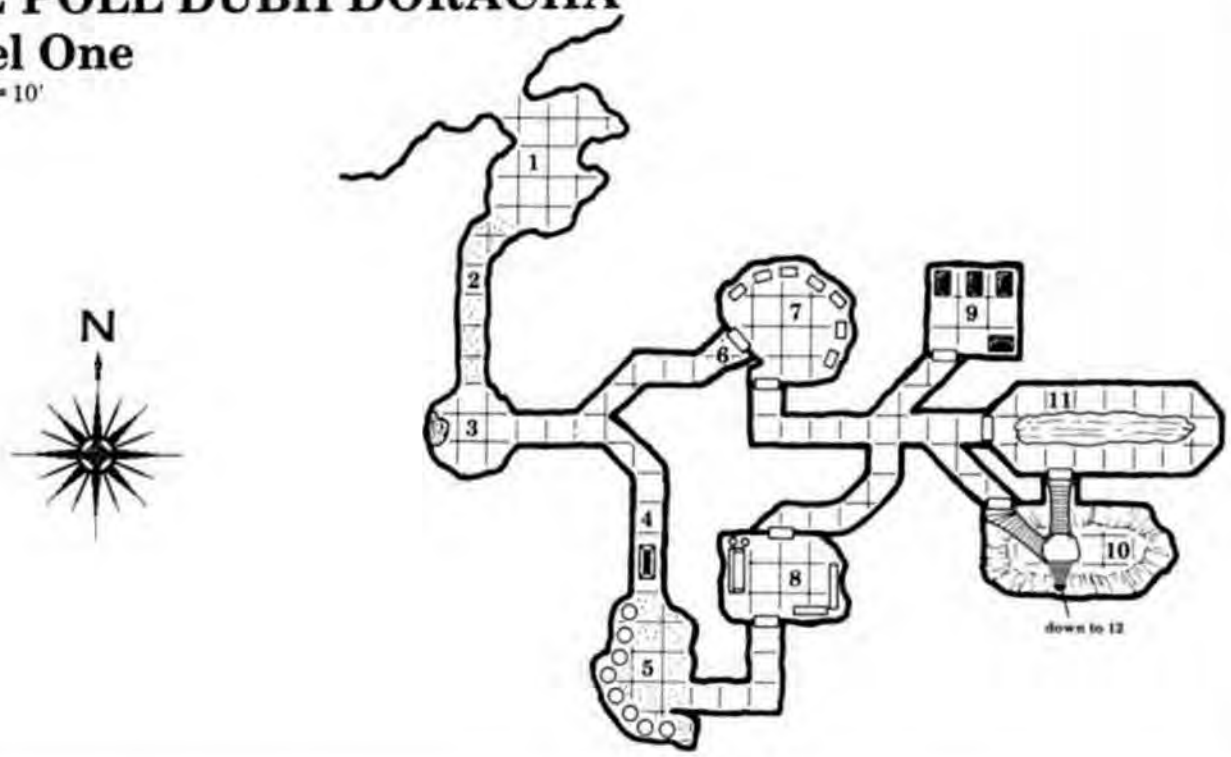
This is a part of the series of waterways that wend their ways across the surface only to disappear suddenly through a weakness in the rock below. Part of this particular stream reappears at area 11.

4. Natural Pit.

> The corridor floor is suddenly interrupted by a 10'-wide pit that falls away into darkness.

THE POLL DUBH DORACHA
Level One

1 square = 10'



This natural shaft falls 50' to the surface of a mineral-rich pool of icy cold water. The Bolg Mór has no difficulty hopping across it because the ceiling here is 20' high. He also uses the pool below as a handy well if he wants water.

Each PC in metal armor may, at the DM's discretion, have to make a dexterity check on 1d20 to jump the gap and avoid falling into the pool below. A character who falls into the pit will suffer 1-4 hp damage from cuts and bruises from the rough walls before hitting the water below. Damage from cold is 1 hp per round of immersion. If the PC takes a deep breath before hitting the water, he can hold his breath for a number of rounds equal to one-third his constitution score, rounded up. For the effects of strenuous exercise on breath holding, see page 12 of the *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide*.

5. Storeroom and Brewery.

Ten feet beyond the far edge of the pit, the tunnel opens into a cavern with a sandy floor. Ranged along the west wall are eight large barrels, a couple of which are sealed. An alcove in the southeast corner of the room contains a single barrel that looks to be covered with some kind of mold.

The Bolg Mór is quite fastidious about how he keeps his living quarters (hence the outdoor refuse pile), so the contents of these barrels are kept well away from where they might offend him by noisome smells or inconvenient noises.

Starting at the north entrance, the first three barrels contain: old clothing from past adventurers; an assortment of weaponry including a *long sword +2* from the same source; and a collection of helmets (some severely dented) of a nonmagical nature. None of the three barrels are sealed.

The next two barrels are sealed, as they contain fermenting beer. A small airlock protrudes from the lid of each, allowing a bubble of gas to pop out every few minutes. The PCs may be alarmed by the bubbling noises and audible pops from these barrels and may think that noxious fumes are leaking out. The only real danger is in drinking any of the beer; it has an unappetizing skin across the top, and the liquid portion (which must be strained before it can be safely imbibed) is extremely potent. Any character drinking more than a pint becomes very drunk. See page 82 of the AD&D 1st Edition *Dungeon Master's Guide* for suggestions on the results of intoxication.

The next two barrels contain a collection of heads whose flesh is being stripped using a lime mixture, and a collection of skulls that are being preserved using a strong vinegar mixture.

The barrel in the alcove contains a colony of **yellow mold** (AC 9; MV 0; hp nil; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA poison spores; SD affected only by fire; AL nil; MC). Nothing remains of the breads the barrel once held.

6. Dungeon Door.

The tunnel wends its way from the fork for 50' or so before stopping at a huge, iron-bound oak door. The door is as wide as the 10' tunnel and almost reaches the 15' ceiling. The oak is marked with cuts and slashes about 5' up from the floor.

This is one of the doors to the upper living quarters of the Bolg Mór (his main quarters are below on Level Two). The size of the door conforms well with the size of the creature who lives in the complex.

The cuts and slashes, on examination, turn out to be a verse carved into the surface of the door. Written in Common, the words read:

Herein trespass at your peril.
None may pass this door.
Turn away or risk to feel
The wrath of the Bolg Mór.

The PCs may be understandably nervous of traps on the door, but the door opens safely when (or if) this is attempted. The verse is the giant's way of getting rid of unwanted guests with a minimum of fuss. Those likely to turn at this threat, he reasons, probably wouldn't give him much sport anyhow.

7. Tea Storage.

As you open the door of this roughly circular room, you are engulfed by a heavy smell, like dried leaves on a hot autumn day. The chamber is dry and airy. Another door is visible just around the corner.

Standing neatly against the walls are seven boxes made from light, thin wood. Some metal foil peeps out from beneath the lid of one box. Apart from these boxes, the cave is deserted.

The boxes are tea chests, each nearly filled with good-quality tea. One of the giant's weaknesses is for a nice bucket of tea after a meal. He has the tea specially imported, often using monies taken from past victims to pay for the luxury.

Coinage, though often scorned throughout Tiglas as a form of trade, is not refused in neighboring parts of Áit Eile and beyond, especially since it comes in handy sizes for melting down into gold and silver ornaments worn by the warrior classes.

The Bolg Mór has gotten over his distrust of currency because tea is not grown in Tiglas and may only be imported for hard cash. Sometimes he'll allow a cash-short caravan the option of paying its toll in goods, such as leather, cloth, or beads, which he can fashion into useful or decorative items himself.

The metal foil in the boxes is put there by the tea merchants to preserve the freshness of their product (it wouldn't do their health much good to sell poor quality merchandise to the Bolg Mór). The foil is made from tin and has no other value.

One of the opened tea chests contains a large scoop for doling out tea. Made from solid silver, it is worth 350 gp. The value of the tea itself outstrips the scoop by a considerable amount. The tea is worth about 70 gp per chest due to its relative rarity in Tiglas. If the PCs can transport it to Dunluachra, they will find a ready market for this product.

8. The Bolg Mór's Kitchens. The south door to this cavern is inscribed with the identical inscription as the door at area 6.

The door opens into a cavern whose floor, walls and ceiling have been worked to make the cave into a regular room. To the west, a large stove rests close to the wall, its fire burned low. To the east, a couple of bare shelves stand covered with fine dust. A second door leads out of the chamber, almost opposite the one just opened.

There is a 10% chance that the giant will come into this room while the PCs are examining it.

There are times when this chamber is a lot smokier than the description above implies. The iron stove to the west looks large enough to cater meals for a whole regiment! However, its chimney pipe is cracked and broken (damaged when the giant stole it) about 12' up the wall. The diameter of the flue is 3'—quite large enough for a halfling or gnome character to crawl up if a quick (though smoky) hiding place is required.

When the fires are burning at full whack, the room fills with smoke because the chimney doesn't go anywhere. Its only function is to provide a draft to draw the fire and help it light better. Because he owns the *cauldron of plenty*, the Bolg Mór doesn't have much use for the stove except to boil water in the three-gallon kettle to make tea in his two-gallon teapot. The kettle and teapot are the only items of cookware that are not rusted from disuse.

The dust on the shelves is fine turf ash. The turf (blocks of dried peat), which the giant uses for fuel, is kept in two wicker baskets to the north of the stove.

9. Nice doggies!

The side corridor travels about 20' from the turn to a small, curiously shaped door. Instead of being hinged on either the left or right side, the door is hinged across the top, about three feet up from the floor.

The door is designed to allow the Bolg Mór's "watchdogs" to come and go to their kennels. When the PCs approach the entrance, four wolves rush out to attack, baying loudly (assume that the wolves are always here when the PCs arrive).

Wolves (4): AC 7, MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 13, 12 (×2), 6; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; ML 10; AL N; MC.

Unless the PCs cast magical *silence*, the noise of the combat will echo around the dungeon, with a 60% chance of alerting the giant to the presence of the adventurers.

Inside the cavern are four kennels, each usually occupied by a wolf. Bones and a few possessions tell the tale of the fate of past explorers. Scattered about are 40 gp, 32 sp, and 15 cp in coins. Among flea-ridden scraps of cloth in one kennel is a *dagger +1*. At the back of another kennel lies a leather backpack that still holds 322 gp, 35 sp, and 120 cp.

10. Suspension Bridges.

The door opens onto a narrow ledge over a drop of about 60'. Near the center of the cavern, a large stalagmite whose top has been leveled, rises to a height of 25' from the floor. A bridge made from solid wooden planks, lashed together with stout ropes, slants down to the pillar from large iron rings set into the walls on each side of the door. Stone steps lead from the column to an opening in the rock in the south wall of the cavern.

Another suspension bridge can be seen leading to a second door a short distance away.

The western bridge is the one most often used, as it is no longer safe to walk through area 11. The bridges are barely strong enough to hold the Bolg Mór and may prove dangerous if the whole party of PCs tries to cross at the same time. The Bolg Mór weighs about 550 lbs., as much as three men in light armor or two men in heavy armor. The DM should make a rough estimate of

the weight of the PCs crossing the bridge, and note that for every 100 lbs. over 550 lbs. on the bridge, there is a 10% chance the bridge will break (rough estimates are acceptable).

This check should be made at the midpoint of the bridge. If a PC fails to roll his dexterity or less on 1d20, damage from the fall is 4d6 hp. The angle of descent of the bridges makes the distance to the floor lessen the nearer one gets to the column.

On the column itself, more iron rings anchor the bridges in place. The steps from the stalagmite lead down to area 12 on Level Two of the dungeon.

11. Weakened Floor.

The rusted hinges on the door to this cavern give the impression that this entrance isn't used too often. The door opens with some difficulty. The sound of running water can be heard from near the center of the cave. Apart from large numbers of rock formations, the room is unoccupied. There seems to be another door, just around the corner.

The stream, already encountered as a waterfall at area 3, flows over a section of tougher rock beneath the thin floor here. It is therefore slightly pressurized and flows very swiftly.

There is a one in six chance per PC that the thin crust will give way beneath a PC's feet should anyone cross the room. If a second character is within 10' and makes a successful save vs. *paralyzation*, he may try to grab his companion before the first character falls into the water and is swept away to certain death.

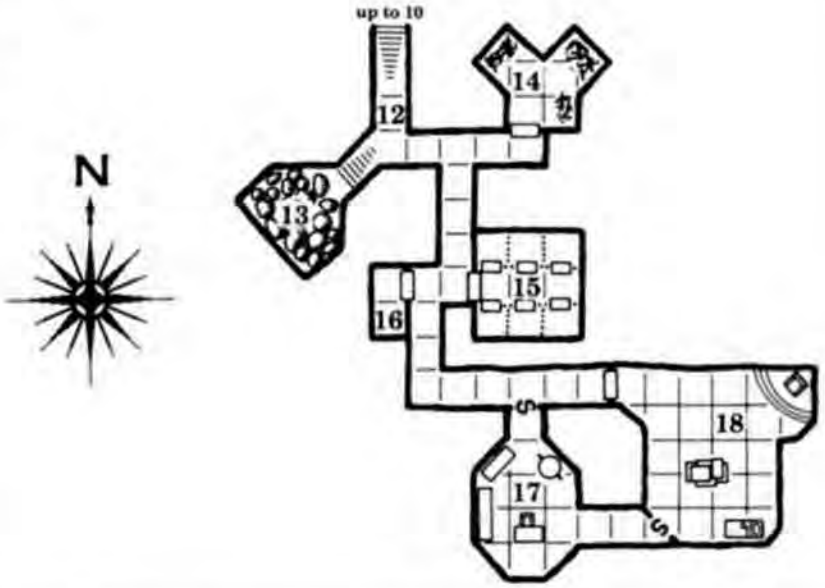
The doorway is disused; the giant has made no use of this cave since the floor became too dangerous to walk over. The door to the south opens into area 10, which in turn leads to the second level of the dungeon.

Level Two

Except where noted, the doors and rooms following are normal size, about 8' from floor to ceiling, with normal dungeon doors. This makes it slightly difficult for the giant to move about here, but he prefers the comfort of the large hall at area 18 and so remains on this level.

THE POLL DUBH DORACHA
Level Two

1 square = 10'



12. The Worked Corridor.

The steps come down into a corridor whose walls, floor, and ceiling have been skillfully worked to give the appearance of regular blocks. Carved into the walls are strange signs and sigils, apparently related to magical writing. Small pentagrams, circles, triangles, and signs of the zodiac are etched into the surface of the smooth rock.

This section of corridor was designed by the mage who took the caves as his own personal dungeon. It can be seen, on examination, that the designs stop just short of the junction to the south, as if the work was left unfinished.

PCs who carefully examine the floor near the corridor junction will notice chips and gouges in the rock floor. This collection of impact marks was caused by the trap at area 13 when it was actuated by past adventurers.

13. Avalanche Trap.

Narrow stone stops lead up to a cavern whose only feature appears, from a distance, to be a tall pile of boulders.

The DM must ensure that the PCs have specified their marching order, as this area is a trap for the unwary. The party must walk in single file up the steps.

The middle step is a trigger for a fulcrum device that topples the boulders down the slope. Each of the first two PCs in line must make four dexterity checks to avoid the avalanche of boulders. If a PC fails any of the checks, he takes 1-4 hits from the rocks, each delivering 1-4 hp damage.

The next two characters in line must make two dexterity checks each, but the DM must roll 1d20 to determine hits as if each of the 1-3 rocks was a 2-HD monster. Damage from any impact is 1-2 hp.

Remaining characters in formation receive fewer hits, as the front ranks have absorbed most of the rocks' mo-

mentum. They take 1-2 hits (rolled as above) for 1 hp damage per hit.

This trap was built by the giant while he was *charmed*, so he understands its function perfectly. It must be reset (the rocks piled up) to function again. There is nothing else of interest in the cave.

If this trap is triggered, it is 40% likely that the giant will hear it and be alerted to the presence of the adventurers. If the alerted giant is later found in these caves, he cannot be surprised.

14. Debris-Strewn Library.

> The door swings crazily on one hinge into a ruined library. Bits of broken shelves and burned books litter the room. Bones and old rags are scattered about. The whole area has the look of a battlefield about it.

A hapless group of adventurers got this far before the giant caught up with them. Weakened by the trap at area 13, they tried to make a stand in here but failed.

Amid the debris are a few scattered possessions: a broken sword, shattered helms, ripped backpacks, and the like. Under a shelf, though, is a small gem that escaped the attention of the Bolg Mór. It is worth 30 gp.

15. Old Cell Block.

> The door opens into a 30′ long corridor lined with six 10′-square cells (three on each side). There is a damp feel to the floor and a smell of musty straw.

These cells once housed prisoners destined for use in experiments conducted by the mage. They are empty and locked; the keys can be found in area 16.

The mage began specializing in necromancy toward the end of his short-lived career and bound a shadow within the cellblock. Unfortunately (or fortunately), the particular type of magic used must remain a mystery, as the mage left no notes on this process. Naturally, the shadow is an unwilling prisoner, and its continued imprisonment doesn't impart it with much good humor. The shadow spends most of its time in the last cell to the north and will attack the adventurers when they come within 10′.

Shadow: AC 7; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 21; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; SA strength drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to *sleep, charm,* and *hold* spells, immune to cold-based spells; ML special; AL CE; MC.

16. Jailer's Quarters.

> This room is bare except for a thin coating of dust on the floor. A large ring of rusty keys hangs from a spike in the wall opposite the entrance.

The mage required a jailer because some of his more grisly experiments involved live subjects. The cells were specially built, along with the stairs at area 12, the bridges at area 10, and certain other parts of the dungeon. The jailer escaped with his skin when the Bolg Mór ran amok after breaking the mage's *charm* spell.

There are seven keys on the ring. Six of them fit the doors to the cells in area 15. The seventh key opens the doors to the study (area 17). The Bolg Mór has toyed with the keys, but he lost interest when they fit no lock known to him.

Whatever furniture was here has been commandeered by the Bolg Mór for his own use at area 18.

17. Study. These secret doors are opened by one of the keys on the ring found at area 16. The giant has so far not detected the presence of either door.

Assuming the PCs find one of these doors and use the key, read or paraphrase the following description.

> The secret door opens into a dust-covered, cobwebby, octagonal room that seems totally undisturbed. Two large work benches stand near the west and northwest walls, each strewn with retorts, glassware, bottles, and vials. In the center of the floor is a small reading table with a chair pushed in neatly beneath. A brass brazier sits behind the table.
>
> To the south and southeast are two large bookcases lined with several dozen volumes. The shape of a dust-shrouded candelabra can just be made out, hanging from the low ceiling above the desk.

This room is a veritable treasure trove for the PCs if they manage to get out of the Poll Dubh Doracha alive. The work benches contain items of glassware used in various chemical and distillation processes, as well as apparatus more commonly used when compounding magical powders, potions, and spell components. The combined value of the glassware is around 10,000 gp. It is also extremely fragile, and there is a base 50% chance per day that some items being carried may break, reducing the overall value by 35%.

The antique reading table and chair are worth a total of 500 gp to a collector of such things. The brass brazier is worth about 400 gp and might be useful to a PC mage who wants to cast a *find familiar* spell.

The candelabra is made from solid silver and worth 3,000 gp. Once again, its bulk will make transportation a problem. Breaking it up or melting it down will reduce its value by 50%.

On the shelves are numerous volumes pertaining to magic, its theories and practices, but the books are very bulky. Allow a value of 100 to 400 gp per book brought out of the dungeon. Some of the titles that can be found here are: *Representative Necromancy: Contacting and Controlling Dead and Undead; Comparative Anatomy—Demi-humans;* and *Suggestive Application of Symbols and Geomorpha.*

For every week's careful, uninterrupted study that a PC mage spends on each volume, there is a cumulative 5% chance (+5% per point of intelligence above 14) that he will be able to memorize one randomly rolled first-level wizard spell from the *Player's Handbook*. The DM should determine which spell is known. No more than *one* spell per book may be researched in this way. Likewise, no bonus to experience level or spells usable by level will be awarded to the PC.

Also present in the library are wizard scrolls of *clairvoyance* and *water breathing*. A third scroll is *cursed;* the reader must make a saving throw vs. spells or contract an ailment from the Disease (or Disorder) Table on page 14 of the 1st Edition *Dungeon Masters Guide*. The DM should determine the disease as well as its frequency and severity.

A PC may carry three of these books if afoot, or six if on horseback and not too heavily encumbered.

If the PCs realize that this is indeed a mage's study, they'll most likely search for his main spell book. It is not in the dungeon, however, as the giant found it elsewhere and traded it for a shipment of tea.

A tiny peephole in each secret door allows limited surveillance of the areas outside the study. The peephole in the door to the north looks out into the corridor, while the one to the east looks into the lair of the Bolg Mór.

18. Lair of the Bolg Mór. If the PCs have already encountered the giant elsewhere, the description of the cave in which he lairs will need to be adjusted to suit the circumstances.

This room is a large cavern that was once the mage's main laboratory. It is now the living and sleeping quarters of the giant. Over the years, he has traded off many valuable items of lab equipment for various luxuries, the foremost among these being his precious store of tea (see area 7).

The northwest door is large enough for the giant should he wish to ramble upstairs or out of doors, which he does often. To the northeast is an alcove in which the giant has installed a huge throne made from doors, tables, and other furniture that he dismantled and reassembled to suit his taste. The seat rests on a dais that is a natural rise in the cave floor, smoothed out and connected to the rest of the cavern by a number of wide, shallow steps.

All around the walls of the room are wooden stakes topped with the severed heads of the Bolg Mór's past victims. Behind his throne is a pile of the heads of people who gave him particular trouble; the cranium of Druleen the mage is given pride of place atop the pile.

A giant bed fills the alcove to the southeast. Unless the PCs have been unusually lucky, there is only a 5% chance that the giant is asleep in his bed when they enter. He will not be asleep if they have encountered him at some time in the previous 24 hours.

Along the west wall are several identical cauldrons, one of which is the magical *cauldron of plenty*. There are four such cooking pots altogether, but the one the adventurers seek is the third from the left as they face the wall. Only a *detect magic* spell will allow the PCs to ascertain which is the magical cauldron. If this spell is not available, the safest thing to do is to take all four cauldrons back to Dertol.

The command words for the *cauldron of plenty* are written in a small bone scroll case in a very unoriginal hiding place beneath the giant's pillow. A full description of the *cauldron of plenty* is given at the end of the module.

Of further interest to the PCs is the large amount of treasure plundered by the giant over the years. Taken from merchants, adventurers, and other monsters, a comfortable amount is held in the chests and boxes piled in the center of the floor.

Like most residents of Tiglas, the Bolg Mór is loathe to use coinage in trade, though cash is necessary to purchase tea from foreign merchants. Recently, the giant has been taking an interest in the jewelry worn by various warriors he's encountered and is stockpiling precious metal to have made into rings, torcs, and bracelets.

Should the PCs get a chance to count it all, they'll find the giant's hoard comes to 458 pp, 1,345 gp, 3,521 sp, 3,000 cp, and jewelry to the value of 3,000 gp.

Negotiating With the Giant

The Bolg Mór is tricky, choosing to talk and observe any weaknesses in potential foes rather than rush headlong into combat. It is not desirable for him to lose the magical cauldron that is his main source of food. But if the adventurers can come up with some kind of arrangement whereby the giant is regularly given foodstuffs and material goods (he has a weakness for creature comforts) to compensate for the loss of the cauldron, he might (10% base chance) give up the device. Modify the base chance by the following factors:

PCs offer a workable solution to the giant's food problem	+20%
PCs offer jewelry of 500 gp base value	+10%
Giant has five or fewer remaining hit points	+20%
PCs offer the giant a place in the king's own warband with all the benefits thereof	+50%

If the PCs can arrange this latter offer, the Rí Luachra will agree as soon as the cauldron is handed over to him. Having a giant in his warband will certainly improve the king's prestige and honor-price.

The giant won't fight unless the adventurers choose a belligerent course of action. He'll attempt to flee and bide his time instead. He knows the land better than the PCs do, and ambush is an effective weapon when help is a two- or three-day journey away.

Of course, the PCs should remember the *curse* on those who obtain the cauldron through violence. The *curse* basically states that violence will breed violence; he who slays the owner of the cauldron and steals the device will also fall prey to acts of violence, though not necessarily from those who would steal the cauldron (see "The *Cauldron of Plenty* at the end of this module). The Bolg Mór has noted of late that the number of adventurers in his lair has increased, though he does not know why. If he successfully defends the cauldron from the current group of adventurers, he will surely fall prey to the next group, or the one after that. . . .

As the *curse* is supernatural in origin, it should be very difficult to remove, perhaps requiring a druid of Dagda of at least 11th level to negate its effects.

Concluding the Adventure

If the adventurers return to Dertol with the cauldron (or all four cauldrons), the Rí Luachra pays them the agreed-upon sum. Exceptionally valiant PCs (or those who tell a good story of their exploits) may be offered a place in the king's warband. Although Dertol also wanted the command words for the cauldron, they are not essential to the success of the adventure.

Whether or not the PCs return with the cauldron, there are opportunities for further adventures. They may be sent back to recover more of the items from the mage's study, or they may become part of the group that delivers foodstuffs and other goodies to the Bolg Mór. They may also learn more from Dertol about the luckless adventurers whose remains they found in the caves. Perhaps these unfortunates had some special items yet to be rediscovered.

In any event, the Rí Luachra's problems won't be solved without the cauldron. If he gets it, his warband will return to service, and life will get back to normal in Tiglas. Normal, that is, until the king reneges on his agreement with the Bolg Mór. But that's another story . . . .

continued on page 14

The *Cauldron of Plenty*

This magical item was created by druids of the god Dagda in imitation of this deity's own, more powerful, device (see *Legends & Lore*, page 26). In addition, the *cauldron of plenty* is *cursed* to bring harm to any person who obtains it by violence, as it was created to be used for free by all who wish to partake of its benefits. The only exception to this *curse* is if the cauldron is obtained by a druidic follower of Dagda, in which case the *curse* is not activated.

The *curse* is suitably vague and slow in effect, but very sure; the DM should take a free hand in designing its consequences. Three to six months after the cauldron is taken by violence from its previous owner, the new owner will be attacked by a comparatively powerful enemy in a fight to the death. The enemy could be a single monster or NPC, or else a group of beings; the reason the beings attack could vary widely, but it will always concern retaliation for some perceived offense of the cauldron's new owner. If the first attack fails, the next attack will come in 2-5 months; if that fails, another will come in 1-4 months, then 1-3 months, 1-2 months, one month, three weeks, two weeks, one week, and then day by day from six days to one. Finally, the new owner will be attacked on a daily basis by some new and powerful force, until he gives up the cauldron or is slain.

In its normal function as a provider of large quantities of food, the cauldron operates only at the command of beings whose alignment includes a *neutral* element (i.e., true neutral, neutral good or evil, lawful or chaotic neutral). It will not function for anyone with another alignment.

Once per day, when the proper command words are spoken, the cauldron will produce beef, mutton, or pork in quantities sufficient to feed 5-50 people. It never produces fewer than five portions, nor does it produce more food than is required by the people present. The cauldron produces only one type of meat, once per day. Its command words are:

Command	Result
"Déan Mairteoil"	Cooked beef
"Déan Caoireoil"	Cooked mutton
"Déan Muiceoil"	Cooked pork

XP Value: 1,000 Ω

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THE BANE OF ELFSWOOD

BY STEPHEN J. SMITH

Vengeance denied in life is reborn in death.

Artwork by Terry Dykstra

Stephen J. Smith attends classes at the University of Massachusetts/Boston. He has been playing the D&D® game for about five years and is a big fan of the Boston Bruins hockey team. Stephen would like to thank Skip Williams, DRAGON® Magazine's "sage," for answering many questions and giving him a greater appreciation of the powers of the odic.

"The Bane of Elfswood" is a D&D Companion Set module for 4-5 player characters of levels 15-18 (about 74 total levels). The adventuring party should include at least one magic-user or elf and one or two clerics.

Accompanying the PCs on this quest is Druida Glanadyl, an elven adventurer. Druida can be used in two different ways: as an NPC run by the Dungeon Master or as a PC, if an extra player is interested in role-playing her. Her game statistics and background information are provided in the "Adventure Background" section of the module.

This adventure is written to be compatible with the Norwold campaign introduced in module CM1 *Test of the Warlords,* but it can easily be inserted into most other campaign settings. The action takes place during autumn, in and around the tiny elven settlement of Elfswood, one of the many "forest-homes" scattered throughout Norwold. Before starting play, the DM should place Elfswood in an isolated wooded area within 100 miles of the stronghold or town in which he wishes the adventure to begin.

A few of the monsters in this module come from AC9 *Creature Catalogue,* so the DM should have a copy of that accessory handy. If the DM does not own this tome, he should substitute other appropriate monsters as he sees fit.

Adventure Background

Druida Glanadyl, a female elf adventurer, seeks aid from the PCs in avenging the mysterious deaths of her family members. She makes her plea in a PC's court (if one controls a dominion) or in a tavern that the party members frequent. The DM should fill in the details concerning the location of Elfswood in Druida's story below.

> Before you stands an elf maiden wearing plate mail. A sword hangs in its scabbard at her side, and a

well-crafted long bow is slung across her shoulder. Obviously, she is an adventurer of some kind. The elf brushes back her golden-brown hair, and her green eyes fix upon each of you for an instant. She clears her throat nervously and begins her tale, her voice musical but her tone sad.

"My name is Druida Glanadyl," she announces, "and I come to you from my family's small settlement of Elfswood [the DM should fill in the distance and direction from the dominion or town]. Last month I left my forest home to visit some human adventuring friends who were about to embark on a long journey south. After my companions departed, I returned to my family—only to discover that a terrible tragedy had occurred during my absence.

"Upon reaching my tree-home, I met some of my family members—my aunt and four of my cousins—only they weren't themselves. They were changed—evil—undead, I think. They approached me, grinning horribly the whole time, and shot spheres of energy at me from their hands. I barely escaped with my life."

Druida pauses momentarily and glances at each of you, trying to register your reactions to her story. She takes a deep breath, sighs audibly, and continues.

"I saw no signs of the rest of my family—my parents, brothers, sisters, and the rest of my relatives—while I was under attack. I don't know if they're dead or alive; I can only hope they escaped before . . ."

Druida begins to tremble, and tears well up in her eyes. Bravely, she holds them back.

"I need help to avenge whatever curse has ravaged my family's homestead," she says, a faint quiver in her voice but a fierce look of determination in her eyes. "I have heard stories of your kindness and prowess in combat. Unfortunately, I cannot offer you much in return for your help. I have saved up 10,000 gold pieces, and I would gladly exchange them for your assistance. I know this amount is not much to such experienced adventurers as yourselves, but it is all I have. Will you help me?"

If Druida makes this plea in the court of a PC lord or lady, she also pledges to serve that lord in return for his assistance. The addition of a fairly high-level elf retainer to a PC lord's staff could have a small effect on his dominion's Confidence Level. The lord's refusal to help a poor elf maiden in distress could negatively affect the dominion's Confidence Level.

Druida Glanadyl: AC −3; E8; hp 40; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 weapon or spell; Dmg by weapon type; Save E8; ML (as NPC) 11; AL N; S 9, I 16, W 9, D 13, C 15, Ch 14; magical items: *plate mail +2, shield +2, sword +1, +2 vs. undead, long bow +2,* 11 *arrows +3, elven boots, ring of invisibility,* potions of *levitation* (one dose) and *super-healing* (two doses); normal items: silver dagger, four iron rations, 50' rope, sprig of wolfsbane, full waterskin.

Druida has memorized the following spells if she is used as an NPC (if an extra player is running Druida's character, different spells may be memorized): *read magic, protection from evil, sleep* (×2), *continual light, detect evil* (×2), *fire ball, hold person, ice storm* (×2).

Druida's spell book contains the above spells plus: *detect magic, floating disc, light, ESP, invisibility, wizard lock, dispel magic, water breathing, growth of plants,* and *hallucinatory terrain.*

Druida was born into the elven clan of Whispering Grove over 107 years ago. She was named after a druid who lived in the forest near Whispering Grove and was well liked by the elves for his spritelike sense of humor. She has (or had) four brothers and a sister. Also living with her immediate family at Elfswood were her uncle and aunt, their children, and her sister-in-law (the wife of Druida's eldest brother). See the chart of Druida's relatives for the names, current conditions, and positions of these elves.

Some of the boxed text in this module describes Druida's undead relatives as faceless, nameless monsters. Druida will be able to recognize the identities of

Druida's Relatives

Relative	Condition	Location
Myrdelor (father)	Undead (greater wyrd)	Travels with odic
Casamira (mother)	Undead (greater wyrd)	Travels with odic
Grenlyf (brother)	Undead (greater wyrd)	Travels with odic
Gylak (brother)	Alive	Wanders Elfswood forest
Myrkal (brother)	Alive	Wanders Elfswood forest
Silvyr (brother)	Undead (vision)	Elfswood settlement
Rosepetyl (sister)	Undead (vision)	Elfswood settlement
Brandylor (uncle)	Undead (greater wyrd)	Travels with odic
Dewfyrn (aunt)	Undead (normal wyrd)	Elfswood settlement
Amberlok (male cousin)	Undead (vision)	Elfswood settlement
Gaffbrook (male cousin)	Undead (vision)	Elfswood settlement
Redlyf (male cousin)	Undead (vision)	Elfswood settlement
Snowbough (male cousin)	Undead (vision)	Elfswood settlement
Fadil (male cousin)	Undead (normal wyrd)	Elfswood settlement
Gladia (female cousin)	Undead (normal wyrd)	Elfswood settlement
Dezyl (male cousin)	Undead (normal wyrd)	Elfswood settlement
Myra (female cousin)	Undead (normal wyrd)	Elfswood settlement
Chrysantha (sister-in-law)	Alive	Wanders Elfswood forest

It is possible to bring some of Druida's relatives back to life after defeating their undead forms. While the elves of the vision can be returned to life only by a *wish* (their bodies were burned as an offering to the Sphere of Entropy), it is easier to revive the elves transformed into wyrds. Unless the wyrds are utterly destroyed (through destruction by clerical Turning, disintegration, a *raise dead/raise dead fully* spell, etc.), the adventurers will be left with the corpses. In such an instance, Druida will expect the PCs to at least help her bury her loved ones. If a PC cleric offers to raise from the dead any of the elf maiden's family members, he may do so—provided that the body to be raised is present and relatively intact. Assume that the Glanadyl wyrds have been undead for 16 days when the PCs first arrive in Elfswood.

A cleric who brings any of these elves back from the dead will receive generous donations to his order from the Glanaydyl survivors for years to come.

her dead family members, however, and can convey this information to the other PCs.

About 30 years ago, Druida's family decided to leave the safety of Whispering Grove to form its own small settlement. The Glanadyls were known as an adventurous lot, so the clan leaders at Whispering Grove were not too surprised when the family opted to seek its fortune elsewhere. The ties between the two groups of elves were never severed, however; once the Glanadyls settled into Elfswood, they did their best to keep in touch with their old friends back home.

Druida is a true Glanadyl in that she is a seasoned adventurer. Over the past 12 years, she has traveled with many different companions: other elves, halflings, even dwarves! It is with humans, however, that Druida has done most of her adventuring. She never fails to be amazed at their many different moods—and how quickly they change. Her association with mankind has provided her with knowledge of human customs and politics but has also taught her how to curse, drink fine wines and ales, and occasionally use trickery and deceit. In other words, Druida's experiences with humanity have made her a consummate adventurer!

Nonetheless, Druida is a kind, friendly, fun-loving person (although the circumstances of her family's destruction will do much to subdue these characteristics during this adventure) and is loyal to her friends. She tends to be a bit foolhardy in battle, a trait she picked up from one of her human companions (the late Renaldo the Fearless), but she has learned that she is better at spell-casting than sword-fighting.

If Druida is used as an NPC, the DM should pull some punches to keep her alive until the final confrontation with the creature responsible for her family's demise. If Druida is a PC, her player should be warned that Druida is not to be played as a front-line fighter who boldly takes on whatever horrible monster the DM throws at the party. She is an Expert-level character caught in a Companion-level adventure. This is not to say that Druida is useless; she has a diverse arsenal of spells and weapons, and is quite capable of helping the other PCs overcome a tough foe. She should assist the other PCs in battle, not lead them.

The Likely Culprit

The Glanadyl family—Druida relates—has only one true enemy, an evil cleric named Irkthorn Balin. This cleric was once a kindly druid who cared for the plants and animals of Elfswood and the surrounding wilderness. When Druida's family tried to build their tree-home in the forest, however, the druid became enraged and attempted to drive the elves out with his magical abilities. The elves won out, but the druid made them his enemies for life.

Irkthorn then enlisted the aid of a small army of hobgoblins to attack the Glanadyls, but the assault proved unsuccessful. After this battle Irkthorn was captured, and Druida's father put him under a *geas* to never again come within a mile of the elves' settlement as long as he lived. For the past 30 years the ex-druid has lived a life of brooding in a small shack about four miles southeast of the Glanadyl homestead, never bothering the elves the entire time.

Assuming that the PCs accept her offer, Druida takes the party to Elfswood settlement (area 1). If the DM wants to use this module's Wilderness Encounter Table during this journey, he should disregard any dice roll resulting in an encounter with elf survivors; this confrontation cannot occur until after the PCs have visited Elfswood. From the settlement, Druida can easily lead the party to Irkthorn's shack.

Since the forest of Elfswood has no clear trails, and because the blanket of fallen leaves can often hide small animal holes, loose rocks, and other such pitfalls, Druida asks that the PCs not use horses during this quest. Even if the PCs refuse her request, Druida will travel on foot. The DM should keep in mind that the party moves at the rate of its slowest member.

For the Dungeon Master

The horror that haunts Elfswood can indeed be attributed to the vengeful cleric, Irkthorn Balin. Once a respected druid, Irkthorn tended the vast tract of woodlands around Elfswood, and he did a praiseworthy job.

But Irkthorn's love of nature was based in part on pride. The druid had a favorite section of the forest, a small grove of magnificent trees under whose canopy darted a clean, fresh stream. At the foot of this grove lay an open meadow decorated with a myriad of fragrant flowers. Irkthorn thought of this place as his own private meditation sanctuary, and he took great pains in preserving and enhancing the area's beauty.

When a family of wandering elves came upon Irkthorn's sanctuary and began constructing their homes high in the boughs of the druid's prized trees, he demanded that they leave his grove immediately. The elves, feeling under no obligation to do the bidding of a mere human (even if he was druid), politely informed Irkthorn that *they* would now maintain the beauty of this part of the forest. Enraged, the druid tried to evict the intruders using his magical powers, but in this regard the Glanadyls had him outclassed, and Irkthorn was driven away.

Many times Irkthorn tried to chase the elves from his meditation grove, but he never succeeded. The druid's anger boiled until it steamed with hatred. One fateful night, Irkthorn's rage peaked, and he cursed the forest and the life of a druid. He then became a cleric dedicated to the ways of Evil and began seeking to uncover the mysteries of the Sphere of Entropy. Not long thereafter, he made a pact with a small army of hobgoblins, and together they assaulted the Glanadyl settlement. When the battle was over, the hobgoblins had been routed and Irkthorn captured.

During his captivity, the cleric uttered such a string of frightful oaths that Myrdelor Glanadyl, the patriarch of the elven settlement, realized that the once-kind druid had become dangerously evil. The elf quickly rummaged through his old adventuring gear and produced a magical scroll. Standing before the captive cleric, Myrdelor declared, "Understand ye, Irkthorn Balin, once respected druid of this forest, that as long as ye shall live, never again shall ye come within a mile of this grove. Now go, and bother my family no longer!"

Thus was Irkthorn Balin *geased* to never again enter his old meditation grove. The cleric's hatred for the elves grew, but the *geas* kept him from acting upon his emotions. Throughout three decades of brooding, he continued to plot against his enemies, offering his very soul to the powers of Entropy if only they would help him to gain his revenge. But Irkthorn could not hurt the Glanadyls as long as he lived, and eventually the old cleric died.

After his death, Irkthorn's vengeful

spirit lived on in the form of an odic. In this form, the ex-druid attacked Elfswood. Since the Glanadyl homestead was a settlement and not a clan, the elves had no Tree of Life to help ward off the undead spirit. The odic killed most of the Glanadyls and forced them to become his undead servants. Even now, Irkthorn's spirit and his elven recruits tirelessly patrol the forest.

Encountering the Odic

Since odics (like all spirits) are wanderers, the one responsible for the destruction of Druida's family is no longer at the scene of its crime. It constantly patrols the whole of Elfswood, moving in a random manner. In order to fight the spirit, the PCs must first find it—or have it find them!

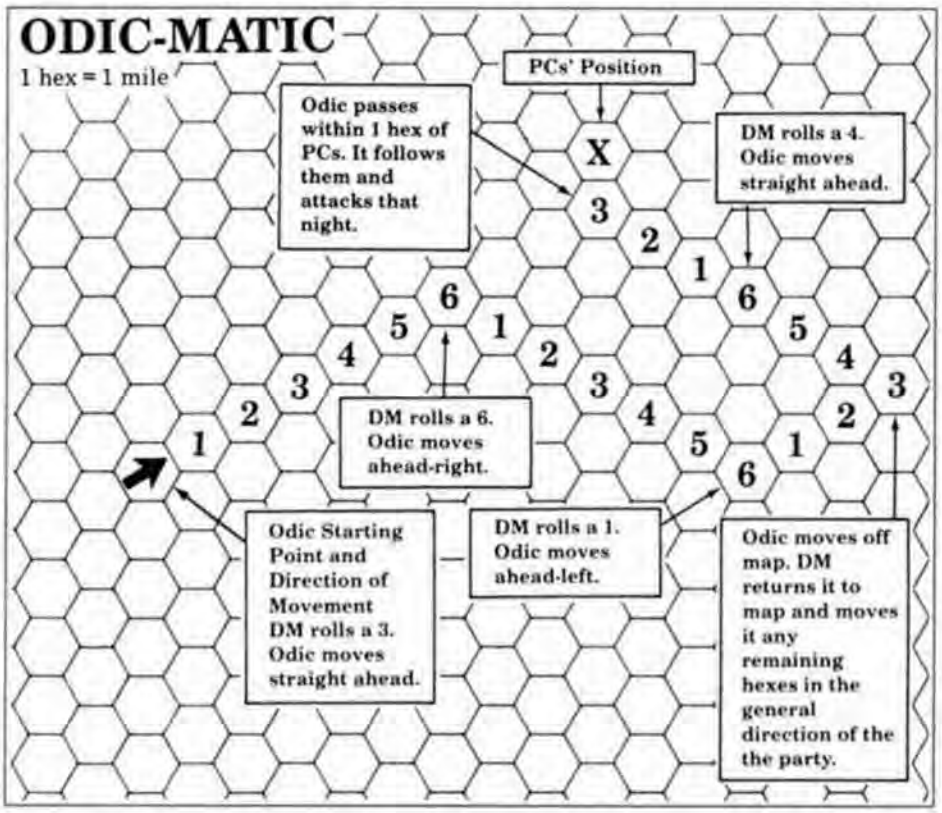
The PCs can encounter the odic in one of two ways. The DM can simply throw the odic at the party whenever he feels they're ready for it, probably after the adventurers have explored much of the Elfswood wilderness and obtained some clues as to what ravaged the Glanadyl family. If, however, the DM would like to add a dimension of unpredictability to the game, a random movement system—the Odic-Matic—can be used to determine the spirit's moves and when it crosses paths with the PCs.

The Odic-Matic is simple to use. When the PCs first reach Elfswood, the odic is located at the X on the map. The spirit moves 24 miles per day in four legs of six miles each. It moves one of these legs every three hours of daylight, starting at dawn. It first moves in the direction of the arrow on the map, but the DM should roll 1d6 before each subsequent movement leg and consult the table below to determine the odic's next direction.

The Odic-Matic

Die roll (1d6)	Movement
1-2	Odic moves ahead-left
3-4	Odic moves straight ahead (no change in course)
5-6	Odic moves ahead-right

If the odic moves off the map, the DM should return it to the point where it left the map and move it any remaining hexes *in the general direction of the party.* The spirit detects the PCs when it passes within one hex of the party's position. Since it is powerless and invisible during the day, the odic follows the adventurers until they pitch camp for the night; then it settles into a tree about a mile away to begin its attack. See the diagram above for an example of the Odic-Matic in action.


ODIC-MATIC
1 hex = 1 mile
PCs' Position
Odic passes within 1 hex of PCs. It follows them and attacks that night.
DM rolls a 4. Odic moves straight ahead.
DM rolls a 6. Odic moves ahead-right.
Odic Starting Point and Direction of Movement DM rolls a 3. Odic moves straight ahead.
DM rolls a 1. Odic moves ahead-left.
Odic moves off map. DM returns it to map and moves it any remaining hexes in the general direction of the the party.

The DM should use his own judgment when using this random encounter method. If the PCs cross paths with the odic at the very start of the game, before they've gained any clues to the identity of the ravager of Elfswood or explored much of the surrounding wilderness, the aura of mystery upon which this module depends will never develop. Conversely, the PCs might explore all of Elfswood, gain every single clue, and know for a fact that an odic is responsible for the devastation at the Glanadyl settlement, but due to the luck of the dice never meet up with the odic. In short, do not hesitate to ignore a random encounter with the odic if its timing disrupts the adventure. Once the PCs have explored some of the Elfswood wilderness and picked up a few clues, however, they should be considered fair game.

The odic's game statistics, those of its undead elven followers, and a description of the climactic encounter with the spirit are all provided at "The Final Confrontation."

Exploring the Elfswood Wilderness

When the PCs set out into the wilderness in search of whatever killed Druida's family members, they are likely to run into some of the other denizens of Elfswood—some of whom are friendly, but most of whom are not. This section of the module provides a Random Wilderness Encounter Table, a number of Set Encounters (whose locations are marked on the map of Elfswood), and a special recurring encounter with a wise and helpful pixie known as Old Man Hood.

Here are a few other things to keep in mind as the PCs explore the wilderness:

Movement Rates. Remember that a group of characters moves at the base rate of its slowest member. Since Druida refuses to ride a horse through the dangerous, trailless terrain of Elfswood, this rate may be 90' per turn or 18 miles per day.

The terrain that the PCs cross can affect their movement rate.

Through clear hexes and meadows the PCs move at their normal speed. In hills and forests, they move at two-thirds the normal rate. Swamplands reduce movement to one-half normal.

The two rivers that run through Elfswood are about 60-80' across in most places, and deep enough to drown a metal-armored adventurer. Most unarmored characters with decent swimming skills could probably swim across these rivers with little difficulty. A PC in heavy armor must build a small raft to float across or else hang onto a good-size log and kick his way to the other side.

Position. Keep track of the PCs' positions—and the odic's! It is important to know where the PCs are located at all times. If the DM is using the Odic-Matic random movement generator, he will need to keep track of the odic's position, too.

As long as Druida accompanies the PCs, there is no chance of the adventurers becoming lost in her home forest. Should the PCs wander off the edge of the map, have Old Man Hood (see "Random Wilderness Encounters") appear and point the party back in the right direction.

Autumn in Elfswood. This adventure takes place in the middle to latter part of the fall season. It is vitally important that you convey this information to the players for several reasons.

First, the time of year can greatly enhance the atmosphere of this adventure. Autumn is a season often associated with death or dying: grass turns brown, trees lose their leaves, birds fly south, and animals prepare for their winter hibernations. Since death and undeath are major themes in this module, the DM can contribute greatly to the players' enjoyment of this adventure by using the season as an additional plot element.

Second, the fall season makes the odic's initial attack form (its *charming* leaves) much more insidious and effective. While a group of experienced adventurers might well be suspicious if six green leaves were to float up to them in the middle of a hot, breezeless summer night, who would notice six dead leaves swirling into camp with a host of others on a cold, windy fall evening?

So don't be afraid to gently remind the PCs what time of year it is. During lulls in the action as the party travels through Elfswood, show them the squirrels gathering nuts for the coming winter, and the vast flocks of birds flying south to warmer climes. Have a PC slip and fall on a bed of wet leaves or come down with hay fever or a mild cold. A particularly chilling breeze that sends shivers down the PCs' spines would also be an appropriate reminder.

Random Wilderness Encounters

The DM should make four random encounter checks each game day, three during the daylight hours and one at night. An encounter occurs on a roll of 1 on 1d6. To determine which encounter takes place, roll 2d8 during the day (for encounters 2-16) and 1d10 + 11 (for encounters 12-21) at night and consult the chart on page 21. Monster descriptions followed by a † are "Special Encounters" and are detailed below.

Elf Survivors

The DM should not use this encounter early in the adventure unless the PCs have already deduced that an odic is responsible for the tragedy in Elfswood. Having the survivor elves tell all about that fateful night before the PCs have explored much of the countryside in search of clues would ruin the atmosphere of mystery upon which this module depends.

> As your group makes its way through the wilderness, you are suddenly confronted by two sword-bearing elf warriors who eye you with suspicion.

If Druida is present, she immediately recognizes her brothers Gylak and Myrkal. A third elf, Druida's sister-in-law Chrysantha, hides behind a nearby tree and will emerge if the PCs greet Gylak and Myrkal in a friendly manner. If Druida is not with the PCs, the two Glanadyl brothers approach the adventurers cautiously, warning them about the odic and telling them about the attack on Elfswood.

These elves are the only survivors of the odic's assault on the Glanadyl settlement. They have wandered through the forest ever since, trying to avoid the odic while planning their next move. They have decided to return to their old clan of Whispering Grove, organize a powerful team of elven wizard/swordmasters, and return to Elfswood to hunt down and destroy the monster that slew most of their family.

The survivors can recount the events of the tragic night of the odic's attack. Early in the evening, a cry of alarm went up from the tree-home of Myrdelor and his family. As the elves raced from their tree-houses to battle whatever foe threatened them, they were greeted by a strange and frightening sight. The tree in whose boughs rested Myrdelor's home was emitting a bright purple light. Worse, the tree was swinging one of its branches at any elf who passed within range. Some of the Glanadyls fought valiantly against the rebellious tree, but others inexplicably dropped their weapons and approached the glowing tree, collapsing shortly after entering the area of purple light surrounding it. Myrkal entered the purple aura to take a few hacks at the tree's trunk with his magical sword, but he fled after suffering an energy drain. When it became apparent that all was lost, Gylak, Myrkal, and Chrysantha reluctantly fled for their lives. They returned to the settlement once but were driven away by the vision and wyrds that now guard the place (see area 1).

Gylak: AC −3; E9; hp 44; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 sword or spell; Dmg by spell or weapon type; Save E9; ML 10; AL N; S 14, I 14, W 10, D 12, C 13, Ch 12; magical items: *sword +1* (flames on command), *chain mail +5, shield +2, boots of levitation, elven cloak;* spells: *hold portal, read magic, continual light, levitate, remove curse.*

Myrkal: AC −1; E8; hp 31; MV 90' (30'); #AT 1 sword or spell; Dmg by spell or weapon type; Save E8; ML 10; AL N; S 13, I 13, W 11, D 15, C 12, Ch 10; magical items: *sword +2, plate mail +1, shield +1, elven cloak;* spells: *light, wizard lock, haste, hold person.*

Chrysantha: AC 8; E4; hp 20; MV 120'(40'); #AT 1 dagger or spell; Dmg by spell or weapon type; Save E4; ML 9; AL N; S9, I 15, W 13, D 13, C 10, Ch 14; magical items: *dagger +2, elven boots;* spells: *detect magic, light.*

Since the elves had not time to prepare for the assault on their home, they had few spells memorized and have no access to more (their spell books were left behind). These elves could be used as extra PCs, however, especially if some of the player characters have been slain in the course of the module. In this case, the DM should provide each elf with a spell book and possibly raise the elves' experience levels (especially Chrysantha's). If these Glanadyls are

simply NPCs, however, they will not accompany the PCs, choosing instead to travel on to the Whispering Grove clan. They do not see how a small band of adventurers can hope to destroy something that the whole Glanadyl family could not. They invite Druida to join them, but the elf maiden should remain loyal to the PC party until the completion of their quest. This encounter can occur only once.

Gargantuan Orc

> As you move quietly through the forest, a shadowy figure a full 12' tall steps from behind a large, mossy tree. The creature waves a huge tree limb at you menacingly and announces, "Me great Klogwort, king of orcs. No, me not just king. Me a god! Bow, worms, and me will kill you quick, 'cause me is Klogwort, gracious king . . . er, god of orcs."

Klogwort, gargantuan orc: AC 6; HD 8; hp 42; MV 240'(80'); #AT 1 club; Dmg 4-24; Save F8; ML 11; AL C; BD/35, CD/32. Apparently, the worshipers of the "orc-god" have not been generous with their donations, for Klogwort carries a small sack containing only 24 gp and 122 cp.

This encounter can occur only once, unless the PCs fail to dispose of Klogwort in their initial meeting.

Dead Tree

Whenever the DM rolls this encounter, the PCs pass a tree that has recently been possessed and killed by the odic. Since it is autumn, this tree looks no different than the many others in the forest that are losing their leaves. It is dead, though, as are all other small plants within a 30' radius of it (thanks to the odic's deadly presence). Because of the season, however, each adventurer has only a 10% chance of noticing this strange phenomenon (40% chance for an elf or druid).

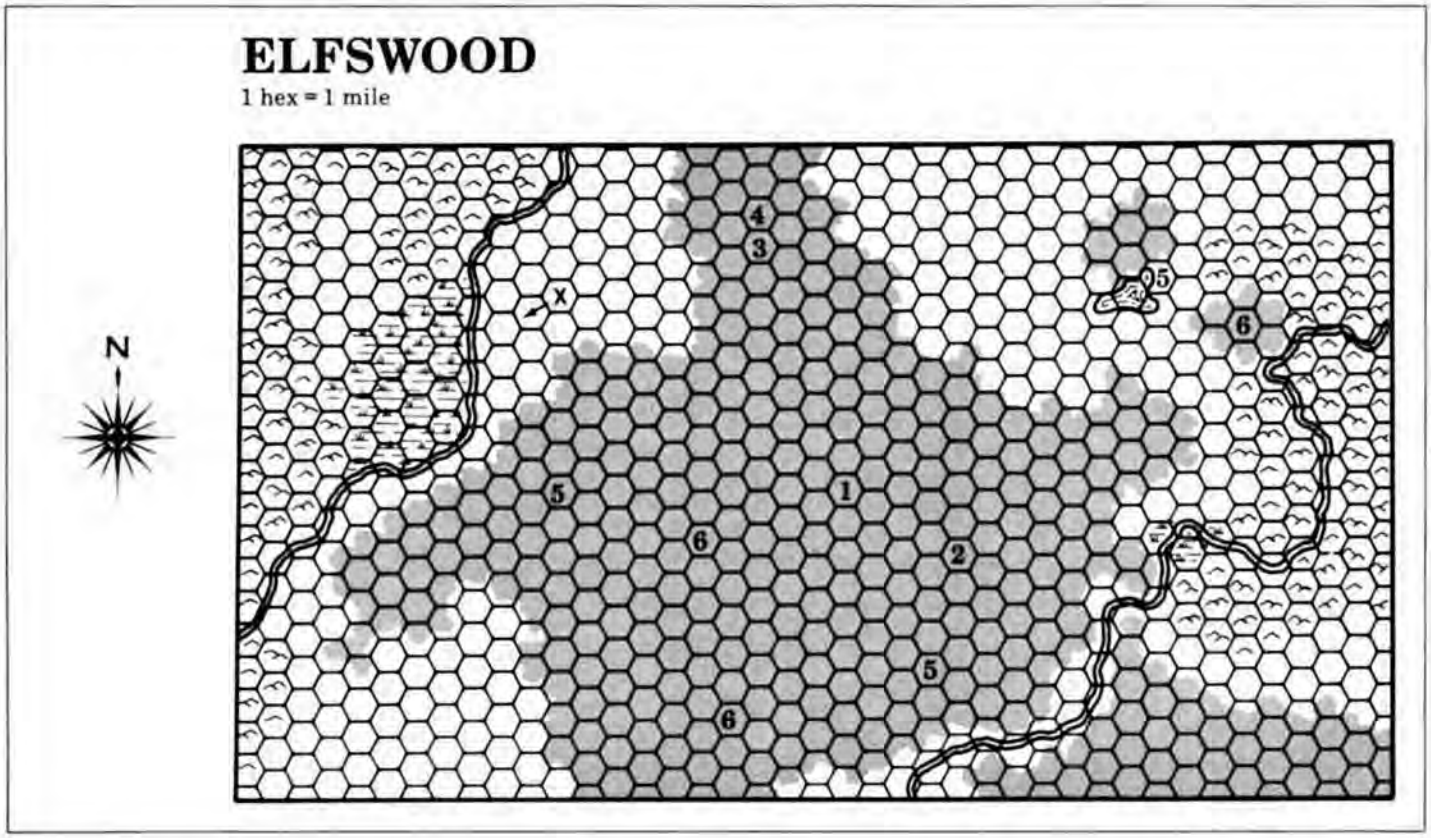
Trader Sprites

This group of 22 sprites travels continuously throughout Elfswood and the surrounding lands. They are obsessed with trading; every time they meet other civilized beings, they feel compelled to trade something with them. Their leader, a talkative fellow named Kipler, flies forward and asks the PCs what they would like to trade for, showing

Wilderness Encounter Table (2d8day, 1d10+11 night)

2: **Elf survivors** †
3: **Gargantuan orc** †
4: **Dead tree** †
5: **Ogres** (4-16): AC 5; HD 4+1; hp 20 each; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 big club; Dmg by weapon type +2 (due to great strength); Save F4; ML 10; AL C; BD/35.
6: **Griffons** (3-12): AC 5; HD 7; hp 30 each; MV 120'(40'), flying 360'(120'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite; Dmg 1-4/1-4/2-16; Save F4; ML 8; AL N; ER/51. These griffons attack the PCs' horses first.
7: **Hill giants** (2-8): AC 4; HD 8; hp 40 each; MV 120'(40'); #AT 1 club; Dmg 2-16; Save F8; ML 8; AL C; ER/50. Each giant carries 2-40 gp and 1-100 sp in a small sack.
8: **Trader sprites** †
9: **Deer** (2-8): AC 7; HD 1; hp 5 each; MV 240' (80'); #AT 1 butt; Dmg 1-4; Save F1; ML 5; AL N; ER/46. The deer will flee as soon as they become aware of the PCs.
10: **Old Man Hood** †
11: **Chimeras** (2): AC 4; HD 9**; hp 53, 47; MV 120'(40'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 2 claws, 3 heads, 1 breath; Dmg 1-3/1-3 (claws), 2-8 (goat's head), 1-10 (lion's head), 3-12 plus 3-18 (dragon head's bite plus breath); Save F9; ML 9; AL C; ER/47. The dragon head can breathe fire three times per day in a 50'×10' cone (Dmg 3-18).
12: **Gargantuan gargoyle:** AC 1; HD 32*; hp 160; MV 180'(60'), flying 300'(100'); #AT 2 claws/1bite/1horn; Dmg 4-12/4-12/4-24/4-16; Save F32; ML 11; AL C; SA −4 to hit vs. man-size or smaller opponents; SD magical weapon to hit; CD/32. This gargoyle cannot surprise PCs.
13: **Manticores** (5-10): AC 4; HD 6+1*; hp 29 each; MV 120'(40'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite or 6 spikes; Dmg 1-4/1-4/2-8 or 1-6 each; Save F6; ML 9; AL C; ER/52. Each manticore has 24 tail spikes and can fire up to six per round (ranges 50'/100'/180').
14: **Dire wolves** (5-20): AC 6; HD 4+1; hp 16 each; MV 150'(50'); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 2-8; Save F2; ML 8; AL N; BD/39.
15: **Grizzly bears** (1-4): AC 8; HD 5; hp 20 each; MV 120'(40'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite; Dmg 1-8/1-8/1-10; Save F4; ML 10; AL N; BD/26. If both paws hit the same victim in one round, the bear hugs for an additional 2-16 hp damage.
16: **Trolls** (2-8): AC 4; HD 6+3*; hp 34 each; MV 120'(40'); #AT 2 claws/1 bite; Dmg 1-6/1-6/1-10; Save F6; ML 10 (8 if attacked with fire or acid); AL C; SD regenerates 3 hp per round, can be completely destroyed only by fire or acid; ER/56.
17: **Vampire bats, giant** (4-16): AC 6; HD 2*; hp 10 each; MV 30'(10'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 1 bite; Dmg 1-4 plus paralysis; Save F1; ML 8; AL N; BD/25. Each bat's bite causes unconsciousness for 1-10 rounds (Saving Throw vs. Paralysis) and automatically drains 1-4 hp in blood per round. There is a 10% chance that these creatures are accompanied by a **vampire** in giant bat form (AC 2; HD 9**; hp 44; MV 120'(40'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 1 touch or gaze; Dmg 1-10 plus double energy drain or *charm;* Save F9; ML 11; AL C; SA can change into human, dire wolf, giant bat, or gaseous forms; summon animals; gaze can *charm* (save at −2); SD hit only by magical weapons, undead immunities, regenerates 3 hp per round; ER/57.
18: **Werewolves** (4-16): AC 5; HD 4*; hp 16 each; MV 180'(60') #AT 1 bite; Dmg 2-8; Save F4; ML 8; AL C; SA summon normal wolves, lycanthropy; SD hit only by silver or magical weapons; BD/33.
19: **Skunks, giant** (1-3): AC 6; HD 3*; hp 12 each; MV 120'(40'); #AT 1 bite plus musk squirt; Dmg 1-4 plus special; Save F2; ML 7; AL N. These creatures approach the PCs searching for food. If harassed, the skunks use their infamous musk spray (15'×15'×50' cloud); see the *Creature Catalogue,* page 20, for the effects of the musk.
20: **Devil swine** (2-5): AC 3/9); HD 9*; hp 40 each; MV 180'(60'), human form 120'(40'); #AT 1 gore or special; Dmg 2-12 or by weapon type; Save F9; ML 10; AL C; SA *charm,* lycanthropy; SD hit only by silver or magical weapons; ER/48. These creatures are in swine form when first encountered. Each creature can use a strong *charm* spell (Save at −2) three times per day.
21: **Purple worms** (1-2): AC 6; HD 15*; hp 75 each; MV 60'(20'); #AT 1 bite/1 sting; Dmg 2-16/1-8 plus poison; Save F8; ML 10; AL N; SA swallow victims whole on hit roll 4 or more greater than needed (Dmg 3-18); poison tail sting; ER/55. These worms burrow up into the PCs' midst, surprising on a roll of 1 on 1d4 (but the worms take 2-5 rounds to squirm out of their holes and cannot use their tail attacks until completely out.

† See description of encounter in text.



them three or four items from the sprites' inventory each time this encounter is rolled. If the PCs are not interested in trading (and the sprites are extremely persistent) or if they attack the little traders, the sprites quickly *curse* one or more of the PCs and then flee. The next time the sprites and PCs cross paths, Kipler cautiously asks the adventurers if they're in a better mood before offering to trade with them.

Sprites (22): AC 5; HD ½*; hp 3 each; MV 60'(20'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 1 *curse* (per 5 sprites); Save E1; ML 7; AL N; BD/38.

The sprites' *curses* should take the form of magical practical jokes (e.g., victim's nose grows, bucket of water appears over victim's head and douses him, victim's boots squeak with every step, victim hiccups for one turn each time he drinks anything, etc.) and can be lifted with *remove curse* spells.

The little creatures aren't malicious; they're just natural pranksters, but they might get on the PCs' nerves. This could become an alignment test for the PCs. A group of Companion-level adventurers could easily annihilate the sprites, but this wouldn't be a very nice thing to do. With a bit of role-playing (and trading), the PCs should be able to appease the sprites and may even discover the traders' weakness (see below).

The sprites' goods are carried in a *bag of holding* that contains: a tinderbox; a flask of oil; a blue dragon's fang and a few scales; a silver dagger; a slightly moldy cheese; a small mirror; a sprig of wolfsbane; a bulb of garlic; a 10' pole; a golden clasp in the form of a griffon (value 100 gp, and the sprites know it); a 30' coil of rope; a book ("How to Flatter a Hungry Dragon"); a bottle of Darokinian wine (50 gp value); a magic-user scroll with the spells *web* and *levitate;* a *ring of fire resistance* (which the sprites know is magical, and for which they demand two kegs of ale—no other deals); and a shiny platinum coin—a Glantrian crown—that the sprites value above all else.

The sprites will trade any item in their inventory for anything of roughly equal value, with the exceptions of the *ring of fire resistance* and the Glantrian coin. The adventurers might get a bargain if they trade for the spell scroll, which the sprites think is just a piece of parchment with funny scribbles on it.

The Glantrian coin appears to be a normal platinum piece, but it shines with an unusual luster. It detects as magical, for the coin is treated with magic to obtain its exceptional gleam. This particular coin was minted in the Principality of Belcadiz, and the face of the elven Princess Carnelia de Belcadiz graces the front of the coin. The sprites look upon the princess as the "Shining Goddess" and would never consider trading the coin (although they *do* like to see what others will offer for it). The coin is worth 50 gp in Glantri, or 5 gp if its magical shine is *dispelled.*

This hallowed coin is the sprites' weakness (and offers a chance for annoyed PCs to get rid of the pesky little traders once and for all, without resorting to violence). If the PCs inform them that Princess Carnelia is a real, living person, the sprites will immediately make a pilgrimage to the "Holy Land of Glantri" (if only they knew!) to meet their "Shining Goddess," thus freeing the PCs of their bothersome presence. When Princess Carnelia finds out who sent the group of sprites to meet her (and she *will* find out!), the

PCs will be most unwelcome in her principality.

The sprites know nothing about the odic.

Old Man Hood

The PCs should encounter Old Man Hood, a pixie druid-shaman, several times during the course of this adventure. If the PCs fail to encounter Old Man Hood often through the use of the Wilderness Encounter Table, the DM should sprinkle encounters with the pixie throughout the adventure, for Old Man Hood provides the PCs with several important clues related to their quest.

> As your group makes its way through the Elfswood wilderness, you are suddenly confronted with a strange sight: a small humanoid figure, not more than 2' tall and wearing a plain brown hooded robe, appears before your eyes, hovering about 4' off the ground. The robe's hood shrouds the figure's face in darkness.
>
> "Greetings!" a creaky, squeaky voice calls from within the hood as the figure flutters forward, propelled by two delicate wings that emerge from slits in the back of the creature's robe. "What brings such a band of merry adventurers to this neck of the woods?"

The floating figure is Old Man Hood, an aged pixie druid-shaman (see the D&D *Master DM's Book*, page 21). He means no harm and will introduce himself and chat with the PCs, as long as they don't attack him. Before long, however, he turns to leave, saying as he goes, "Aye, strange things have been going on in the forest recently—things stranger than an orc kissing a pixie. Yuck! Don't worry, though. I'll keep you informed." With this said, the old pixie becomes *invisible* and flies away.

Old Man Hood (6th-level pixie druid-shaman): AC 3; HD 6****; hp 35; MV 90'(30'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 1 dagger or spell; Dmg by spell or weapon type; Save E6; ML 7; AL N; SD can become *invisible* at will; BD/35; spells: *cure light wounds, light, speak with animals, warp wood, hold animal.*

Although the old pixie may seem a bit crazy, he's a valuable source of information for the PCs. Each time the adventurers meet him, Old Man Hood gives them another clue about the odic. If the PCs try to detain the pixie to learn more than the little tidbit of information he is willing to hand out, Old Man Hood becomes quite irritated and tries to leave. If *ESP* is used on the annoyed pixie, the only thought in his mind is: "Boy, what a mean bunch of ogres, picking on a little old pixie not even half their size!"

The following are the clues Old Man Hood gives the PCs each time they encounter him:

2nd encounter: "Treebane! Treebane! The Treebane is loose in Elfswood!"

3rd encounter: "Elfslayer! Treebane! You'd do well to fear it! These are the names of the great Forest Spirit!"

4th encounter: "Strong magic can hurt it, though mere weapons don't. Destroy it you might, but kill it you won't."

5th encounter: "Strong in the night, weak in the day. The dawn of the morn takes its powers away!"

Final encounter: "Death by its presence, death by its touch, death by its will—that's a little too much!"

After pausing a moment for the PCs' assessment of his poem, the pixie continues:

> "My friends, I'm afraid that my poems grow weak,
> So listen and heed these last words that I speak.
> In courage and wisdom your true hopes will lie,
> For if you should fail, all of Elfswood will die."

Use this entry just before the PCs encounter the odic. After giving this clue, Old Man Hood prepares to leave Elfswood, just in case the adventurers fail to defeat the odic (however, see "Concluding the Adventure" if the PCs do fail). The adventurers will not see him again during this adventure.

If (in the DM's estimation) the adventurers are not strong enough to defeat the odic, Old Man Hood offers them a parting gift, a *ring of life protection* with two remaining charges. This ring will protect its wearer from the effects of two levels of energy-draining attacks, after which it becomes a *ring of protection +1*. The old pixie gives this ring to a fighter (if possible), telling him to "fight the evil at its source." The ring can greatly aid the PCs in fighting the odic.

Set Wilderness Encounters

The following and encounter areas are marked on the map of Elfswood. Druida first takes the PCs to area 1, the site of the odic's attack on her family.

1. The Haunters of Elfswood.

> Druida skillfully guides you through the wilderness toward her forest home. A blanket of fallen leaves covers the ground everywhere, crunching underfoot with every step you take. The coming of fall has chased away the greenness of the forest, splashing the leaves with orange, red, yellow, and brown.
>
> Your party proceeds through a brown meadow toward a stately grove of trees. Druida turns around and whispers tersely, "My home rests high in the trees before us. Be on guard as we approach, and above all, be quiet."
>
> You silently pass from the sunny open meadow into the shadows of the trees, closely following in Druida's footsteps. Toward the center of the grove, the sunlight is almost entirely blocked by a series of sprawling wooden platforms built upon the tree limbs 30-40' overhead. Sixty feet before you, a narrow rope ladder hangs down from a wide circular opening in the platform above.
>
> As your fellowship creeps forward cautiously, you notice the eerie, unnatural quiet of the forest. No birds sing and no gossiping squirrels chatter at your arrival. The only sounds come from the gentle gurgling of a small brook that cuts through the grove, and the constant pitter-patter of falling leaves hitting the ground.
>
> A gasp of horror from Druida breaks the silence. Thirty feet ahead, ghostly figures are materializing on the forest floor! As these wispy images solidify, five other creatures—sickly elves with glazed eyes, whose hands glow with a strange crimson aura—step out from behind nearby trees and move to attack!

The ghostly figures are a vision composed of six of Druida's now-deceased relatives. The five "sickly elves" are normal wyrds, the undead spirits of Druida's family members returned to their dead bodies to serve the evil will of the odic.

Vision: AC 0; HD 12***; hp 72; MV see below; #AT 6 swords plus special; Dmg 1-8 each; Save C12; ML 12; AL C; CD/35. Visions are immune to all *charm*, *hold*, and *cold* spells and can be hit only by magical weapons. In addition, a vision is resistant to cleric Turning: A "D" result is handled normally, but a "T" result gives the vision a Saving Throw vs. Spells. If this Saving Throw is successful, the Turn is reflected back upon the cleric, who must then make his own Saving Throw vs. Spells or be paralyzed with fear for 2-12 rounds.

Normal wyrds (5): AC 4; HD 4*; hp 24 (Fadil), 23 (Dewfyrn), 20 (Gladia), 19 (Dezyl), 13 (Myra); MV 120'(40'); #AT 2 glowing spheres; Dmg 1-6 each (1d6+3 each against elves); Save F4; ML 12; AL C; CC/89. Normal wyrds are Turned as wraiths. Their two glowing spheres can be used as melee weapons or hurled as missiles (ranges 30/60/90). Whenever a sphere is used up, a replacement immediately appears in the wyrd's hand.

If the PCs immediately attack or try to Turn these undead monsters, allow them to do so for one round. If they hesitate or fail to destroy or Turn the vision in this round, read aloud the following text:

> A plaintive moaning and the sounds of weeping come from the six ghostly images, which before your eyes slowly take the form of elves. Their sorrowful eyes reflect confusion and pain as they glance upon the living before them, causing a shiver of icy fear to race through your bodies.
>
> Through the weeping of a spectral elf maiden who leans heavily against a tree trunk, and the moaning and groaning of the others, you begin to hear the heart-chilling words of these creatures.
>
> "You have come too late to save us!" cries one of the ghostly elves, while another grieves, "All is lost, all is lost!" Still more haunting phrases are aimed at Druida. A handsome ghost elf tells her, "Elfswood is no more, sister. Our family is destroyed," and the sobbing elf maiden ceases her weeping long enough to implore, "Mourn for us, Druida. Mourn *with* us."

Anyone seeing the vision must Save vs. Spells or run away in fear, steadfastly refusing to return to the area in which the vision was sighted. Also, the wailing and moaning of the vision can have a magical effect on anyone within 90' who hears these haunting sounds. Such individuals must make a successful Saving Throw vs. Spells each round they remain within range or be so filled with sorrow and sympathy that they sit down to cry for the vision for 11-20 rounds.

After 1-3 rounds of moaning and crying, the individual phantom elves begin to attack with their spectral swords, maintaining their awful wailing all the while. They first engage characters unaffected by their magical moaning.

Each phantom of the vision must remain within a 500-square-foot area on the forest floor beneath the Glanadyl settlement. Within this restricted area, however, the phantom elves may move at the rate of 40' per round.

Damage done against individual phantoms is counted against the hit-point total of the entire vision. Thus, when a total of 72 hp damage is inflicted against the various spectral elves, the vision is destroyed and vanishes.

Should a PC cleric use a *speak with*

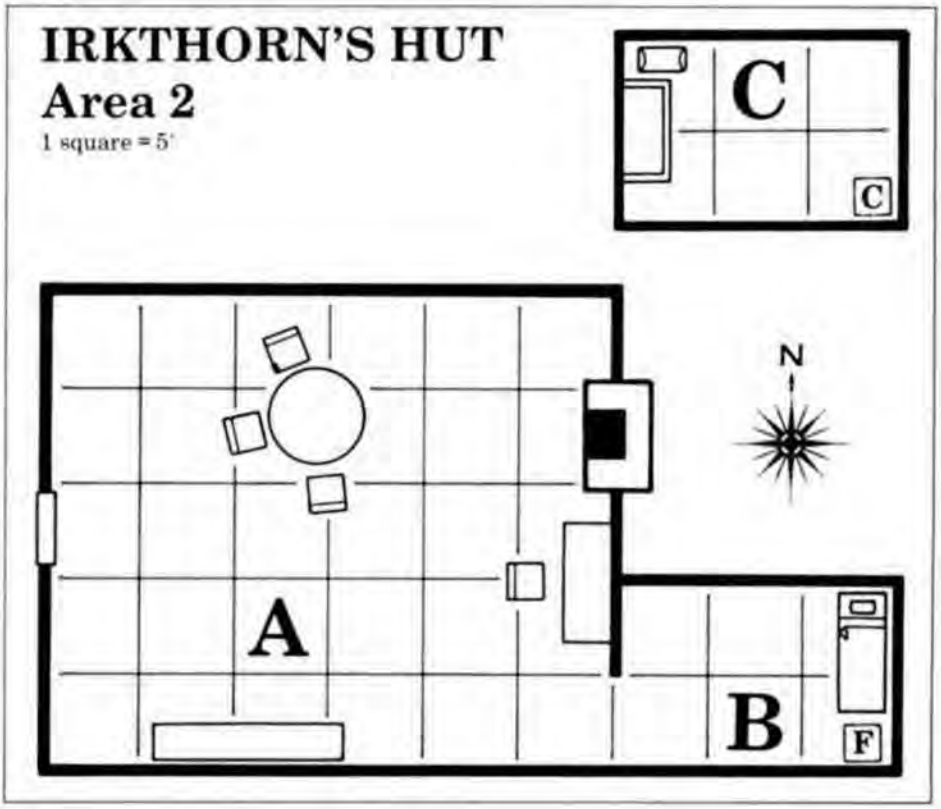
monsters spell on the vision or wyrds, some important information may be gained. To help the DM in answering any *speak with monster* spell questions, the following is what the now-undead elves experienced during their fatal encounter with the odic.

The six elves in the vision (Druida's brother Silvyr, sister Rosepetyl, and cousins Amberlok, Gaffbrook, Redlyf, and Snowbough) were all killed by the odic's energy drain. They can recall that a strange purple light began to radiate from the great tree in which Myrdelor Glanadyl's home was built. Myrdelor let out a cry that the settlement was under attack, and all the Glanadyls rushed to the alert. As the six elves (now of the vision) prepared to do battle, they suddenly felt compelled to enter the area of purple light surrounding the tree. Therein they slowly perished.

Using a *speak with monsters* spell on the wyrds (formerly Druida's aunt Dewfyrn, and cousins Fadil, Gladia, Dezyl, and Myra) yields only vague information. Each of these elves heard a commotion in the settlement, went outside to investigate, saw some strange lights, and suddenly died (victimized by the odic's *finger of death* power). In their undead existence, these elves can remember being ordered to guard the settlement from the living, but they are not certain who or what gave this command.

If the wyrds are defeated in such a way that the corpses of the elves remain, a PC cleric could use a *speak with the dead* spell to obtain the above information. This is not an option for the elves of the vision, however; their bodies were burned by the odic's greater wyrd servants as an offering to the powers of the Sphere of Entropy, and their ashes were spread out around the settlement. As a final gift to the spirit of Irkthorn Balin, the Immortals of Entropy returned the souls of the elves in the form of a vision to guard the location of the odic's triumph.

If the PCs don't use a *speak with monsters*, *commune*, or *contact outer plane* spell here, so much the better. This adventure depends in part on the mystery and danger presented by an unknown entity capable of killing on such a large scale. When the adventurers explore the wilds of Elfswood, they are likely to find clues that point to an odic as the culprit. Even if the PCs don't piece all the clues together, they'll run into the odic eventually, and all their questions will be answered.



The wyrds and the vision have no treasure, although the elven tree-homes contain about 5,000 gp in normal household items and 12,750 gp in well-concealed coin and jewelry stashes. Of course, it would be in bad taste for the PCs to loot the estate of Druida's recently slain family. However, the tree-homes do contain food (both normal and iron rations) and other normal items (such as rope, lanterns, small mirrors, etc.) that Druida will allow the adventurers to take, if needed.

2. Irkthorn's Hut.

A large wooden shack stands beneath the trees before you. A cold, gusty breeze sends dozens of leaves falling from the branches above, but this is the only sign of movement in the whole area; the place appears to be deserted. A closer inspection reveals that the building has no windows and only a single door on its western side. A stone chimney climbs the outer wall and continues to ascend several feet above the rooftop. Behind the shack runs a sparkling clear stream.

2A. Main Room.

This room contains a cluttered assortment of wooden chairs and tables, a bookcase with a few musty volumes, and a variety of wooden carvings. A sturdy stone hearth gapes at you from the northeast corner. Another door opens to the southeast.

The only thing of value here is the dust-covered collection of tiny wooden forest animals arranged on a shelf above the fireplace. Irkthorn carved these himself during his happy early years as a druid. The collection is worth 100 gp.

2B. Irkthorn's Bedroom.

The floorboards creak as you enter this dark room. Against the back wall rests a dingy bed, and an open wardrobe sits in the northwest cor-

ner. A filthy bearskin rug lies at the foot of the bed. There's nothing else of interest here, but a faint, sickening smell of rot can be detected.

The wardrobe contains the remnants of Irkthorn's clothing, mostly moth-eaten old robes and the like. If cleaned, the bearskin rug is worth 250 gp. It conceals a trapdoor leading to the cellar.

2C. Cellar Shrine.

The overwhelming stench of decaying flesh wafts up from the darkness below as you open the trapdoor. Descending a small ladder, you find yourselves in a tiny shrine probably dedicated to some evil entity—judging from the many skulls, bones, and foot-tall statues of monstrous beings sitting on a makeshift altar to the west. Lying face-down before this altar is the huddled form of a man wearing a black robe. Beyond the motionless figure, a small wooden chest rests in the shadows.

The black-robed figure on the floor is the body of Irkthorn Balin. Closer examination of the decomposing corpse reveals that the cleric has been dead for about a month; therefore, his death preceded the attack upon Elfswood by nearly two weeks.

Should a PC cleric use a *speak with the dead* spell on the corpse, there will be no result at all! Irkthorn's body is merely his earthly remains; his spirit and past knowledge (especially his bitter memories of the Glanadyls) have fled his mortal body and now reside in the odic.

As is obvious from the appearance of the altar, Irkthorn turned away from the teachings of the druids and embraced the ways of Evil, worshiping some foul who-knows-what from the Sphere of Entropy. There is nothing magical or dangerous on the altar.

The small chest in the corner is locked, and the key is nowhere to be found. It contains a mace and a book, both of which detect as evil.

The weapon is a magical *mace +2, +6 vs. Lawful clerics.* The mace shocks for 1-6 hp damage any Lawful creature who touches it. If held by a Lawful cleric, however, it inflicts 2-12 hp damage upon its wielder each round, and the offending cleric must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells (with a −4 penalty) at the end of each round he remains in contact with the mace or be unable to release it (thus taking still more damage).

The tome, entitled *The Secrets of Entropy,* is written in a strange code and cannot be deciphered, even with a *read languages* or *read magic* spell. Those interested in discovering such secrets must first research a special spell enabling them to read the book. Such a volume should, of course, be destroyed by a Lawful party.

Before leaving this area, Druida insists on giving the ex-druid's body a proper burial.

3. Sagebark's Wood.

This particular area of Elfswood seems especially beautiful and cheery despite the coming of winter. The breeze here seems more gentle and less cold, and the dead leaves seem to float, not fall, from the treetops. A few birds chirp out merrily overhead.

"Excuse me," pipes a soft, musical voice from the midst of your group. As you glance about wildly to find the speaker, the voice adds, "Oh, I'm sorry!" Suddenly, a foot-tall winged creature—looking somewhat like an elf—blinks into view before you.

"I'm Glitter," the creature announces. "Are you strong, kind, and very courageous? If so, my wise friend Sagebark would like to speak with you. Follow me!"

If the PCs follow Glitter, the pixie leads them to Sagebark, an old treant.

The small creature leads you to a large moss-covered tree—a tree that suddenly turns around to face you! Certainly, this can only be a fabled treant. As the towering creature turns its attention toward your group, it emits a loud, rumbling "Ahem!" that shakes its whole body, causing a few leaves to fall. Gesturing toward a barren spot on top of its otherwise leafy head, the treant comments in the slow, deliberate tone common to its kind, "I tend to bald a bit 'round this time of year. But enough about myself." The treant points a branchlike finger toward a fallen tree trunk nearby and says, "Please sit down, my friends. We have much to discuss."

Sagebark has dwelt in the forest of Elfswood for several centuries and has learned much about its inhabitants during this time. First, the treant offers his condolences to Druida for the tragedy at her homestead. He also has some good news for the elf maiden. His forest animal friends have recently seen her brothers Gylak and Myrkal and her sister-in-law, Chrysantha, alive in the forest.

Although Sagebark cannot tell the PCs exactly what is behind the Glanadyl tragedy, he can provide some helpful clues. Unusual things have been happening in the forest recently, the treant claims. His good friend, the dryad Shalda, simply disappeared about a week ago. Upon further investigation, Sagebark discovered that the dryad's tree had died even though it was fairly young and appeared to be healthy. Glitter can lead the PCs to the dryad's tree (area 4) if they so desire.

The old treant also warns the adventurers that his forest friends have reported seeing strange lights through the trees at night, and ogres and trolls have been more common in the area in the last few years. (Although the odic is not responsible for the recent influx of humanoid monsters into the area, it is responsible for the strange lights.)

Glitter has a piece of advice for the adventurers, too. "Keep an eye out for Old Man Hood," he squeaks. "He's a pixie like me, only he's a great magic-user who wears a hooded robe and travels throughout the forest. If anyone knows what's going on in Elfswood, it's Old Man Hood! The problem is, you don't find Old Man Hood—he finds you! We haven't seen him in over a month."

Glitter (pixie): AC 3; HD 1***; hp 7; MV 90'(30'), flying 180'(60'); #AT 1 dagger; Dmg 1-4; Save E1; ML 7; AL N; BD/35.

Sagebark (treant): AC 2; HD 8*; hp 44; MV 60'(20'); #AT 2 branches; Dmg 2-12/2-12; Save F8; ML 9; AL L; SA *animate trees;* ER/56. If the odic ever settles into this hex for the night, it possesses and kills Sagebark.

4. The Dryad's Tomb. Unless the PCs are accompanied by Glitter (the pixie from area 3), they will not find the dryad's tree. Glitter, however, can easily point out the dryad's home.

The dryad's tree looks no different from the others in the forest. It is dead, however, killed by the odic when the

spirit possessed it. The dryad Shalda was inside her tree when the odic struck, and when her tree died, she died with it. Should a PC cleric be so imaginative as to use a *speak with the dead* spell on the tree, he will be able to contact the deceased dryad's spirit within it. Unfortunately, Shalda can give little information about her death. She entered her tree for the night; about an hour later, her tree suddenly perished and she died with it.

5. Dead Trolls. Although this encounter is marked in three places on the map, it should occur only once.

As the PCs are traveling through Elfswood, they come across three huge, unmoving figures lying on the forest floor before them. These are the bodies of three dead trolls, the victims of a surprise encounter with the odic.

It is unlikely that any of the PCs has ever seen a dead troll before. Adventurers are usually in the habit of burning trolls to ashes whenever they encounter them. Inquiring minds might want to use a *speak with the dead* or *commune* spell to learn how the trolls were killed in such a clean and apparently easy manner.

Each troll was killed by a different type of the odic's attack forms. One was *charmed* and died from the odic's energy drain. Another was slain by the spirit's deadly poisonous touch. The third fell victim to a *finger of death* spell. If a cleric uses a *speak with the dead* spell on any of the trolls, each monster can relate that, during the group's nightly hunting trip, they came across a tree that burned with a fierce purple light. Each troll can also give a vague description of the manner in which it died shortly thereafter.

6. Ogre Lynching. Although marked in three locations on the map, this encounter can occur only once.

> A strange howling bellow comes from the woods before you. It sounds like the cry of some large creature in distress.

If the PCs investigate in a quiet, cautious manner, they will be able to spy on the proceedings detailed below without being sighted by the ogres. In this case, read both of the boxed passages below to the players. If the PCs race in the direction of the cries with reckless abandon, however, read only the first section of boxed text—and let the battle begin!

> Milling about in a small clearing before you are about two dozen 9'-tall, ugly, hairy, brutish humanoids. One of their number has his hands bound behind his back with stout vines. As this captive whines and tries in vain to break free, another monster casually tosses the end of a thick rope over a strong tree limb 15' above the forest floor. Apparently an execution is about to take place.

If the party has not been detected, read the following as well.

> As you watch, the captive is dragged before the largest of the group, a huge, mean-looking brute who is apparently the leader of the band. This creature spits a string of harsh grunts and snarls at the prisoner, who responds with a series of frightened whines. The leader shakes his head and summons four of his burly friends, who roughly grab the whimpering captive and lead him toward the waiting noose.

Any PC uncouth enough to have been schooled in the vulgar ogre tongue will be able to understand what has been said during the proceedings. The large ogre (Klamor) has accused the prisoner (Mashtoe) of having committed an act of great cowardice. Mashtoe's whining response is translated, "It was the Purple Death . . . no chance . . . had to flee. Please spare me."

Unless the PCs intervene, Mashtoe will be marched to the noose and promptly hanged. Once the execution is finished, the ogre band leaves. If attacked, however, the ogres fight back fiercely.

Ogres (24): AC 5; HD 4 + 1; hp 29 (Klamor, the leader), 27 (×2), 25 (×3), 24 (×3), 22 (×6), 20 (×5), 19 (×2), 17, 15; MV 90'(30'); #AT 1 huge club; Dmg by weapon type +2; Save F4; ML 10; AL C; BD/35. Ogres get a +2 bonus to all damage rolls due to their great strength. Each ogre carries a small sack containing 20-80 gp.

Mashtoe (ogre): AC 9; hp 22; #AT 1 fist; Dmg 1-4 + 2; ML 3; other statistics as above.

If the PCs interrupt the execution and rescue Mashtoe, the ogre begs them to release him. If freed, Mashtoe will not attack the adventurers; his only wish is to get away. If questioned, Mashtoe can relate his story to the PCs.

A few nights ago Mashtoe's patrol, which included Klamor's son, came across a tree bathed in a bright purple light. Suddenly, the tree began swinging a branch at the patrol members, and soon most of the ogres (including the leader's son) were killed. Mashtoe ran for his life. When he rejoined the main band and related his story to the leader, Klamor did not believe him. Mashtoe was accused of being a coward and shortly thereafter, Klamor announced that Mashtoe would be executed.

If the PCs are late in coming to Mashtoe's rescue or simply approach his hanging body after the ogre band has left, they can gain the above information through a *speak with the dead* spell.

The Final Confrontation

The climax of this module comes when the PCs finally meet up with their elusive foe, the odic. The game statistics for this undead horror and a description of the PC's encounter with it are provided below.

Odic (spirit of Irkthorn Balin): AC −4; HD 16****; hp 96; MV 0 (see below); #AT 1 branch or spell (see below); Dmg 1-12 plus poison; Save F16; ML 12; AL C; CD/37.

An odic—also known as Treebane, Elfslayer, Forest Spirit, Purple Death, and Beacon of Death—is a type of spirit, an evil entity that possesses the body (or body parts) of others. An odic is different from other spirits in that it possesses only plants and plantlike monsters. It is undead and as such is immune to mind-affecting spells (such as *sleep, charm,* and *hold),* as well as all poisons and normal gases.

The odic has many other special defenses and attack forms. It is immune to spells below 4th level and cannot be harmed by any weapon of less than a +2 enhancement. It can sense any invisible creatures that approach it.

The odic's mere presence is dangerous, as it can spoil all consumable items within 30' (including food, water, holy water, and magical potions). Such items are automatically ruined (no Saving Throw) but are not made poisonous. The odic's presence also paralyzes all living plants and insects with in this area, killing them if the spirit remains in one

place for more than an hour. As a result of this power, any form of plant control or insect swarm is ineffective.

During the daylight hours, the odic is powerless and invisible, traveling up to 24 miles in search of new victims. At night, the odic settles into a plant, possessing it and killing it immediately. Once settled for the evening, the spirit cannot move again until dawn.

When the odic possesses a plant, it radiates a strange purple light in a 20' radius around itself. Any living creature entering this light must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells or suffer a one-level energy drain (as if struck by a wight). Demi-humans with an Attack Rank are affected differently by energy drains, losing 101,000 to 120,000 xp per "level" drained. A new Saving Throw must be made each round an individual is within the light.

The odic can send out up to six small portions of the plant (usually leaves) to seek out potential victims. These leaves can float up to a mile from the odic at the rate of 30' per round, attacking any creature they meet as 4-HD monsters and gaining surprise 90% of the time. Anyone touched by a leaf takes no damage but must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells or be *charmed*. *Charmed* victims are drawn to the odic and suffer −4 penalties to their Saving Throws when they enter the purple light surrounding the spirit. Such unfortunates also remain in the light until they are forcibly removed from the area, have the odic's *charm* negated (by a *dispel magic* spell or another successful *charm*), or die from the energy drain.

The odic can also use either a physical attack or a spell-like power (but not both) each round. Its physical attack is a blow from part of the possessed plant, usually a branch or vine 10-30' long. Anyone hit takes 1-12 hp damage and must make a Saving Throw vs. Poison or die immediately, struck down by the spirit's deadly poisonous touch.

Instead of attacking with its possessed body, the odic may choose to use any of the following spell-like effects: *darkness, silence 15' radius, cause disease, animate dead*, or *finger of death*. These powers can be used at will—up to once per round, requiring only the odic's concentration—and are treated as if cast by a 16th-level cleric.

The *animate dead* power of the particular odic in this adventure is unique. Because Irkthorn Balin became an odic due to his intense hatred of the Glanadyls, his *animate dead* ability affects only elves. The twisted powers of the Sphere of Entropy have granted Irkthorn's spirit the power to *animate* the dead bodies of elves into wyrds (see the *Creature Catalogue*, page 89). Deceased elves of levels 1-7 are transformed into normal wyrds, while those of levels 8-10 become greater wyrds.

Four greater wyrds—formerly Druida's father (Myrdelor), mother (Casamira), uncle (Brandylor), and brother (Grenlyf)—accompany the odic as it moves through Elfswood. They fly silently in the shadows of the trees behind their invisible master, following its telepathic commands. These wyrds are totally under the spirit's control.

Greater wyrds (4): AC 0; HD 8***; hp 56 (Myrdelor), 50 (Brandylor), 46 (Grenlyf), 40 (Casamira); MV 120'(40'), flying 240'(80'); #AT 2 spheres; Dmg 1-10/1-10 plus paralysis, 1d10 +5 each against elves (no paralysis); Save E8; ML 12; AL C; CC/89.

These wyrds are the undead spirits of Druida's family members, returned to their dead bodies to do the bidding of the odic. They have such a frightful appearance that anyone viewing them must make a Saving Throw vs. Spells or suffer a −3 penalty to hit and damage rolls while fighting the creatures.

These undead horrors attack using two glowing green spheres of energy that appear in their hands. They can use these spheres in melee or can throw them as missiles (range 30/60/90). When a sphere strikes a target it explodes, inflicting 1-10 hp damage and paralyzing the victim for 2-8 turns unless a successful Saving Throw vs. Paralysis is made. Elves hit by such an attack suffer an additional 5 hp damage but are immune to the paralyzing effect. A new sphere automatically appears in the wyrd's hand when one is used.

Greater wyrds can be struck only by silver or magical weapons. Being undead, they are immune to *sleep, charm*, and *hold* spells as well as poisons and gases. Clerics can Turn greater wyrds as phantoms.

The Odic's Attack

Once the odic finds the PCs, it follows them through the forest. When the party sets up camp for the night, the odic possesses a tree within a mile of its prey and begins its insidious attack. It sends out six **animated leaves** (AC −4; attack as 4-HD monsters; hp 1 each; MV 30'; SA *charm*) that blow into the PCs' camp with a host of normal leaves. Each leaf swirls around a PC, getting two chances to touch its intended victims. A character under attack has only a 10% chance of noticing that the swirling leaves seem to have minds of their own. If the leaves fail to touch anyone during this attack, they blow out of camp and the odic tries the same tactic on the following night.

Those who successfully make their Saving Throws against the leaves' *charm* spells realize that they have just been attacked by some sort of mind-affecting spell, though they probably won't know where it originated.

Eventually, the PCs should meet the odic face-to-face. If one (or more) of the PCs is *charmed* by the odic's treacherous leaves, he will lead the party to the spirit. Any PC who was *charmed* but has had the effect dispelled can still point his friends in the general direction of the odic. In addition, the greater wyrds can lure the PCs toward the final confrontation by calling Druida's name or feigning cries of distress. Should all these methods fail, the DM can simply have the odic whoosh into the PCs' camp one night (with the greater wyrds close behind), possess a tree, and battle the adventurers to the death.

Because the odic can sense invisible objects, the PCs will have a very difficult time surprising it. Before killing the adventurers, the odic wants them to know exactly what they're up against: the vengeful spirit of Irkthorn Balin. The following boxed text describes what the PCs' encounter with the spirit might be like. As always, the DM can modify the text depending on the actions of the PCs.

> An awe-inspiring sight stands before you: a majestic oak tree towers nearly 100' into the night sky, its uppermost branches rising high above the treetops of its neighbors. The tree itself, though impressive, is not what catches your eyes and draws gasps from your mouths. The oak is remarkable for the intense aura of purple light it radiates in a 20' radius. The strange light does not remind you of the cheery glow of a blazing hearth; instead, it seems

continued on page 64

JAMMIN'

BY JAMES M. WARD

Expect the unexpected. The monsters always do.

Artwork by Terry Dykstra

Jim Ward has done a little bit of everything in the way of design and editing work for TSR. His credits include the METAMORPHOSIS ALPHA and GAMMA WORLD® games, the AD&D® Legends & Lore tome, REF3 The Book of Lairs, *and a bunch of other things too numerous to mention here. He says that the SPELLJAMMER™ boxed set has become his recent favorite game, and it was impossible to talk him out of writing this brief adventure.*

The SPELLJAMMER game concept is easy to explain. TSR is always looking for something new and exciting, and the thought of playing AD&D games in outer space was just too good to pass up. The core of the SPELLJAMMER game is the ability to take your AD&D characters, of any level, into the unknowns of "wildspace," the fantasy equivalent of outer space. This new concept also allows characters to fly between the DRAGONLANCE®, GREYHAWK®, and FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign worlds and many others. If you're tired of pillaging dungeons and castles, you'll love the chance to explore forgotten asteroids and thousand-year-old abandoned ships. And the monsters you've been fighting on-planet are very different from the ones you'll find in wildspace. Those in wildspace are far more dangerous.

"Jammin' " is an AD&D scenario perfectly suited to launch players of any of TSR's AD&D fantasy game worlds into a SPELLJAMMER campaign. It's for 3-6 characters of any level, but lower-level characters will have to be careful to survive. All of the necessary SPELLJAMMER rules are included, so it isn't necessary to own the SPELLJAMMER boxed set to play this adventure. We hope, however, that you'll have so much fun in the SPELLJAMMER universe that you'll want *all* the information available.

The adventure takes place in the FORGOTTEN REALMS setting, though it may be easily altered to fit any other campaign world. Module LC1 *Gateway to Ravens Bluff, The Living City,* would be helpful, as the city of Ravens Bluff is suggested as the PCs' starting point for this adventure. Any other city can be substituted without difficulty.

Adventure Background

North of the Sea of Fallen Stars, in the Dragon Reach between the cities of Tantras and Procampur, lies the magical settlement called Ravens Bluff, the Living City. Much as been said of this strange place, but the line that best describes it can be paraphrased as: "The Living City, where adventure begins—and all too often ends."

Ren of the Cloak, a notorious elven thief and something of a local celebrity in Ravens Bluff, was traveling in the wilds surrounding the Living City when he was caught in a sudden summer thunderstorm of unusual intensity. Taking shelter in the hills, he saw a strange ship with tattered sails descend through the clouds, not 300 yards from his hiding place. It landed with a thud, and a charnel stench spread from the hulk that Ren could smell even at the height of the storm.

As the valley was well off the beaten track, Ren had no intention of investigating this strange craft by himself. By nature more greedy than curious, he was of a mind to get out of there fast and return to civilization, where he could talk some young and foolish adventurers into checking out the ship and giving him the pick of the best things aboard. As he trudged to the city, wet and smiling, he remembered seeing a group of brave fellows he might talk into a little quick work.

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> You are seated in a private meeting room of the Happy Stein tavern. Ren of the Cloak, whom you know by reputation, approached you earlier in the common room and offered to buy dinner and discuss a unique business opportunity. You haven't worked with Ren before, but you've heard stories of his bold adventures, unusual ability, and considerable luck. Any job he sends your way will surely be filled with great amounts of treasure—and equal amounts of danger.
>
> "So I'm in this cavern, and I've already destroyed three living statues," says Ren, finishing an ale and ordering another round, "when I come across this scroll that must be as old as the hills surrounding the cavern.
>
> "The scroll says that, in the valley of Shemar during the light of a special full moon, a ship will appear that carries the treasure of the great Kings of the Sky. 'Well,' I says to myself, 'that's a fine kettle of fish.' It just so happens that this full moon occurs only once every 500 years, and it's due to happen tomorrow night.
>
> "Unfortunately, I have an appointment that evening with a certain wizard, and I dare not anger him by missing it. So I thought you fine lads might like the chance to recover the treasure of the Sky Kings. All I ask in return is first pick of the magical items and a tenth share of the treasure. Naturally, we'll draw up a contract and give the guild of merchants and the guild of thieves their shares to make sure that none of us plays the others false. Well, friends, are you in or out?"

The shares for the two guilds amount to 10% of the total value of the treasure (5% to each guild), and these shares will have to be paid within two weeks of the completion of the adventure. Failure to pay (or discovery of any attempts to cheat on payments) will bring the DM-inspired wrath of these guilds down on the PCs. Mercy is not encouraged.

If the PCs agree to the deal, Ren gives them directions to the valley but sends them on a route that gets them there after the moon has risen (so they will not realize that the ship arrived before this evening). The only other information he gives them, when pressed for more details, is that the ship is said to be in tatters. As no one would expect a sailing ship to be located in the hills, it must be magical. Ren also warns them to be far away from the valley by sunrise, as legendary magical constructs have been known not to survive the light of day. If the PCs ask to see the scroll that Ren found, he claims that the thing burst into magical ruby flames as soon as he finished reading it.

Ren of the Cloak, high elf: AC 3; MV 12; T15; hp 79; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 16, D 19, C 17, I 17, W 9, Ch 17; PP 95%, OL 95%, FT 90%, MS 95%, HS 95%, DN 55%, CW 95%, RL 75%; ML 15; AL CN; special elven-made, chain mail cloak with magical inner lining of cloth (has a pocket that acts like a *bag of holding* with 30 cu. ft. volume limit). Blows hitting the cloak, which can be pulled around Ren's figure, do only one-half damage. The cloak gives Ren a base AC 7 because the links are so fine.

Ren doesn't intend to miss out on the fun entirely. He plans on watching from a safe hiding place near the ship while the PCs do the hard work. If the PCs get into too much trouble, however, Ren can provide up to four potions of either *healing* or *extra healing*, but he will then expect a larger percentage of the treasure for doing part of the adventurers' work. Ren will not show his face unless the PCs are chased off the boat or take severe losses (the wizard cancelled the appointment, he'll claim, so he just happened along).

For the Dungeon Master

While the complete SPELLJAMMER rules are not necessary to run this adventure, the following information is essential to understanding the concept of playing AD&D games in space. The PCs in this adventure will be able to learn something about spacefaring civilization but will probably never leave the ground. If the adventurers do establish control of the derelict ship, the DM can restrict it to traveling near the planet's surface much like a balloon. The PCs' search for more information on their prize (and the DM's acquisition of the SPELLJAMMER boxed set) will prepare everyone for new and exciting adventures in wildspace—and beyond.

Wildspace
All the celestial bodies within a solar system float in an airless void called wildspace. As beings move higher in altitude on a planet's surface, the atmosphere becomes thinner until at last it becomes vacuum. Creatures can still breathe, however, because an envelope of air clings to everything that passes through the atmosphere. This air allows normal survival in wildspace for a short time at least. The larger the object going into space, the more air it carries along with it.

Furnaces
As early and primitive forms of motive power in space, furnaces take their power from magical items (more modern forms of spelljammer helms are powered by the living spell energy of a priest or mage). These magical items are fed into a furnace and are destroyed to power the ship. Magical items that cannot be destroyed by fire (by being melted or burned) are unaffected by the furnace

and provide no power to the ship. As a rule of thumb, the furnace will function for one week for every 1,000 xp worth of items fed into it.

While the furnace generates magical energy to lift the ship into wildspace, it must be used in conjunction with its attached helm to control the ship's direction while in the air.

The term *spelljamming* refers to the conversion of magical energy directly into motive force for ships in space.

The Helm

A ship travels through wildspace by means of its helm, a magical device that converts magical energy into motive force, the push that moves the ship from planet to planet. A mage or priest sits at the helm and acts as a controller who, with the power of thought, moves the ship through space. The helmsman's natural senses are magnified by the power of the helm so that he can see things around the ship as if he were standing on the deck. The ship becomes an extension of his body and moves in response to his mental commands.

The *Halcyon*

If the PCs follow Ren's directions, shortly after moonrise on the second day they enter a valley that is heavily forested along its rim. The vegetation becomes shorter down the slope of the valley until it disappears altogether at the bottom. The narrow valley floor is a dry creek bed of smooth stones, now wet and slippery with yesterday's rain. As the PCs descend past the tree line, they can clearly see the galleon resting in the middle of the valley. From several hundred yards away, they also smell the odor of spoiled, rotten meat.

The ship itself is in tatters. There are ripped and rotting sails on the masts, and the ropes have become covered with an oddly glowing moss in the 24 hours the ship has been in the atmosphere. Numerous fist-sized holes puncture the hull of the vessel, and the wood of the hull is bleached a strange gray that glows in the moonlight. Several rope ladders trail off the sides of the ship. The rear mast flies the skull-and-crossbones, which flaps strongly even though there is only a slight breeze. The flag was enchanted to do this because wildspace has no wind, and the ship's former captain liked to see his standard flapping on the mast.

The galleon was caught near the planet's surface when it ran out of magical items needed to fuel its furnace. The spectre captain of the *Halcyon* crash-landed it in hopes of luring on board some creatures with magical items to feed his ship's furnace. His goal is to destroy all life everywhere in the universe, and a spacefaring ship is just the vehicle to help him accomplish his mission—if he can get it off the ground.

The spectre, a fitting commander for this ghost ship, has placed most of the skeleton crew into a suspended state (as balls of bones; see page 32) in order to avoid frightening anyone he lures onto the ship. If the adventurers are too much to handle, the spectre simply lets them leave in peace. If the captain feels he has a chance against the adventurers, he attacks to capture any magical items the PCs might have. The DM should carefully play out the actions of the spectre captain in the following manner:

The spectre first spends a great deal of time observing the PCs. The adventurers should feel they are being watched all the while that they are on the ship. Characters occasionally see a moving shape just at the edge of vision, but they are never able to tell just what that shape is. When they try to check out the shape, they find cold areas of a different temperature than the rest of the ship. Occasionally they see a misty face in a ceiling corner, a face that stares at them but always vanishes when they try to communicate with it.

After at least 10 such encounters, the spectre will try to gauge the power of the PCs by directly attacking one of them. If a single PC moves away from the group, the spectre isolates the adventurer by locking doors to the area; then he attacks. If the PCs never separate, the spectre attacks when the party tries to leave the ship.

Spectre captain: AC 1; MV 15, Fl 30 (B); HD 7 +3; hp 50; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA energy drain (two life levels); a being totally drained of life energy becomes a spectre under the control of the spectre that drained him; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; immune to *sleep, charm, hold,* and cold-based spells as well as poison and paralyzation; holy water does 2-8 hp damage per vial; a *raise dead* spell kills a spectre; this spectre is turned as a vampire; ML 15; AL LE; XP 3,000; MC.

Note: The SPELLJAMMER rules encourage adventure designers to modify the statistics of creatures encountered in wildspace and on spacegoing vessels. These changes make the monsters a little faster or a little tougher in order to present surprises for players who have gotten used to attacking these creatures on-planet. Wildspace affects monsters in many unfathomable ways, and such changes make encountering even formerly "mundane" creatures a unique experience.

Exploring the *Halcyon*

1. Stern Castle.

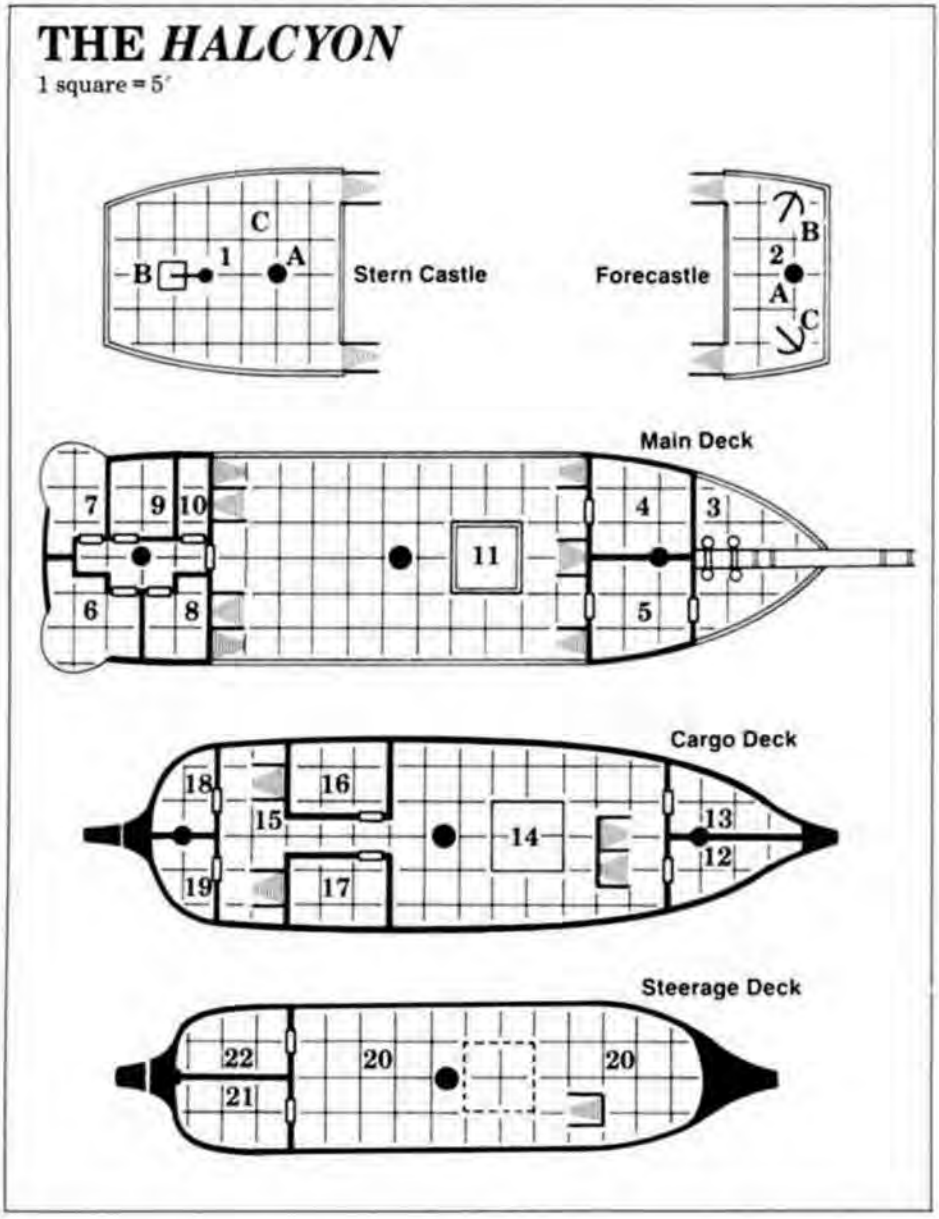
> The deck is covered with a white, chalky paste. There are many gashes and holes in the flooring, as if catapult rocks had punched their way through the deck and the damage had been hastily patched. The mizzenmast [area 1A] flies the pirate flag. There is some type of catapult on this deck, and a desk or table is placed near the mast. Two sets of narrow stairs lead down to the main deck. Several bumpy piles of colored bones litter the area.

1A. Mizzenmast. This mast has the rope and flies the pirate flag. If the flag is taken down, it ceases flapping and will not flap again, even if run back up the mast.

Also attached to the mast, at about head height, is a huge gold coin driven through with a thin iron spike. The coin is large and shiny, worth about 10 normal gold coins. There is a picture of a vaguely spiderlike creature on one side of the coin and an image of an insectoid-shaped vessel on the other side.

1B. Catapult. A pyramid of heavy, black, metallic rocks (iron meteors) stands ready to be loaded into the catapult and flung at enemies. Beside the pile of rocks is a set of tools and a pile of planking to repair the deck or catapult, should either take a hit.

Colored bones arranged in lumpy 3' spheres can be found in large and small piles all over the stern castle deck. There are three sets of spherical piles of red bones, four sets of yellow bones, and two sets of golden bones. Merely touching a ball of bones will not activate its magic, but any sharp tap or attempt to pry loose a bone causes the ball to spring apart and magically form into a skeleton (almost always a humanoid skeleton).



Through some quirk of residual magic, these balls of bones seem to attract the very things that will activate them. If there is a stack of catapult balls nearby, it is sure to topple over at the most inopportune moment. Missiles that don't hit enemies seem to unerringly find their way into the piles of bones. You get the idea.

The different colors of the bones show the type of work the skeletons were designed to perform. *Golden skeletons* maintain the ship and fix holes in the hull; they never attack, even if attacked themselves. They will grab up tools just as they animate and can appear quite menacing even though they only want to move about the deck to repair things. *Red skeletons* are fighters assigned to force aliens from the ship; they especially attack anyone who casts a spell. When one red skeleton is alerted, the first thing it does is activate as many others as possible (it can activate 10 skeletons per round if it does nothing else). *Yellow skeletons* are wheel-lock pistol troops; their weapons are hidden at the center of each sphere of bones, ready to fire when the skeleton springs loose. These skeletons especially attack metal-armored invaders and also load and fire the catapult.

Wheel-lock pistols are simple devices, and the PCs should be able to use them after the first time they observe a yellow skeleton use one in battle. A half-charge of *smoke powder* (see area 10) is placed in the barrel of the pistol, then a bit of wadding is inserted to hold in the powder. A pistol bullet, large enough not to fall out, is next forced down the barrel. The remainder of the *smoke powder* is placed in the firing pan of the weapon. A wheel mechanism is cocked back, and when it strikes a spark, the pistol fires.

Skeletons: AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 7, 4, 3 (red skeletons), 7, 6, 5, 2 (yellow skeletons), 5, 4 (golden skeletons); THAC0 19; #AT 1; SD immune to *fear, sleep, charm,* and *hold* spells; cold-based attacks do no damage; edged or piercing weapons do half damage; holy water inflicts 2-8 hp damage per vial; these skeletons are turned as zombies; ML special; AL N; XP 65 each; MC.

The red skeletons attack with cutlasses (Dmg 1-8) once each per round. Yellow skeletons use their wheel-lock pistols (Dmg 1-4; on a roll of 4, an additional 1-4 hp damage is taken; subsequent rolls of 4 add additional damage).

1C. Captain's Station. The captain's station is a set of stacked, locked chests forming a 4'-tall table. Each of the three chests is locked with a heavy padlock designed to open with a magical word. Each lock is trapped to shoot three poisoned needles at any unauthorized person who tampers with it.

The lowest chest is loaded with solar-system charts made from some type of reptilian hide. There are also blank sheets, ink, and mapping materials in the chest. The solar charts will be indecipherable to characters who know nothing of spelljamming and are therefore useless until the PCs learn more about the spacefaring universe.

The middle chest holds three huge books. The topmost book is bound in metal and is *wizard locked* (at 7th level). When forced open without the use of magic, this book explodes in a 10d6 hp *fireball*. The book details certain information on the known spacefaring races, what these races desire, and how to deal with them. It also presents a detailed set of SPELLJAMMER ship drawings and notations on the beings who usually crew these

ships. (This information, of course, may be given out by the DM directly from the SPELLJAMMER boxed set. Otherwise, the book simply explodes whenever opened.)

The second book is a huge tome on space law and how to command a ship in wildspace. It is trapped just like the first book (and contains information the DM may distribute from the SPELLJAMMER set, if this is desired).

The bottom book is a magical volume about 12" wide and 18" high, with 10 pages. Each page shows a picture of some type of food of the DM's choice. Any person can reach into the picture and take out up to a ton of that food (in several hours of reaching and pulling). When the ton of food has been pulled out, the page goes blank. It is possible to "reload" a page with up to a ton of any one type of nonliving thing that is small enough to fit through the page size. Perishable items are magically preserved, and a picture of the new item magically appears on the page. The pages may never be removed from the book. The book is worth 5,000 xp and 50,000 gp. It weighs 25 lbs., no matter how much is loaded into its pages.

The topmost chest opens to show two smaller cases, each containing a wondrous wheel-lock pistol. One case holds a black pistol, ammunition and powder for 100 shots, and 10 *bullets +2*. The other case holds a red pistol, ammunition and powder for 100 shots, and 10 *bullets +3*. Each pistol is made from a smooth, marblelike substance. These pistols, unlike others of their kind, will never jam, misfire, or explode. There is no magic in these weapons; they are just unusually well made.

Forecastle.

The deck is covered with a wet gray chalklike substance (the result of mixing rainwater with dust). The mast here is splintered but upright. There are two ballistas and several piles of bolts on the deck. Near each piles of bolts are several sets of red bones in oddly spherical piles. Two sets of narrow stairs lead down to the main deck.

The foremast (area 2A) is a weathered timber holding ropes and spars filled with tattered sails. The pulleys to raise and lower the spars are in perfect working order.

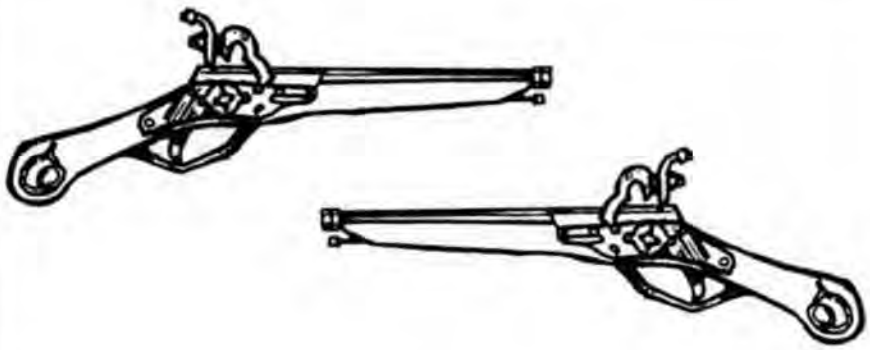
One of the ballistas (2B) is weather-beaten and seems to have been repaired several times by the evidence of the different colors of wood used in its parts. The other ballista (2C) is shiny and new, with polished wooden parts all the same color and what appear to be rubies, opals, and emeralds embedded in its crosspiece.

The new ballista is actually a killer mimic. The spectre captain has allowed this monster (as well as other types of monsters) to live on the ship in order to test the powers of strangers who come aboard.

Mimic: AC 7; MV 3; HD 10; hp 50; THACO 11; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SA body is covered in glue; SD camouflage; ML 15; AL NE; XP 3,000. The gems embedded in the creature are real. There are two opals (base value 500 gp each), four large emeralds (worth 1,000 gp each), and seven rubies (worth 100 gp each).

There are seven piles of red skeletons if given more than a light tap. If the PCs struggle with the mimic, it is quite possible that the skeletons will be activated as the scuffle moves around the deck.

Red skeletons (7): hp 8, 7 (×3), 6,5, 4; for complete statistics, see area 1B.



Wheel-Lock Pistol

Cost: 700 gp
Weight: 5 lbs.
Size: S
Speed Factor: 10
Damage: Special
Rate of Fire: 1 shot per 3 rounds
Range: Short—3, Med.—6, Long—9

The wheel-lock pistol is an untrustworthy and erratic weapon. On a to-hit roll of 1 or 2, the weapon backfires, inflicting 1-6 hp damage on the user and fouling its firing mechanism. It will not fire again until cleaned, a process that takes 30 minutes.

When the pistol scores a hit, it causes 1-4 hp damage. If a 4 is rolled for damage, another four-sided die is rolled, and so on. Thus, it is possible for a pistol to inflict large amounts of damage to a target (though it's even more likely that it will explode and injure its user).

High strength or dexterity never modify the attack roll or damage from a wheel-lock pistol.

Light Catapult

Cost: 500 gp
Range: 2,500 yards
Damage: 2-20 hit points
Crew: 1
Rate of Fire: 1 shot per 2 rounds
THAC0: 16

Medium Ballista

Cost: 600 gp
Range: 2,000 yards
Damage: 3-18 hit points
Crew: 2
Rate of Fire: 1 shot per 3 rounds
THAC0: 14

Main Deck

Two sets of narrow stairs lead up to the stern castle, and two sets lead up to the forecastle. A set of narrow stairs leads down to what must be the cargo deck. There are two sturdy-looking doors toward the bow section that would lead to the captain's cabin and quarters for VIPs on a normal ship. Another sturdy door at the stern should lead to storage holds and the galley.

The mainmast rises tall from the center of the deck, and the cargo doors are closed and tied down with a heavy canvas. The deck gleams with polishing oil, its aroma almost masking the foul odor of rotting meat that permeates the ship.

The skeletons retain some memory of their former sailing days and often spend centuries scrubbing and polishing the decks of their derelict vessel.

3. Rope, Line, and Anchor Storage. Blocking the door to this area is a pyramid of 25 golden balls of bones. It is necessary to move them to open the door into the storage section, but any sharp blow will activate the skeletons. When activated, these skeletons take barrels of deck oil and begin to polish the stern castle and forecastle of the ship. They will never attack the PCs even if attacked themselves.

This storage area is filled with fresh ropes, new sails, and anchors. None of this material has been used since living humans crewed the ship. The 10 (50-gallon) barrels of deck oil are highly flammable; if exposed to flame, each will generate a ball of fire equal to a 10d6 *fireball*, scattering burning oil over a 100'-diameter area and burning for 10-40 minutes.

Golden skeletons (25): hp 4 (×25); for complete statistics, see area 1B.

4. Forward Stateroom. Opening the door to this stateroom activates 10 yellow balls of bones armed with wheel-lock pistols (the door strikes them as it opens).

Yellow skeletons (10): hp 8 (×6), 7, 6, 5, 4; for complete statistics, see area 1B.

This room appears to be the stateroom of a rich woman. Silk and satin curtains cover the walls, and pillows are strewn over the floor. A lady's writing desk in one corner is neatly piled with writing materials and letters written in a strange script. If magic is used to read the scrolls, the PCs find that they detail the buying and selling of goods from one planet to another. This accounting was the job of the captain's wife when the ship was used by the living.

There is a canopy bed against the far wall of the chamber; it, too, is piled high with satin pillows. In the corner to the left of the door is another pile of pillows that hides a chest that is bolted to the floor. The chest is locked, and trapped with a poisoned needle (save vs. poison or die in 1-4 rounds). Inside the chest is 1,000 gp in gold dust divided into five sacks. A hidden compartment in the lid of the chest conceals a sack of 50 pearls (base value 50 gp each).

5. Captain's Cabin. This cabin harbors a pair of huecuvas, the former captain of the *Halcyon* and his wife. They have *polymorphed* themselves into the semblance of normal humans and appear friendly when the cabin door is opened, but they attack as soon as anyone gets too close. Adventurers with infravision and not handicapped by the heat of a torch should be able to tell that these are undead. Such adventurers will not be surprised by the attack.

Huecuva (2): AC 3; MV 9; HD 2; hp 16, 15; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA disease (save vs. poison or lose one point each of strength and constitution per day unless healed by a *cure disease* spell; death occurs when one of these scores reaches zero); SD hit only by silver or magical weapons, turned as wights; these huecuvas are immune to all mind-influencing spells as well as poison, cold-based attacks, and *paralyzation;* ML 11; AL CE; XP 270 each; MC (heucuva).

The captain's cabin is very spartan, holding only a bed, a sea chest, a table, two benches, and a large desk. Open on the desk is a large logbook of the sort used to detail the normal activities of a ship. Many of the pages have crumbled into powder with age and mildew, but several leaves at the front and back of the volume are in a better state of preservation. If the PCs are very careful, they can read the following log entries:

Day 1: His Majesty's Ship *Halcyon* sets sail today from the shores of the Sword Coast and Candlekeep to embark on a voyage of commerce. May the gods favor us with fair winds and no pirates.

Day 289: This morning we came across a strange wreck near the island of Mintarn. Storlin, the ship's wizard, insisted on bringing aboard a still-burning magical furnace attached to a huge chair. I protested, but our cleric, Zarlin, was equally insistent on bringing it aboard.

Day 300: Our ship flies! Storlin, using the records discovered on the wreck found months ago, has learned the secrets of the spelljammer furnace (as he calls it). He has succeeded in getting us into the air like a bird and reports that there are vast riches to be made in the sea of "wildspace."

Day 499: We have discovered that our best-selling trade items are weapons known as wheel-lock pistols. They aren't very reliable, but all the races we have seen will pay handsomely for them. Profits were never this good selling timber and fish on our own world.

Day 567: Today the ship came across a strange stone coffin floating in wildspace. Zarlin is fascinated by the thing and neglects his clerical duties to spend all his time studying it. I shall speak to him about this.

Day 569: Storlin the mage has died of natural causes. He was a fine man and did his job well. I have placed his body in the stone coffin and covered it in the traditional herbs of his culture. He will be buried on his home world when next we make planetfall there.

Day 572: Some strange undead creature has attacked the ship! We are fighting it with everything we have, but it keeps taking crew members one by one. I don't know wh

The sea chest contains a pair (one black, one red) of those special wheel-lock pistols that never misfire (see area 1C). In addition to the pistols, each weapons case holds ammunition and powder for 100 shots. The case that holds the black pistol also contains 10 *bullets +2*. The other case holds an equal amount of ammunition and powder plus 10 *bullets +3*.

The chest also holds spare clothes for the captain, extra boots, a pair of fine matched throwing daggers, and two sacks containing 100 sp each.

A door in the far wall opens into area 3.

6. Helmsmen's Quarters. When this chamber is opened, an ogre skeleton attacks. It first fires its pistol, then strikes with its fists.

Ogre skeleton: AC 6; MV 12; HD 6; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 2 (fists) or 1 (pistol); Dmg 1-10 or by weapon type; SD immune to *sleep, charm,* and *hold* spells and cold-based attacks, half damage from edged or piercing weapons; ML special; AL N; XP 650; MC (Skeleton, Monster). This ogre skeleton is armed with a normal wheel-lock pistol.

The chamber has two beds, one with red covers and the other with blue. A red sea chest and blue sea chest sit next to a small blue altar. The red sea chest is *wizard locked* at the 9th level and is filled with a wizard's robes and equipment. If the secret compartment in the side of the chest is discovered, the PCs can recover a potion of *healing,* a sack with 10 emeralds (each worth at least 500 gp), and a scroll with the following spells: *cloudkill* (×2), *conjure elemental* (×3), *Drawmij's instant summons* (×4).

The blue sea chest is unlocked and filled with the belongings of a cleric of Ptah. There is also a small sack containing 100 gp from an unfamiliar nation.

The altar holds a statue of Ptah and a scroll tube. Upon the scroll within the tube are written the following spells: *obscurement* (×3; in addition to normal effects, these spells create air for a ship in wildspace); *raise dead* (×2); *control weather* (×3).

The marble of the altar is pure white. When anyone who is not a worshiper of Ptah touches or takes something from the altar, the altar turns jet black and a sulphurous odor fills the area—but no other effects occur.

7. Spelljammer Helm. The door to this area is *wizard locked* (at 7th level), and the walls and door are sheathed in brass. As soon as they open the door, the PCs are attacked by zombies.

Zombies (5): AC 7; MV 12; HD 2; hp 16, 14, 11, 10, 9; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SD immune to *sleep, charm,* and *hold* spells as well as death magic, poisons, and cold-based attacks; holy water does 2-8 hp damage; these zombies are turned as ghouls; ML special; AL N; XP 65 each; MC.

The zombies attack with a wheel-lock pistol in each hand (see page 33 for damage), firing one pistol per round. They do not reload after the second round; instead, they draw their cutlasses and close in to attack.

The spelljammer helm is a huge chair formed in the shape of a crouching black dragon. If the furnace is being powered by a magical item and a priest or wizard sits on the helm, the ship will lift into space (or merely into the sky, if the DM is not yet ready for spacefaring adventures).

Attached to the back of the helm is a huge blast furnace with a large metal grate. The furnace burns constantly and cannot be put out, as it is powered by some unknown type of magic. When magical items are put into the furnace, the entire device glows with a blue radiance, telling everyone that the ship is powered. On the wall beside the furnace is a set of instructions in a magical script that gives directions for using the spelljammer helm. The directions also detail the power-up time for many types of magical items (roughly one week of power per 1,000 xp value of the item).

Potion of *longevity* (2)	1 week
Scroll of *protection from acid*	2½ weeks
Ring of djinni summoning	3 weeks
Staff of power	12 weeks
Necklace of adaptation	1 week
Helm of telepathy	3 weeks
Vorpal blade	10 weeks
Artifact	Don't even think about it!

As noted earlier, sitting on a helm is an experience like nothing a character has ever encountered. The seated person (if he is a spell-caster) becomes the eyes and ears of the ship, with senses radiating in all directions. He can hear and see everything around the ship and can fly the vessel with thought commands. The helmsman can also hear and see within the ship (which allows him to study the star charts), but this concentration reduces outside sensations to misty, ghostlike images.

If the helmsman leaves his seat, the ship will stop whatever it is doing; it will fall if there is gravity to pull the craft down. In atmosphere, the ship can travel about as fast as a small hawk can fly (Fl 36 (B)).

8. Chart Room. When the PCs open this locked door, they discover a room that has been ripped apart. Shredded parchment lies everywhere, scattered over the broken wooden furniture. Ink and writing quills have been thrown about, and seven different chests have been opened, looted, and completely destroyed.

9. Galley. This door and the deck and ceiling around it are covered in some type of yellow mold. If a careful inspection of the edges of the door is made, the PCs also learn that a bit of brown mold can be seen at the floor and ceiling edges of the door.

Yellow mold: AC 9; MV 0; HD nil; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; SA poisonous spores; SD destroyed only by fire, 20% magic resistance; AL N; XP nil; MC. A *continual light* spell renders the mold dormant for 2-12 turns. Any rough touch has a 50% chance to release a 10' cloud of spores that fills the area. Any creature caught in the cloud must save vs. poison or die.

Brown mold: AC 9; MV 0; HD nil; THAC0 19; #AT nil; Dmg nil; SA freezing; SD absorbs heat; AL N; XP nil; MC. This mold grows by absorbing heat, but direct sunlight kills it. The mold drains heat for 4-32 hp damage per round from beings within 5'. There is not enough of this mold at the edges of the door to react to people in the area unless the PCs apply fire to the door (causing the mold to double in size).

The room beyond is filled with brown mold that has made everything in the galley useless.

10. Storage Hold. This area holds 20 barrels of one important ingredient in the manufacture of *smoke powder.* Another 20 barrels of the second required ingredient are stored in the cargo hold on the steerage deck (area 20).

Smoke powder is a magical mixture of two inert substances that, when combined, form an explosive mix. A single charge of *smoke powder* inflicts 1d2 hp damage. Two charges inflict 2d2 hp damage, three charges inflict 3d2 hp, and so forth. A *smoke powder* explosion that causes 30 or more hp damage affects everything within a 5' radius. It takes one charge of powder to fire a wheel-lock pistol.

Each of the 20 barrels here is inscribed with the symbol of an exploding rock above a campfire. Also in the area are 50 sacks holding 500 wheel-lock pistol bullets each.

11. Cargo Doors. These doors are held tightly shut with canvas and rope. There are four balls of bones (golden skeletons) around the doors. When activated, these skeletons open the cargo doors and move the mast pulleys to prepare for loading cargo.

Golden skeletons (4): hp 7, 5, 4, 3; for complete statistics, see area 1B.

Cargo Deck

If the PCs come down the stairs from the rear of the ship, they will see nothing without a light source. If the party brings light, read the following:

> From the stern stairs, you can see two doors at the stern of the ship, but these are shattered. The foul odor of rotting meat is strong here. The boards of the hull and floor are spongy, and mold springs up at every touch.

If the PCs descend the forward stairs with light, read the following:

> You can now see another set of stairs beside you that must go down to the steerage deck of the ship. There are two door frames in the bow, but the doors of both have been shattered. The stench of rotting meat fills the air. The walls and floor are soft, and clouds of mold are raised whenever you move your feet.

12. Crew Quarters. Everything in this area was ripped apart long ago by battling zombies. A careful search of the area reveals 38 sp, several sets of boots, and lots of ripped pants and shirts.

13. Crew Quarters. After opening the door of this area, the PCs see 13 hammocks holding 13 sleeping "men." If anyone enters the area or disturbs the sleepers, the PCs are attacked by these 13 **zombie** crewmembers (hp 14 each; see area 7 for complete statistics and armament).

14. Cargo Doors. The canvas that once covered these doors is ripped and splattered with very old, dried blood.

15. Companionway. A harmless, blue, musty mold grows on the deck in front of the stairs and the doors to areas 16, 17, 18, and 19. Spore clouds rise up when the PCs walk here, but this is merely a nuisance encounter.

16. Crew Quarters. This area was cleared of the crew's personal effects and is now filled with 100 brass-banded chests. Each chest contains two wheel-lock pistols and 100 bullets. The pistols are new and have only been test-fired.

17. Officers' Quarters. Opening this door causes an immediate attack by 10 yellow skeletons with wheel-lock pistols.

This area has been treated with deck polish, and all the wood gleams. Beside the three sets of double-decker bunks are six strongly made sea chests. Each chest holds well-made clothes for hard work at sea, a sack of 50 gp, and several weapons (a cutlass, a wheel-lock pistol with powder and bullets for 12 shots, and 1-6 daggers).

At the stern end of the chamber is a small alcove with a table and benches. On the table is a strange game board with silver and gold pieces. When anyone approaches within 3' of the game, the pieces begin moving around the board in strange patterns as if by magic. The 10 gold pawns are worth 5 gp each and the 15 silver pawns have a value of 3 gp each. There is no way that the PCs can discover how to play the game, even if they consult a sage. Its alien origin insures that the game will remain merely an interesting curiosity (worth 1,000 gp if sold as a set).

Yellow skeletons (10): hp 7, 6 (×6), 1 (×3); for complete statistics, see area 1B).

18. Crew Quarters. This chamber has been torn apart. Several broken sea chests are lying about, and ripped clothing covers the floor. A careful search reveals 59 cp and 113 sp among the debris.

If the PCs move into the chamber, they alert the three shadows that dwell within. These shadows are much smarter than the average creature of that type. They trail the party throughout the ship and wait until the PCs are attacked by some other monster. Then they join the attack with their chilling touches.

Shadows (3): AC 7; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 20, 15, 5; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5 plus special; SA strength drain (one point with each touch); SD +1 or better weapon to hit; immune to *sleep, charm,* and *hold* spells; unaffected by cold-based attacks; ML special; AL CE; XP 650 each; MC.

19. Crew Quarters. When the door is opened, a loud creaking can be heard coming from the 15 hammocks in this area. It appears that all of the hammocks are filled with sleepers, gently swaying as if the ship were moving at sea. The sound of snoring echoes loudly in the small chamber—but all the hammocks are actually empty. A few illusion/phantasm spells of a minor nature provide the effects; a single *dispel magic* spell will eliminate all such spells herein.

There are 15 sea chests in the room, all filled with the clothes and belongings of common sailors. Each chest holds a cutlass or mace. Careful searching reveals a total of 48 gp, 193 sp, and 97 bronze coins.

Steerage Deck

This area is dark until the PCs bring in a light source, which will show the mainmast sticking up from the deck. The air smells sweet and spicy, in sharp contrast to the rest of the ship. There are numerous barrels in this area, but dust is everywhere with no trace of footprints marking travel across the deck.

20. Cargo Hold. Piled in the cargo hold are 20 barrels of the second inert chemical needed to make *smoke powder.* Each barrel carries the symbol of a campfire below an exploding rock.

Also in the hold is a stone sarcophagus (see "Coffins of Creation") with its lid bashed open by the spare mast, which shifted during a storm.

Inside the coffin, under a layer of spicy herbs, are the remains of a wizard.

The spectre was released when the coffin broke open, and he used the magical powers of his former life to take over the ship and create the other undead that crew the vessel. If the spectre hasn't attacked before now, he begins his attacks when the coffin is discovered. Any damage done to the dead body will also affect the spectre. The body wears a *ring of protection +1*, and 10 diamonds (each worth 5,000 gp) can be found in a pouch around the dead mage's neck.

Also in the hold are 10 magical thrones. Each time someone sits on one of these, a *continual light* spell illuminates the area. The thrones are ornately carved into the forms of sitting giants of various types.

21. Pantry. This area is filled with the provisions a human crew needs for a six-month voyage. The food and water are centuries old and thoroughly foul.

22. Brig. The brig section is separated from the hold by a large, heavily barred door. Looking in, one can see some type of furred body covered in heavy chains. A pair of barrels are placed close to the body, and a musty smell permeates the area. It is necessary to force the door open to learn more.

The creature lying in the chamber is a neogi, a member of a spacegoing race that resembles a cross between a wolf spider and a moray eel. It is aware of the PCs but wants them to open the door and free it from its chains before it reveals itself (it knows it is a terrifying sight to humans). The neogi appears weak but is actually quite ready to do battle if necessary.

The neogi was captured by the spectre just before the *Halcyon* crashed on the planet. The spectre decided to spare the creature just long enough to determine the location of its homeworld. This interrogation was interrupted by the emergency which caused the crash landing of the ship.

The golden-furred neogi is a member of the royal class on its planet, and by tradition is unable to kill itself even to avoid giving up its great store of knowledge about neogi civilization. It will not, however, disclose such information unless strong measures are used against it.

If given the chance, the neogi tells a story of the pirate ship's cruel raid on its peaceful trading ship. It insists that its race is a mild and peaceful one interested only in spreading trade throughout the spheres (solar systems). It will try to convince the PCs that it should take command of the *Halcyon* and begin trading on the PCs' behalf in the outer reaches of the solar system.

The neogi is actually an advance scout who was captured while investigating areas where humans in the Forgotten Realms might be safely attacked and enslaved.

Neogi: AC 3; MV 6; HD 5; hp 21; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA poisonous bite (save or be *slowed* for 1-8 rounds); ML 12; AL LE; XP 270; see *Lorebook of the Void*, pages 83-84, in the SPELLJAMMER boxed set for more information.

Neogi are short (3' tall), furry, eight-limbed creatures. Their serpentlike heads are bare, and their mouths are filled with needle-sharp teeth. The fur of this neogi is dyed a golden color.

Concluding the Adventure

Remember that the elven thief Ren is waiting to help the PCs if he's needed. There are several opportunities for fights that might require his assistance. This NPC should not be used to do the work of the PCs, however.

Even if the PCs don't need Ren's help, he will appear as they leave the ship. Ren wants to make sure that he gets more than his fair share of everything. The marblelike no-misfire wheel-lock pistols are of special interest to him. Ren takes one of them and a supply of ammunition as his first pick of the magical items. He also offers 2,000 gp for each of the other marble pistols. His magical cloak allows him to carry a large number of these weapons and anything else of interest that the group has found.

If the PCs confront him about his story, Ren acts very surprised that they didn't find the treasure of the Sky Kings but points out the obvious value of the items they *have* found.

The main treasure in this adventure is the wheel-lock pistols. The magical furnace and helm are of possible use, but only if the DM is willing to begin a SPELLJAMMER campaign. If the DM doesn't want to deal with space travel, the ship should vanish the next day, especially if one of the PCs loses any magical item that can power the ship. The spectre is only interested in getting off the planet.

Only four of the wheel-lock pistols are of the no-misfire type. All the rest will misfire often and with dangerous consequences for their users. If you feel that this weapon won't unbalance your game, you should feel free to suspend its misfiring properties, as exploding guns can become very upsetting to your PCs.

If you have decided to allow the adventurers to use the ship in the atmosphere only, you can have a lot of fun with aerial encounters. There are all sorts of flying monsters that will take an instant dislike to a sailing ship in their airspace. (In a related vein, see the D&D® module "Pride of the Sky," in DUNGEON® issue #20.)

Several good adventures could be generated whenever the ship lands near a town, as a variety of evil and neutral NPCs and monsters try to steal the ship from the PCs or merely loot it.

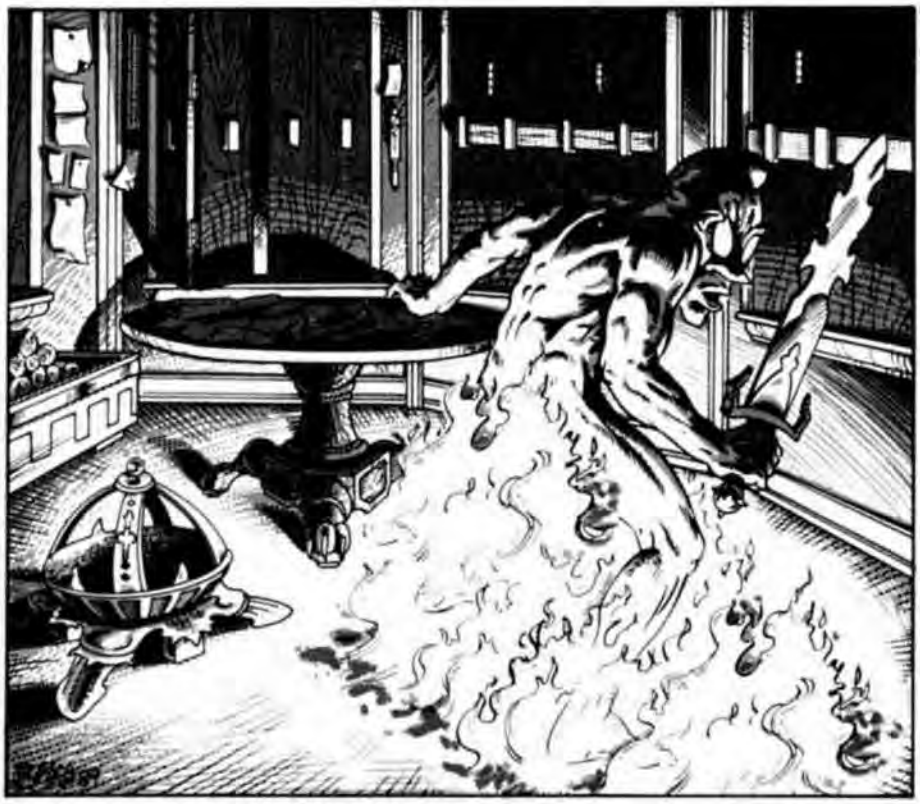
One nice thing about this ship is that it consumes magical items. If you find that your campaign is in trouble because there is too much magic among your characters, this ship can solve that problem. Just be sure not to hand out many more items in the meanwhile.

Coffins of Creation

Each of these stone devices is attuned to a different type of undead. When a humanoid body is placed in a *coffin of creation*, the magic of the device takes 48 hours to create the specific type of undead for which the coffin was enchanted.

The resulting undead creature is unusually intelligent for its type. In addition to its undead abilities, it retains many of the powers (including spell casting) it had when alive. As long as its body lies in the coffin, the undead creature is mystically linked to its former shell and can be controlled by threatening to destroy its remains.

The ruling wizards of a long-dead civilization created these coffins and used them to great advantage in their effort to conquer all of known space. They would use the coffins to create powerful undead creatures, then remain safely at home while these monsters were sent to attack their enemies. Ω



INCIDENT AT STRATHERN POINT

BY MATTHEW MAASKE

Some get what they deserve—more than once.

Artwork by Tom Baxa

Matthew has just finished helping a friend complete an 11-minute, 16mm film titled Awaken *for a course at the University of Nebraska. The film is about a high-school student who is involved in reading fantasy and science fiction, and who learns the hard way that the approach that Conan or Elric might take to solving a problem is not so successful in real life. Matthew's work last appeared in DUNGEON® Adventures #10 ("The Artisan's Tomb").*

"Incident at Strathern Point" is an AD&D® adventure for four to six characters of 8th-10th level (about 45 total levels). Any mix of character classes should find this adventure challenging, but evil-aligned PCs are inappropriate.

Players who prefer rolling dice over problem solving may not enjoy this adventure since it has an investigative element that requires thought and good role-playing skills. It is not a good adventure for players who need to be firmly guided by the DM.

Most of the adventure takes place in Strathern Point, a stone-walled trading station that the DM should place on the rocky bank of a river within a moderate distance from a city in his campaign.

This adventure utilizes the AD&D 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook and Dungeon Master's Guide* but will work easily with the 1st Edition rules. The creatures encountered are taken from the 1st Edition *Monster Manuals* and FIEND FOLIO® tome.

For the Dungeon Master

Since his removal from his military position for his violent, uncontrollable nature, Dineon Croneneth has been the warden of the trading station at Strathern Point. A powerful captain, who was a friend of the family, helped Croneneth purchase the trading station over a decade ago and aided him financially for some time. The captain's hope was that the sedentary life of a merchant would ease Croneneth's cruelty.

But Croneneth's savage nature was beyond help or cure. A blow to the head from a frightened mare demented him in his youth, making him into a malicious being. Gossip and rumor claimed that he had even taken the life of his own mother.

Through the years at Strathern Point, Croneneth had taken three wives. He abused them terribly, and the first two

died as a result of his rages. But the third, Valsina, was able to escape.

One day the rich and adventurous son of a fallen noble family arrived aboard a river vessel to do business with Croneneth. His name was Kale Seybeok, and he came from Adakkan Strold. Because of inclement weather, Kale was forced to stay at Strathern Point for several days. During this time, he witnessed the severe treatment Coneneth dealt his wife and found he could not tolerate such behavior. His attraction to Valsina and sympathy for her plight no doubt influenced his judgment.

Being an honorable man, he challenged Croneneth to a duel. But the fair duel soon became an honorless battle, and Kale was forced to use magical means to defeat Croneneth. On one of his many journeys, Kale had discovered a *well of many worlds* (see the 2nd Edition *DMG*, page 181). He ended the duel and sent Croneneth to the Abyss by knocking him backward into the *well*. Kale then returned to Adakkan Strold, taking Valsina with him.

But Croneneth had not been defeated. While wandering the Abyss planning his revenge, he exchanged his human form for that of a bodak. He gathered forces behind him and now, with the help of a powerful and loyal mage in the Abyss, plans to return to finish his duel with Kale Seybeok.

Beating a Dead Horse

The first encounter of the adventure occurs along a road only a few miles from Stratern Point. The road runs near the river and eventually reaches the trading post. It's up to the DM to produce a motivation for the party to be traveling on this road. The reason should not be very pressing, as curiosity is the main factor for drawing the PCs into the adventure. If the PCs have stronger inclinations to other pursuits, they may bypass Strathern Point.

Read or paraphrase the following:

> As you travel along, you come across two horses in the middle of the road. One is quite dead, and the other nibbles at the grass, heedless of its partner's condition. Two humans are attempting to pull the dead horse off the road. They see you approaching just as you see them, and they redouble their efforts but are unable to move the carcass.

> Drawing closer, you can make out more details. One of the humans is a woman who wears clothes far more colorful than the common peasant. Her light brown hair is drawn back into a ponytail. Except for her hooked nose, she is quite attractive. The other person is an equally attractive man, tall and solid, his black hair also in a short ponytail. The couple seem very tired, and it is quite clear that their health is not the best. The woman has several bandages on her limbs, and the man's left arm is in a sling.

The pair are polite and thankful yet appear ashamed to need help if the party stops to move the dead steed. Through conversation, the PCs can learn that the woman's name is Cytara and the man's name is Morzar.

At this point, ask each PC to make an intelligence check. Those who are successful remember that Cytara is a famous bard and the leader of a well-known performing troupe (Morzar is one of the performers). If confronted with this fact, Cytara will not deny it, but she will discuss the subject no further.

Cytara's troupe has seen some difficult times of late. On the previous day, she led her band to the now-abandoned trading post at Strathern Point. Her reasons for going there were personal rather than professional. Cytara wanted to recover some items left behind by her girlhood friend Valsina and to find inspiration for a ballad based on her friend's life. What the group found there instead was a band of hordlings straight from the Abyss. Although badly wounded, Cytara and Morzar managed to escape from the monsters. They were the only ones of the troupe of seven who survived the encounter (to their knowledge) and have been fleeing since then. Now one of their exhausted mounts has suddenly died.

Cytara is very suspicious of strangers and reveals little to the PCs about what happened at Strathern Point. Instead, she tells the party that she and Morzar have just returned from the trading station, where they had trouble with a few sailors who did not like their performance. She does not trust the party (especially if it includes a wizard), believing them to be connected to the hordlings at Strathern Point. Cytara has little respect for those who carry weapons and make their livings from killing, but she keeps her distaste to herself.

Cytara rejects offers of help and totally refuses to have any spells cast on her or Morzar. She is very reluctant to answer any questions. Cytara politely bids the party farewell at the first good opportunity, guiding her one live mount away with Morzar following behind, silent and weak.

If the party attempts to secretly follow them, Cytara and Morzar head directly for the nearest town and find lodging. Spells such as *ESP* may be used to learn more of what happened at Strathern Point. While it's up to the DM to decide just how much to reveal, the party should realize that Cytara is not being entirely truthful. If no one in the party draws this conclusion, the DM may have to drop hints.

Cytara Thrace: AC 6; MV 12; B6; hp 4 (28 if cured); #AT 1; THAC0 18; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 13, D 16, C 13, I 15, W 13, Ch 16; CW 80%, DN 30%, PP 10%, RL 35%; ML 12; AL N; leather armor; spells: *read magic, light, feather fall, strength, web;* nonweapon proficiencies: musical instrument, singing, dancing, gaming.

Morzar Broodox: AC 7; MV 9; F4; hp 5 (29 if cured); #AT 1; THAC0 17; Dmg by weapon type; S 17, D 12, C 14, I 7, W 10, Ch 16; ML 12; AL N; studded leather armor, war hammer; nonweapon proficiencies: singing, cooking, animal handling, gaming.

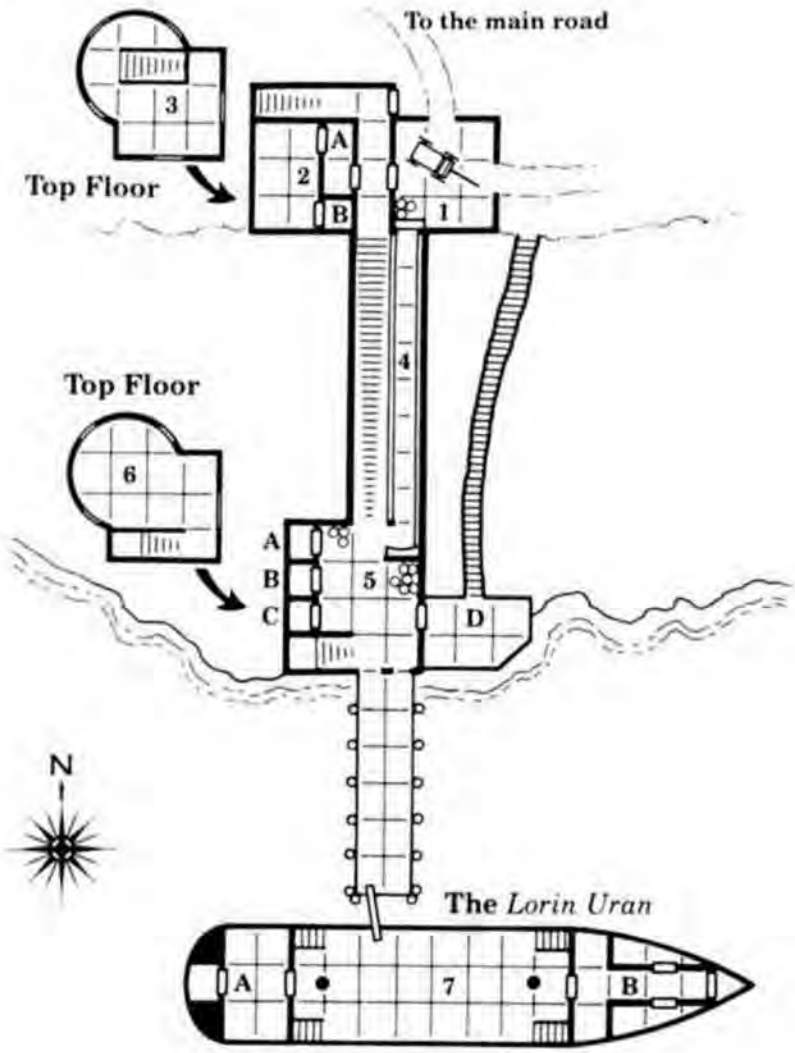
Strathern Point

If the PCs continue along the road, they eventually come upon Strathern Point. The double-towered structure is built along the edge of a steep, rocky riverbank where the road has wandered close to the water. One tower was built level with the road while the second is at the bottom of the slope near the edge of the river. The towers are joined by a long stone causeway that provides access between the two levels.

Strathern Point was built to provide a way for wagonloads of cargo to be transferred from the road above to the river boats below. Through the years, the various owners of the station have made comfortable livings by charging for this service, and by buying and selling merchandise themselves. But as the party will soon discover, all trading activities here have come to a halt.

STRATHERN POINT

1 square = 10'



1. Unloading Bay.

Read or paraphrase the following, if the PCs approach Strathern Point from the appropriate direction.

> An obvious wagon path departs from the main road and passes beneath an archway, entering into the structure. Another archway of the same proportions is set in the east wall; the trail emerges from it and joins up with the main road once again. The archways' large, rusted hinges suggest that doors once hung in the openings.

> In the southwest corner of the unloading bay stands a stomach-high platform of stone capped by a wooden top. A trio of barrels stands to the side, and a 10'-square hole in the south wall opens just behind the platform. A flatbed wagon sits beside the platform. The ceiling here is over 15' high. A door set in the west wall seems to lead into the main tower.

This place has been abandoned for several weeks. Those PCs who are keen observers can deduce this by various clues. The deep wagon ruts in the now-dried mud show that the wagon has not been moved from this spot in quite some time. The barrels are empty and clean but are marked to belong to a Krahgor Valdora of Uparden. The opening in the south wall leads to the chute described further at area 4. Anyone listening at the opening may hear the activities of the inhabitants of area 5 below. On a successful listening check (as by a rogue), the PCs hear the loud sound of shattering wood.

2. Croneneth's Chambers. These chambers were the ones most frequented by the proprietor, Dineon Croneneth. The largest room was his personal study, where he was most likely to be found musing over money or documents. A broad fireplace is set into the west wall. Two lanterns sit on the mantle, and logs are stacked to the left side. The place is furnished with several plush chairs of red velvet and a very tall writing table. No one will be encountered here, and the only thing that the party can find of real interest is a small oaken cudgel standing in the southwest corner. Careful examination shows that this stick is battered and has old bloodstains on it.

Most official business was conducted in area 2A. This small room is furnished very simply, having only a large desk with spaces for chairs on both sides. The desk drawers contain only records of business transactions, the last of which took place about a month ago. Apart from quills and other writing supplies, there is little of interest to be found here.

Area 2B is a closet with which Croneneth took special care. A lock of superior quality (see page 36 of the 2nd Edition *DMG)* secures the door. Croneneth set up a trap here that is sprung by anyone passing the threshold and stepping on the pressure plate just inside the door. A thick plate as long and as wide as the small room shoots out with great speed (see Closet Trap diagram). The plate is set about 8" from the ground and strikes in the shins any person in the chamber, tripping him forward onto a bed of spikes mounted on top of the plate (for 3d8 hp damage). A potential victim may avoid being impaled by making a dexterity check to support himself with the doorjamb, a fellow party member, or some other protrusion.

A row of drawers is mounted into the wall at the far end of the closet. Each drawer is secured with a lock of excellent quality. Inside the drawers, separated and sorted by wooden dividers, is Croneneth's wealth. There are 2,117 sp, 1,910 gp, 164 ep, 34 pp, and three silver bars worth 250 gp each.

3. Bedchamber.

Read or paraphrase the following if the PCs climb the stairs to area 3.

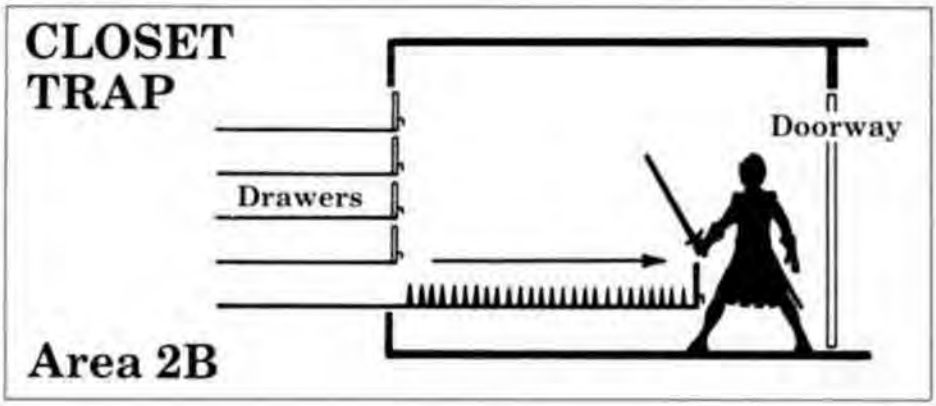
> Moving up the stairs, you find yourselves in the middle of a spacious bedchamber. A railing separates the stairwell from the rest of the room. Although the chamber is richly decorated, nothing in the room seems to match, being a hodgepodge of what seem to be acquired bargains.

This chamber is where Valsina, Croneneth's third wife, spent her time. Its many windows overlook the yard and the road that stretches past. The heavy shutters can be closed in bad weather. The room is furnished with a bed, wardrobe, vanity, and wash basin. Gowns are draped over the bed and the vanity, and a pair of open, empty trunks seem to indicate that the former inhabitant left in a hurry.

If the PCs search the place for valuables (and they most likely will), they find several items of worth and interest. There are three gold and silver rings worth 100 gp each and a pair of leather shoes with fancy silver buckles worth 350 gp. A flat, unlocked chest beneath the bed contains a motheaten wedding gown and a jeweled veil worth 500 gp. A letter, never delivered, can be found tucked away in a small jewelery box in the chest. The letter reads:

Dearest Kale,
I am writing to you to keep myself from going insane. This room is haunted and I fear for my life. You must believe me. They came to me, demanding that I remove my mirror and silver brush. They begged me to leave Dineon before he killed me. Now I wish that I had listened. I have grown very fond of you in these few short days. Please be careful. If Dineon should ever find this letter, I'm sure he will kill both of us.
With a desperate heart,
Valsina

Disturbing anything in the chamber spurs the appearance of Croneneth's two former wives, Delaina and Janel.



The PCs have probably not yet learned that Croneneth had a very nasty personality that grew more intense with time. Delaina and Janel were both killed, victims of Croneneth's murderous rages. His harsh treatment of them transformed their gentle natures to malice and cruelty; the pair have become apparitions. Delaina attempts to surprise the party by appearing from the southeast corner, and Janel cuts the party off by coming up the stairs. They have a prejudice against large male fighter types and will use their strangulation attacks on such characters first. They will not attack female characters unless attacked by them.

Apparitions (2): AC 0; MV 24; HD 8; hp 40, 37; #AT 1; THAC0 13; Dmg by suggestion; SD silver or magical weapon to hit; ML 20; AL CE; FF/12.

4. Cargo Chute. What may first appear to be a corridor is actually a chute used to get cargo from the road to river boats docked below. Kegs or barrels were taken from the wagons in the unloading bay (area 1) and tossed or rolled down the chute. A large net of thick rope stretched across the bottom of the chute caught the barrels (see area 5). The chute is made of smooth worn stone—so smooth that the PCs will have a very difficult time climbing or moving on it. Refer to pages 122-123 of the 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook* if the PCs attempt to move up or down the chute. The condition of the surface is smooth, cracked, and slightly slippery, reducing movement to one-third the normal rate. Have the PCs make dexterity checks for any events that may cause them to lose their footing and tumble down the chute. A fall results in 2-8 hp damage, and the PC finding himself tangled in the net below, requiring one round to be freed.

5. Storehouse. At the bottom of the stairs that run parallel with the cargo chute lies the river-level warehouse. There is another waist-high platform in the northeast corner at the bottom of the chute. Here the barrels and casks are caught in a large net and moved into storage or loaded aboard river boats. An archway to the south leads outside to the dock. This opening provides the only illumination for the chamber. Several barrels and casks containing fish oil have been stored near the platform.

In the center of the chamber, a pair of horrific, disfigured beings noisily shatter kegs and casks and devour their contents. The party automatically hears this commotion before entering the chamber. These creatures are two of a trio of hordlings loyal to Chroneneth who have recently arrived here from the Abyss. These two are relatively unintelligent and rely on the third and most powerful hordling for guidance. Yet, at the sight of the party, they will know that intruders are to be dealt a swift death and will attack immediately.

The first creature, Shelitargus, is of human height. The front of its discoid head sports a single horn. It has one small, sunken eye and tiny slits for nasal passages. Drool falls from its saw-toothed mouth. A bristled mane runs down the length of its back, ending at a swishing, barbed tail. It methodically smashes crates with its short, thick arms and taloned hands. The second creature, Szazsgus, has a bald, wedge-shaped head resting on the end of a long neck. Its large, round, blank-white eyes open above a mouth containing many small fangs. It hunches over, supported on short bowed legs, but its arms are long and thick, ending with pincered hands.

In combat, Shelitargus uses its acidic

spittle until the party closes the gap for melee. At close quarters, the pair uses their claw and bite combinations to attack. They have many special abilities that are listed below; the DM should review these as well as pages 75-76 in *Monster Manual II* before running any combat involving the hordlings. If a battle erupts, the leader hordling at area 5D will become aware of the party's presence and act accordingly.

Though the *Monster Manual II* notes that only a *bringer of doom* can summon more than one hordling to the Prime Material plane, this is not entirely true. Limited numbers of hordlings can be sent to one place on the Prime Material plane if the spell-caster himself is on an outer plane and is sending them to a specific location.

Shelitargus (hordling): AC 2; MV 9; HD 7+2; hp 37; #AT 3; THAC0 13; Dmg 1-6/1-6/1-3; SA acidic spittle (2-8 hp dmg, 10' range, once per turn); SD 5% magic resistance, +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to illusions and mental paralysis (*charm, hold*); ML 16; AL NE; MM2/75.

Szazsgus (hordling): AC 2; MV 12; HD 8+1; hp 49; #AT 3; THAC0 13; Dmg 1-4/1-4/2-8; SA double attacks for one round once per turn; SD 15% magic resistance, +1 or better weapon to hit, immune to fire and acid; ML 16; AL NE; MM2/75.

To the west are three small chambers. Room 5A holds eight cots that have all been knocked over by the hordlings. Here, visitors could sleep for overnight stays (this is where Kale Seybeok was lodged). There is nothing of value here.

Room 5B has also been ransacked by the hordlings. It was filled with crates of preserved foodstuffs that were quickly gobbled up. The room is now littered with wooden debris and whatever has spilled from the hordlings' mouths.

Room 5C contains 20 barrels of cheese that have not yet been disturbed by the hordlings. If the barrels are examined, the PCs see that they are marked as property of the Seybeok family of Adakkan Strold. Only one of the barrels does not contain cheese. Instead, it holds a wounded dwarf who is hiding from the hordlings. His name is Balto Cormar, and he is an acrobat in Cytara's troupe. He has only 1 hp remaining and will greatly appreciate rescue. He believes that all the others in his troupe were slain and eaten (he heard some of them die), and he knows nothing of the escape of Cytara and Morzar.

Balto Cormar (dwarf): AC 9; MV 6; T1; hp 1 (5 if healed); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (unarmed); S 13, D 15, C 12, I 15, W 14, Ch 15; PP 15%, OL 10%, FT 10%, MS 20%, HS 25%, DN 15%, CW 75%, RL 10%; nonweapon proficiencies: juggling, tightrope walking, tumbling; ML 10; AL N.

Through the single door to the east lies area 5D, a level stone platform only a few yards above the level of the river. A rough stairway has been cut from the rock and leads up and away from the landing to the road above, ending just east of the loading bay. Since the stairway is quite narrow, only one person may move up or down it at a time. There are few other alternatives for leaving the platform other than jumping into the river or climbing up the steep, rocky slope. Again, use checks against dexterity if the PCs attempt moving about on the rocky slope or performing dangerous maneuvers on the stairs. A tumble will result in 2d6 hp damage.

Venrathayde, the leader of the hordlings, is waiting here unless it has been alerted to the presence of the party. If it is aware of the PCs, it moves to the tower wall at the north side of the door and enters its near-invisible state, waiting for the PCs to enter (only 25% chance to be seen by party members coming through the door or down the stairs).

Venrathayde is just over 10' tall. Its large, conical head sports three horns; pointed ears; huge, protruding metallic eyes; a narrow nose; and saw-shaped teeth. The hordling's menacing body is stout and wide, while its four legs are long and splay-hoofed. It has a clubbed tail and short, thick arms with equally thick fingers. Armorlike plates of decorated metal are shaped to fit its russet-red torso. Venrathayde moves very much like a centaur and wields a medium lance that it will use to optimum effect if the situation and room present themselves. The metal plates are nothing more than common steel and serve only to protect the hordling's hide.

Venrathayde leads the hordlings until Croneneth's arrival (see area 6). It is the most intelligent of the hordlings and is, in a way, able to communicate with its two companions. Its duty is to clear the entire structure of unwanted visitors and make sure that Croneneth's return is kept a secret. At the time of the PCs' arrival, Venrathayde is contemplating what action to take about those of Cytara's troupe who escaped. But it will drop all concern with the entertainers when confronted by the party.

Venrathayde (hordling): AC 0; MV 15; HD 9; hp 57; #AT 4 (2 fists and 2 hooves) or 1; THAC0 11; Dmg 1-3 +5 for 18/99 strength (×4) or by weapon type; SA charge (+2 to hit and double damage with lance), *stinking cloud* vs. one opponent in 3' radius; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; immune to cold, gas, poison; ML 18; AL NE; MM2/75; medium lance.

6. Observatory.

Read or paraphrase the following if the PCs climb the stairs to this area.

> At the top of the stairway, you find a chamber with many large windows that appears to be an observatory. The windows are shuttered, and a circular hardwood table stands beside a large bronze brazier in the center of the room. A very large box holds firewood for the brazier. Maps and charts hang on the walls between the windows. Numerous scrolls and pieces of parchment litter the table.

The PCs will most likely want to search the written material for clues. The maps and charts deal with the information necessary for maintaining the storehouse, as does most of the material on the table. There are calenders and shipment logs along with reference material for conducting trade. The stuff does not appear to have been used much. The PCs also find that several of the parchments have been torn in half. These papers all document a recent trade agreement with Kale Seybeok of Adakkan Strold, dated only a month ago. Croneneth tore them up shortly before his duel with Kale.

The brazier is used to signal river boats, indicating the location of the trade house during the night hours. It is rarely used since there is poor ventilation in this room. The PCs can find flint, steel, and three flasks of oil in a wooden box beneath the brazier.

An Unexpected Guest

The moment the PCs leave this chamber and start back down the stairs, they are startled by a noiseless explosion of

heat and light behind them. If they turn around and look back into the chamber, they see a muscular, human-sized, gray figure holding a sword, its back turned toward them. The creature stands just in front of the table, in the midst of a hellish, violent fire.

This is Croneneth, returned from his apparent demise in the Abyss in the form of a bodak. His purpose is to join his hordling followers and begin searching for Kale Seybeok. His intent is revenge, and he will be satisfied only when he holds the head of his enemy.

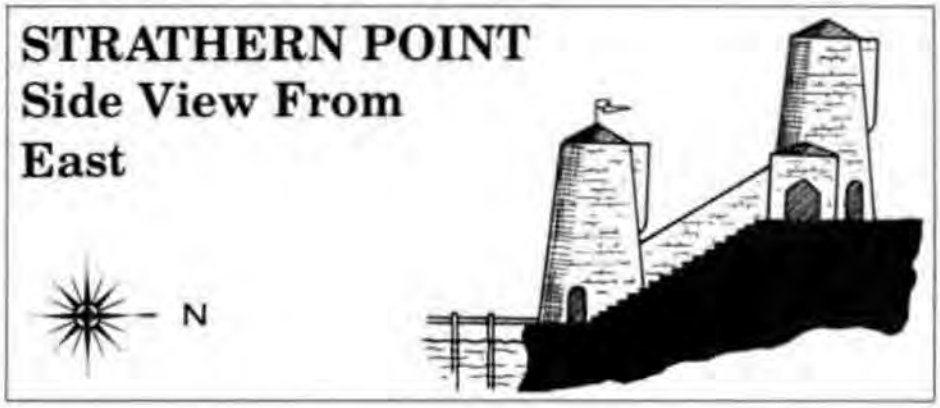
If the PCs stay around long enough to watch, they may find themselves victims of Croneneth's death gaze. Refer to page 64 in the 2nd Edition *DMG* before running any combat involving Croneneth. His gaze is effective up to 30'. He will not pursue fleeing characters but will wait to join up with his followers and make an intelligent, concerted attack.

Croneneth acquired his sword in the Abyss and wields it as a back-up defense. It is a *bastard sword of wounding.*

Croneneth (bodak): AC 5; MV 6; HD 9+9; hp 63; #AT 1; THAC0 11; Dmg by weapon type; SA death gaze; SD +1 or cold-wrought weapon to hit; immune to *charm, hold, sleep, slow,* spells and poison; ML 18 (see below); AL CE; MM2/19.

Before running this adventure, the DM should plan just what sorts of actions Croneneth will take once he realizes that the party stands between him and his revenge. His personality before becoming a bodak was very violent and far from normal. Yet he has great cunning and will not attempt suicidal attacks. Croneneth knows the station very well and will use this information cleverly. He will flee and regroup if he finds that his gaze attack is not effective against the party, and will turn instead to other tactics, using the steep stairs and the barrels to his advantage. Croneneth should be played not as a mindless killer but as a cunning and intelligent foe.

7. River Boat. Docked here is a river boat, a merchant's vessel called the *Lorin Uran.* This vessel is the equivalent of a cog (see page 70 of the 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook)* for statistical purposes. The ship's captain had frequent dealings with Croneneth, but the relationship ended abruptly when he docked here and found Croneneth's unworldly henchmen waiting to eliminate unwanted trespassers. Venrathayde made certain that no one escaped to reveal the hordlings' presence at Strathern Point and ordered his henchmen to dispose of the bodies in the river.



The PCs may be able to determine that this incident took place only a few days ago by investigating the boat. A single gangplank provides the only obvious means of boarding the vessel. Venrathayde left the boat looking as normal as possible to alleviate suspicion from those traveling along the road or the river. A vicious battle was fought between the hordlings and the ship's crew, yet the vessel remains totally operational, and no evidence of the battle remains.

The *Lorin Uran*'s cargo—small crates of salt and bundles of wool— is still stored on the lower middle deck of the ship. Two more crates off to one side hold fledd, a flaky substance that is brewed and drunk hot like tea. The whole cargo together is worth only 350 gp. There is little else of great interest to be found here on the cargo deck. Narrow steps lead up to the fore- and sterncastle, and doors lead to the chambers below these decks.

Area 7A is the captain's chamber. A simple hard bed is mounted to the floor, and a writing table extends from the wall on the south side of the room. The party can find the ship's log on the shelf above the table. The last entry is dated two days ago and mentions only the weather and the crew's restlessness, nothing about Croneneth or hordlings. From the other documents stored here the party can deduce that the captain wanted to get rid of his current cargo before taking on more goods in the south, and looked to Croneneth to help him out.

The door in the stern wall is locked; the closet beyond contains the captain's clothes along with a ceramic jar holding 152 gp and 216 sp. Hidden in the coins is a scrap of parchment that lists the names of three "fences" in the port city where the ship's cargo was purchased.

The crew's quarters are located beneath the forecastle, at area 7B. These two long rooms are uninteresting, being filled only with hammocks and chairs. Nothing of real value can be found here. The small chamber in the bow is a storage room and holds barrels of good water and sacks of cornmeal and flour.

Concluding the Adventure

At some time after the party has defeated Croneneth or retreated because of injuries, they once again encounter Cytara and Morzar, who are returning to the station to see if the hordlings are still about. If Balto is with the PCs, Cytara is very surprised to see him as she believed him to be dead. After a tearful reunion with the dwarf, Cytara begins to trust the party. If the PCs press the issue, she tells them what she knows. Cytara can relate much of the information found in "For the Dungeon Master," which she knows from corresponding with her friend Valsina. She knows all of what happened to Valsina, Kale, and Croneneth but nothing about Croneneth's return.

If the party is not able to defeat Croneneth, the DM may decide to continue this adventure into other sessions. Croneneth and any remaining hordling followers will set out to find Kale Seybeok, thirsty for vengence. The DM could create several adventurous episodes based on this conflict. Ω

THE CHEST OF THE ALOEIDS

BY CRAIG BARRETT

You could say that this chest is "hermetically" sealed.

Artwork by Tom Baxa

Craig Barrett is a free-lance writer who lives and works in a small mountain town in Colorado. A frequent contributor to DRAGON® Magazine, he is also a student of military history, comparative religion, mythology, and Christian Zen. Craig sends greetings to all his friends in Alfheim.

"The Chest of the Aloeids" is an AD&D® adventure for 6-8 player characters of 6th-8th level (about 48 total levels). The party should include a ranger or druid, and a thief with a high open-locks skill. The PCs' equipment should include bows, strong shields, and enough cash to buy supplies for at least 10 days. It would be best if some of the PCs worship deities in the Greek pantheon, especially Athena or Hermes. Since the mode of travel to and from the scene of the action is included in the module, this adventure can easily be employed in any ongoing campaign. The weather is sunny and fair throughout the adventure.

During the course of this adventure, the PCs are going to meet a number of deities and other exceptionally powerful beings. The majority of these encounters may be handled without having the PCs get into direct combat with these beings, and the DM is encouraged to think carefully about ways to role-play such very powerful characters. Deities should be forcefully played; they are immortal and all-powerful, and they know it. But they have a kinship with mortals, too, and act much like mortals do, only on a much grander scale. And mortals do have their uses. . . .

For the Player Characters

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> It is midmorning, and you are traveling in the forested foothills of a high mountain range. To the east, the mountains sit like hunched-over giants, keeping pace with your line of march. You pass through a grove of trees, then see a flash of movement in the center of the clearing before you: A winged serpent bursts out of an abandoned beehive! As the sections of the hive are scattered, they glitter like fragments of bronze in the shafts of sunlight that filter through the trees. In a moment—too quickly for you to react—the winged serpent disappears among the trees.

"An omen of the gods!"

The voice comes from the trees on your left, where an old woman is seated on a large rock in the shade. She wears a rough, brown, hooded cloak that covers all except her face and sandaled feet. In her hands is a long, solid walking staff. While her face is wrinkled (but not unattractive) and wisps of white hair escape from under the cloak's hood, her feet are slim and youthful (and unaccountably clean), showing no signs of age.

The woman stands without using the staff for support. As a shaft of light touches her face, you see that her eyes are gray.

"You are uniquely favored, chosen by the gods, to undertake a fateful quest." She points across the clearing. "In that direction you will find the ancient temple of a lost oracle, tended now by a new and loyal priest. Tell that priest what you have seen here and ask the meaning of the omen. Neglect not to offer a suitable gift for the shrine, and heed well what you are told. Wise are those who attend the omens of the gods! Foolish are those who incur divine wrath through willful disregard!" Abruptly, the old woman turns away and walks into the forest.

If the PCs try to follow or catch the woman, they can't match her pace (which appears unhurried) even if they run. Once the PCs lose sight of her, they can't find the woman again.

For the Dungeon Master

The old woman is the goddess Athena, who has chosen the PCs to solve a problem in the remote age when Olympus had only eleven major gods. The twelfth major god will be Hermes, who is to be Zeus's messenger, the protector of travelers, luckbringer, and the patron of merchants and thieves. At the time of Athena's concern, however, Hermes has not yet been acknowledged by Zeus and has only begun his career—by stealing the cattle of his half-brother, the god Apollo. Although Apollo has searched widely, he has failed to find the lost herd and has offered a reward for the cattle's return and for the capture of the thief.

According to mythology, it is Apollo himself who discovers the identity of the thief, finds Hermes at the cave on Mt. Cyllene where Hermes had been born, and hauls Hermes off for judgment before Zeus. Hermes confesses to the theft and offers to return the herd, but in the end he trades his newly invented lyre to Apollo in exchange for the cattle (which have been hidden far from Mt. Cyllene). The two gods become friends, and Hermes takes his rightful place as the twelfth Olympian.

But history has been tampered with: Eris, the unpredictable Goddess of Discord, is currently furious that the Olympians have neglected to invite her to a divine festival and has sent her influence into the past to make trouble for Hermes. (Apparently the Olympians don't learn too well. Long ago they forgot to invite Eris to the wedding of King Peleus and the sea goddess Thetis, and out of spite Eris started the Trojan War.) Eris has used a *divine wish* granted by Zeus himself (granted without his knowing its use) to cause Hermes to be kidnapped after the theft of the cattle and before his meeting with Apollo.

If Hermes fails to return to his cave on Mt. Cyllene and invent his lyre before he meets Apollo, he will not become the twelfth Olympian god, and that will distort the history of all the Olympians —for the worse, since Hermes is vital to their pantheon. It is to give Hermes this chance to invent the lyre—a critical tool in making peace between Hermes and Apollo—that Athena enlists the PCs in this adventure. She has detected Eris's tampering by divine means and is attempting to undo the damage before the currents of history erase the present time and all that the Olympians have accomplished.

For kidnappers, Eris chose Otus and Ephialtes (called the Aloeids after their stepfather King Aloeus), who are bastard sons of Poseidon, the god of the sea. The Aloeids hate the Olympians because Poseidon refuses to acknowledge them as his offspring. They actually saw Hermes herding the cattle away from Mt. Olympus, where Apollo had pastured them, but being somewhat slow-minded they thought nothing of it. Once Apollo's reward was offered, it was easy for Eris's *divine wish* to cause them to realize the truth and to kidnap Hermes in the hope of getting the cattle for themselves.

The Aloeids imprisoned Hermes in a bronze chest and demanded the herd of cattle as the price of his freedom. Hermes exercised his extravagant sense of humor by lying that the cattle were hidden in the Stymphalian Marsh. Hermes hoped to free himself while the Aloeids were tramping through foul muck and fighting off the flesh-eating Birds of the marsh.

Athena (in the PCs' present time) has learned most of this through her powers of divination and knows that Hermes (in the past) will fail to escape. The Aloeids will search for the cattle until they tire, then angrily return to where they've left Hermes in the chest. Hermes must be freed before they return, and Athena must arrange it secretly. If Eris finds out that Athena has intervened, it will only incite the Goddess of Discord to cause further trouble.

Nor can Athena appeal to Zeus, who would be furious at her for telling him he had made an error in granting the *divine wish* to Eris. Athena's plan is to upset Eris's plot by "natural means," knowing that Eris will probably lose interest and turn to some other project. The PCs are the "natural means" that Athena intends to use.

Athena, greater goddess of the Greek pantheon: AC −2; MV 15, Fl 24; C10/D14/F20/M12/I12/B12; hp 329; THAC0 special; #AT 2; Dmg 5d10 + 11; SA may cast any spell allowed by class and level once per round; *shape change* at will, *petrification* from shield, never misses target; SD *anti-magic shell* from helm (does not stop her own spells), use *blink* at will (unlimited duration), 80% magic resistance, saving throw of 2 on 1d20; S 23 (+5, +11), D 22, C 23, I 25, W 25, Ch 21; ML 20; AL LG; LL/60. Athena usually appears as a beautiful woman but always retains her gray eyes, no matter what form she assumes. Athena's symbol is the owl; she often uses an owl as her messenger and to observe and report to her. Athena is the most independent of all the Greek goddesses and acts on her own initiative in most things. Note that in addition to the above powers, Athena possesses all standard divine abilities common to greater deities (as per *Legends & Lore*, page 8), and she may reveal any other power necessary to ensure her safety and the success of her plans, within the DM's discretion.

Should the PCs attempt to attack or subdue Athena, the DM may give one broad hint that this might not be a good idea. If they persist, the PCs will get

thoroughly trashed—and they'll deserve every bit of it. In this case, Athena will first use the medusa head set in her shield (see *Legends & Lore*, page 61) to turn the treacherous mortals to stone. Survivors will be destroyed in personal combat, no holds barred, unless they were not involved in the attack or tried to stop their fellows.

Eris, lesser goddess of the Greek pantheon: AC −2; MV 15, Fl 24; M12/I12; hp 289; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SD 75% magic resistance; S 18 (+1, +2), D 20, C 22, I 25, W 10, Ch 8; ML 14; AL CE. Eris can *shape change* to any form at will and seldom appears in her natural form (a tall woman in a dark robe, her face hidden by the robe's hood). In her capacity as Goddess of Discord and Strife, Eris has special knowledge of what will cause discord between any two or more people or groups of people, including divine beings. Eris has a limited span of attention, however, and will not follow up on a plot if its first efforts fail. Eris possesses all of the standard divine abilities common to lesser deities (as per *Legends & Lore*, page 8), as well as any other power the DM wishes to grant her. Eris should never actually appear in this adventure. Her statistics are given only to clarify the motivations behind the adventure.

A *divine wish* is an extremely potent version of a *wish* spell, possible only to the ruling god of any specific mythos. It alters reality in an extreme way, with absolute certainty and without any detrimental effects to the god who grants it or to the person who uses it. Because of its potency, however, the *divine wish* must be worded with special care to avoid unwanted side effects. Ruling gods are generally reluctant to use such power even for themselves, let alone grant it to someone else. No mortal will ever receive a *divine wish*. If an immortal has a legitimate reason to ask for a *divine wish*, there is only a small chance that it will be granted. The *divine wish* takes the form of a simple token (a plain ring, for example) that vanishes when the *wish* is used.

Athena has such a token, given to her in gratitude for the rescue of Zagreus, another of Zeus's sons. But not only is she reluctant to expend the token just now, she also knows that unpredictable complications can result if one *divine wish* is pitted against another. Eris, who received her *divine wish* for helping Zeus to reverse the laws of nature (when Zeus wanted to arrange for Atreus to become king of Mycenae), has far fewer scruples concerning the unpredictability of *divine wishes*. The unforeseen consequences of Eris's *divine wish* are extreme, including the eventual fall of most of the Greek gods through internal discord.

The Oracular Temple

If the PCs go in the direction Athena indicated, they soon find signs of an old road, long unused and much overgrown. The road brings them to a small valley between two high hills, with a high cliff closing the far end. On either side of the valley, bushes and trees mask the remains of fallen structures. Near the far end of the valley is a large building in apparently good condition. The road takes the party directly to the front of this building, where five steps lead up to great bronze double doors. As the PCs approach, one of the doors swings slowly open and a tall, bearded man of indeterminate age steps out. He is dressed in plain clothes and carries a broom. When the man sees the PCs, he smiles in greeting, then leans the broom against the door and comes to the edge of the top step. This is Vrainos, the new priest of whom Athena spoke.

Vrainos, priest of Athena: AC 10; MV 12; C15; hp 81; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 10, D 15, C 18, I 12, W 18, Ch 16; ML 18; AL LG.

When the PCs first meet Vrainos, he wears no armor or weapons, and his only magical item is an *amulet of symbols* hung from a silver chain around his neck. The amulet contains 10 charges of the seventh-level priest spell *symbol* (cast at Vrainos's level). Treat this amulet as a *ring of spell storing* (AD&D 2nd Edition *Dungeon Master's Guide*, page 150). Vrainos has been trained to serve an oracular shrine such as this one; he has put special emphasis on studying the spheres of divination, protection, healing, necromancy, and guardianship.

Vrainos greets the PCs courteously and asks their business. He welcomes them to Chalevot Temple, once a very important shrine visited by generals and princes. But the people of the land lost their faith, and the gods took away their ability to understand the oracles. A new day has dawned, however, and Vrainos was summoned here to reclaim the abandoned shrine.

Here the priest pauses, waiting for the PCs to make an offering to the shrine so that he may carry it with him when he enters. Any offering is sufficient. If the PCs neglect this simple courtesy, Vrainos gently reminds them of its importance.

Once the gift is given, Vrainos invites the PCs into the temple. He tells them to wait in the outer hall while he arrays himself, and he leaves through a side door. The outer hall is a large, bare, dim room, its roof supported by four great pillars intricately decorated with carvings to record that the temple's oracle is favored by Athena and her servitors. The doors to the inner sanctuary are missing, but it's too dark inside to see anything. If the PCs approach the inner shrine, they feel the effects of a priestly version of the fifth-level wizard spell *avoidance* that has been cast over the entrance.

After a short time Vrainos returns, arrayed in white robes with gold trim and wearing a golden circlet with a clear stone set in the frontpiece (this is a *circlet of divination*, that operates for divination in a manner similar to a *helm of comprehending languages;* see the 2nd Edition *DMG*, page 171). Vrainos says nothing but gestures for the PCs to follow him into the inner sanctuary. He begins a soft chant, and now the PCs find they can pass the doors without difficulty.

The walls of the inner sanctuary now appear to be speckled with tiny dots of light that grow in intensity as the PCs enter until the entire sanctuary is lighted as if by starlight. The domed room is supported by six great pillars. Two-thirds of the way into the sanctuary is a great vacant pedestal 3' high. To the right of the pedestal is a stone seat.

Vrainos seats himself here and says to the PCs, "Now, before the eyes of the Goddess, tell me what you wish to know."

The PCs should describe the omen in detail. When they finish, Vrainos closes his eyes and repeats a phrase in barely audible tones. He nods twice; then, eyes still closed, he says:

> "Wings here symbolize mobility. You must move with dispatch upon your mission. Do not let yourselves be delayed or distracted under any

circumstances. You have only days to succeed. Here, the symbolism of the abandoned hive is crucial: Your quest must be completed before the 'bees' return to claim the 'bronze hive' once more."

Vrainos pauses, then continues:

"Your quest begins at a lost shrine in the land of Arcadia in ancient Greece, the original land of Zeus and the Olympian gods. Seek a bronze container and free the one within it, he whose symbol is a meeting of wings and serpents. This is your goal."

Once again the priest pauses, then continues:

"In the realm of the Spirit, there is neither time nor space. Know, then: When you leave this temple, as you set foot on the upper step to descend, by the power of the Spirit and the power of the goddess who sends you, it will not be the steps of this temple you descend but those of a lost and abandoned shrine in Arcadia, many centuries ago. From there, fulfill your mission by seeking the place of the bees—always follow the bees! But take warning: Though you may speak of your mission to fulfill the omen, say to no one that a goddess has sent you. When your mission is completed, return to the abandoned Arcadian temple. Restore it and lay a suitable offering upon the altar. As you leave that temple, it will be the steps of this temple that you descend, and you will have returned to your own time and place. Here the rewards of the goddess will await you."

Vrainos wearily rests his face in his hands. If the PCs press him to know which immortal has sent them on this mission, he mutters, "The gray-eyed goddess, she of the owls. Now go."

If the PCs heed his advice, they discover that something incredible happens as they leave the temple.

Oracular Temples: Temples that house oracles of the gods and goddesses of wisdom of the various pantheons are of a unique type, because all such temples are linked together in the realm of the Spirit and are, in fact, the same temple—though it appears in different shapes in different lands. Only the rulers of the various pantheon and the primary god of wisdom in each pantheon can transport beings between oracular temples. Such transportation can go anywhere in space and time and is instantaneous. Athena uses this fact, without the sanction of Zeus, to get the PCs to the right place and time in ancient Greece. The moment each PC leaves the temple, he seems to vanish from the eyes of his companions still inside the building. Each such PC suddenly finds himself on the steps of a temple in an entirely new land—with entirely new equipment and skills, too!

Transition: When the PCs are transported to ancient Greece, the magic of the temple makes certain changes in their equipment. If the DM wants to run a "pure" Greek mythology adventure, refer to page 35 of the 2nd Edition *DMG* for a sample of weapons and equipment that might be available in the ancient world. Then see any good reference work on early Greek history for specific details. Weapons and equipment not available in the ancient world should be magically stripped away from the PCs (to remain at Chalevot Temple until the PCs return). However, many items and weapons that the PCs carry are instantly converted to their ancient-world equivalents. For example, a PC's lance is replaced with a thrusting spear, a two-handed sword becomes a Celtic "barbarian" long sword, etc. Magical enhancements are retained, and all changed equipment reverts to normal when the PCs return to Chalevot Temple. If the proficiency system is in use, proficiencies can also be magically adjusted so that PCs have full use of weapon equivalents.

If the DM wants to run a modified Greek mythology adventure, the PCs can be allowed to keep most of their original equipment. After all, some scholars believe that Homer's Heroic Age was much more advanced than Homer implies. Only items that are blatantly out of place (arquebuses, heavy crossbows, plate mail armor, magnifying glasses, etc.) should be stripped away and left behind.

Since mounts will not be admitted to Chalevot Temple (out of simple courtesy, the PCs shouldn't even attempt to take mounts into the temple), the PCs will not be able to take such animals with them. Also, Arcadia in ancient times was too poor in riding animals to make the purchase or rental of them possible during the short span of this adventure. The most that the DM should allow is the purchase (not rental) of a mule to carry supplies.

Elves, dwarves, and other demi-humans are assumed to have been on Earth longer than man, so they are familiar to the residents of ancient Greece and arouse no special interest.

The Common language should be considered interchangeable with the ancient Levantine travel tongue (known in the Middle Ages as the *lingua franca)* and is understood by everyone the PCs meet. The PCs' coinage, of course, changes to match the sort used in Arcadia during this time period.

Hermes is described in mythology as the inventor of the lyre, so in a strict campaign there can be no lyres until after he's invented one. However, if a PC wants to take a lyre or other stringed instrument along on the adventure, a lenient DM might rule that Hermes isn't going to invent the lyre as a generic instrument. He will merely create that particular lyre listed on page 60 of *Legends & Lore* as eventually belonging to Apollo.

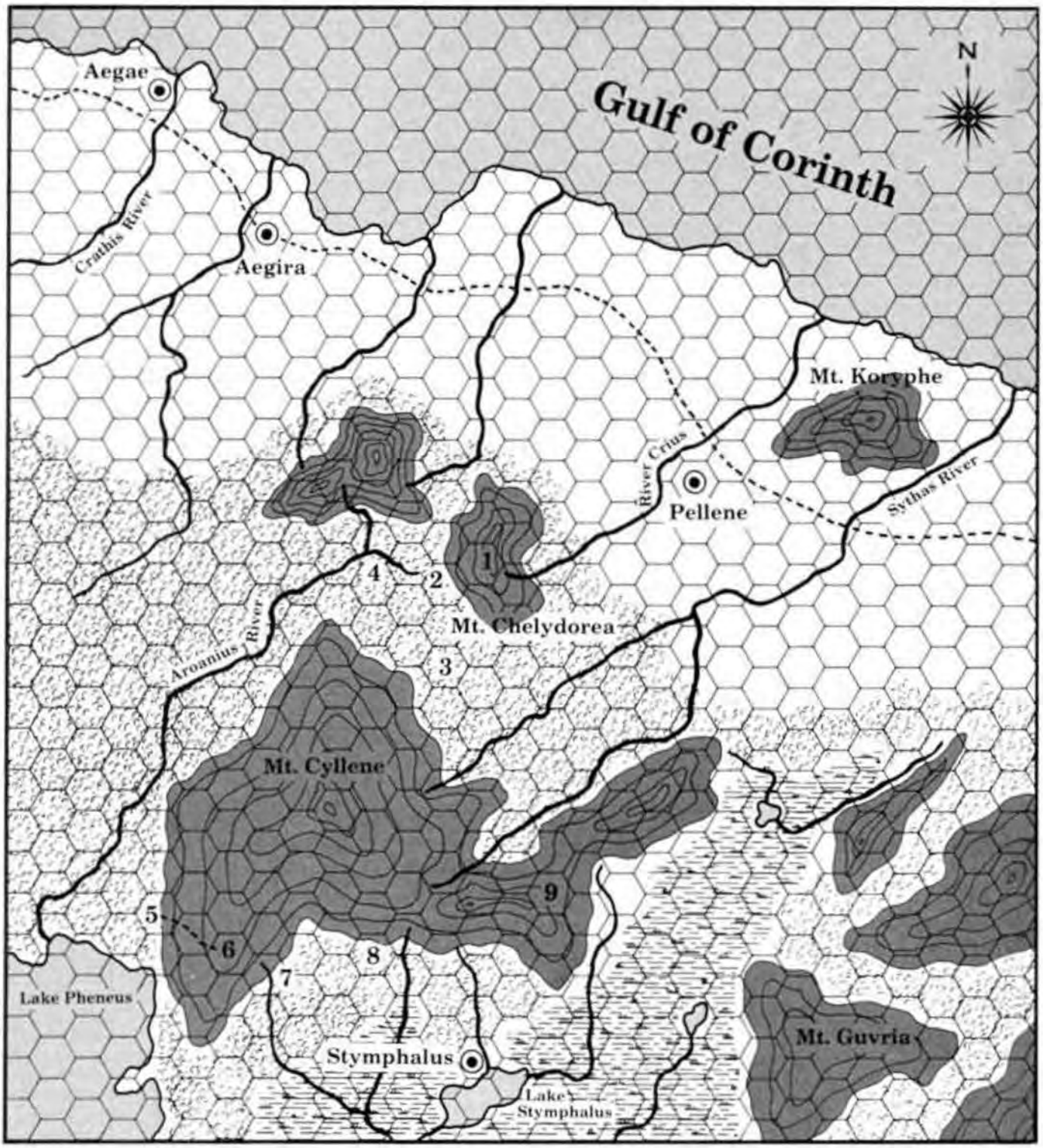
The whole point of Transition is to have the PCs fit into their new surroundings with the least difficulty. If the DM is concerned about keeping the atmosphere of ancient Greece, a quick rereading of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* (and a few tales of Greek mythology) is well advised.

Into Arcadia

1. The Lost Temple. When the PCs leave Chalevot, they find themselves on the front steps of a Greek-style temple on the top ridge of Mt. Chelydorea in ancient Greece (this mountain can be found in the center of the area map provided in this module). North of Mt. Chelydorea—beyond the tree line that crosses the map from east to west—is the coastal plain of Achaea, a moderately farmed land whose fortified towns are ruled by petty kings. The temple faces east and is high enough for the PCs to see something of the land beyond the trees, including the town of Pellene a little over five miles away. On foot, this country can be crossed at a rate of three hexes (about 2½ miles) per hour at human speed (half speed for dwarves, etc.). The coastal road is little more than a roughed-out track and provides

ARCADIA

1 hex = 1,500 yards



no speed benefit. It crosses rivers by ford, not by bridge.

South of the tree line is the heavily wooded country of Arcadia, where thick pine forests climb almost to the summits of the mountains. This is a trackless, shadowy wilderness, wild and unclaimed. Travel in this country is slowed to one hex (1,500 yards) per hour, or one hex every two hours on a mountainside.

The swampy area south of Mt. Chelydorea is the Stymphalian Marsh. If the PCs enter the marsh, their marching rate is slowed to one hex every three hours, not including the effects of nausea from the stinking swamp or attacks by the marsh's Birds.

The temple sits atop four stone tiers, each smaller than the one below, so that four high steps lead down from the temple level. The roof of the temple is supported by large columns spaced around the edge of the top tier, forming unwalled collonades. Interior walls create a front and back porch, a small outer sanctuary, and a dim, windowless inner sanctuary with a plain stone altar. The temple has been abandoned for a considerable time but remains in good repair. The walls and floors are dirty, and some kind of animal once made its lair in the outer sanctuary. There are leaves and branches strewn about, and a couple of birds' nests sit among the carvings at the front of the roof. Repairs should be easy but tedious.

It is early morning of a bright spring day. The temple is in a wide clearing in the forest, with a small spring of sweet water to the right of the entrance. As the PCs descend, they hear the sound of an axe on wood off to their right. If they follow the sound, they come upon an old woodcutter chopping up a dead tree. Nearby, a mule is tied to another tree. Beside it are two bundles of wood, tied and ready for loading. Beyond the mule is a small camp, with untidy blankets beside a dead fire.

Arkilan, human woodcutter: AC 10; MV 12; zero-level human; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 16, D 10, C 12, I 8, W 10, Ch 8; ML 10; AL NG; battle axe.

Arkilan is a short, white-haired man in a rough-woven shirt and leather pants. He is powerful looking despite his obvious years, and he carries a large woodsman's axe. On the ground a few yards to his left is a belt with a sheathed knife. Arkilan is suspicious, unfriendly, and taciturn but very willing to share his opinions once he starts talking.

Arkilan asks if the PCs are in search of Apollo's cattle. All Greece is crawling with such hunters after Apollo announced his extravagant reward, Arkilan claims. "Who believes that the god will really give three prophetic answers and three of his magical arrows just to get back a few cows?" the old woodsman asks. Arcadia has too many people already, in his opinion. If the PCs ask for the story of the divine cattle, Arkilan tells them to ask elsewhere. No honest man meddles in the affairs of the gods.

If the PCs ask about bees, Arkilan waves generally southward and tells them that a beekeeper lives on Mt. Cyllene, but he knows little about the man. For a silver coin he'll think about it, then tell the PCs that the people in Arelyd village (area 2), to the southwest at Chelydorea's foot, know more about the beekeeper than he does. And yes, the villagers will sell them supplies if the PCs have hard cash. But don't expect to get inside the gates, for the Arelydans are uppity, standoffish folk. About bronze chests he knows nothing.

If the PCs offer to buy Arkilan's mule, the woodcutter refuses the deal. If the PCs examine the animal, they find it to be middle-aged and not in the best of health.

Mule: AC 7; MV 12; HD 3; hp 10; THAC0 17; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-2/1-6; ML 7; AL N; MC (horse).

2. Arelyd Farming Village. It will take the PCs 2-2½ hours to come down Chelydorea's southwestern flank and reach Arelyd village. As they approach, they see glimpses of the village when the trees begin to thin. When they come to the great clearing that's been cut out of the forest, they hear the ringing of an alarm bell.

Arelyd is set on a small rise and is surrounded by a log palisade 8' high with a rampart on the inside. The PCs can see archers looking over the wall. The gate is on the north side of the village and is flanked by 12'-high watchtowers. Little of the village itself is visible beyond the gate, only log roofs and the 20' bell tower where sentries are industriously ringing the alarm. Beyond the village to the west and south, farmers from all the fields have gathered into tight groups, oxen held close, waiting to see the reason for the alarm.

When the PCs approach the front gate, the alarm bell stops ringing and a man on the eastern watchtower calls a challenge down to them, asking who they are and what they want. If the PCs reply that they're hunters (or travelers) and that Arkilan the woodcutter told them they could get supplies and information here, the man on the watchtower tells them to wait and disappears into the tower. The gate promptly opens, and three men come out while a half-dozen archers watch from the towers.

Keileon, village elder: AC 8; MV 12; zero-level human; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 10, D 9, C 9, I 14, W 16, Ch 15; ML 12; AL LN; leather armor, thrusting spear, short sword. Dour and strict Keileon is the man who challenged the PCs from the tower. He is suspicious of strangers but willing to deal if the village can profit. Once he's certain the village is safe, he's willing to sell advice, too.

Istareon, blacksmith: AC 8; MV 12; zero-level human; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 17, D 12, C 10, I 10, W 12, Ch 8; ML 13; AL CG; leather armor, battle axe; Istareon knows what supplies the village can spare and what's kept in the storehouse conveniently placed near the gate (the villagers have dealt with travelers before). He's content to let Keileon do the talking while he sizes up the PCs.

Thendas, brewmaster: AC 10; MV 12; zero-level human; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 10, C 10, I 13, W 18, Ch 12; ML 11; AL LE; sheath knife (on his belt). Thendas carries a wineskin filled with very ordinary wine that he intends to share with the PCs in hopes of loosening their purse strings when the bargaining starts. He's a talkative man, willing to share gossip of any kind, but he uses this facade to get all the information and wealth he can from the PCs.

Archers (6): AC 8; MV 12; zero-level humans; hp 4-7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 10; AL NG; leather armor, short bows. These villagers are those whose duties keep them inside the walls during the day. They wouldn't be much defense against a determined attack.

In addition to the protection of the archers, the village also has the services of a high-level magic-user. Ekleus was born in Arelyd but could not stand the slow pace of life here when he grew to manhood. He left his home to become an

adventurer, eventually studying magic in Egypt and Persia. He was seriously injured in a magical battle, receiving severe and permanent facial scars. Because of his now-sinister appearance, Ekleus found that the only employers he could find required him to perform acts he considered evil. Although bitter, he could not condone such behavior and retired to his home in Arelyd to devote his life to magical research—when he is not helping to defend the villagers, the only people who accept his company.

Ekleus: AC 10; MV 12; M13; hp 49; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; S 10, D 12, C 16, I 15, W 10, Ch 6; ML 15; AL CN. Ekleus is a specialist in alteration magic but also knows spells in the schools of enchantment/charm and invocation/evocation. He possesses a *ring of shooting stars*, a *ring of spell storing*, and a *wand of polymorphing*. Ekleus will use his magic to defend the village from the eastern tower but will not interfere in any way in the PCs' bargaining with Keileon. He wears a brown mask and will not leave the tower or show himself unless the village is attacked.

Keileon greets the PCs and asks what they need. He does not invite them into the village, and it's clear that the PCs aren't welcome beyond the front gate. For hard cash the village can sell the PCs virtually all the ale, bread, cheese, eggs, fresh vegetables, meat, nuts, and dry rations they want, at approximately 50% above the prices given on page 67 of the 2nd Edition *Player's Handbook*. The PCs can also get rough but durable clothes and shoes, ropes, canvas, sacks, and a quarter-pound of salt (at 10 times the listed cost), but no oil. Honey is available at twice the listed price. If they wish, the PCs may also purchase a single mule, an average and unremarkable animal, for 16 gp (hp 15; other statistics as per Arkilan's mule, area 1). In case of encounters with wild carnivores, there is a 30% chance that the mule will panic and bolt. The DM may make other items available but should remember that this is a backwoods village. Unusual items should be expensive, if they're available at all. The villagers will not sell weapons.

Thendas won't take offense if the PCs refuse to drink while the bargaining is going on. When the bargain is struck, Istareon reenters the village to get the supplies while Keileon and Thendas talk with the PCs. Keileon answers questions grudgingly at first, but if the PCs offer to pay for directions (he asks for 50 gp but will settle for 10 gp), Keileon cooperates once the money is paid over.

> "Yes," Keileon says, "there is a beekeeper on Mt. Cyllene. If you're going that way, you can travel directly over the mountain, but it'll take you two and a half days, and the hazards are great. Also, there's the matter of getting past the bees that live on the mountain for miles around the beekeeper's place. If you circle west instead, following the Aroanius River around the western flank of the mountain, the trip will take you less than two days. The trail—only a hunter's track, really—isn't hard to follow. Its end is a cairn of stones showing the beginning of the mountain track that leads up to the beekeeper's home. This track, too, is clear—if you know where it starts. It's the route we take when we go to trade for honey, and best of all, it avoids the stench of the Stymphalian Marsh that covers the mountain."
>
> Thendas breaks in at this point. "Yes," he says, "stay clear of the Stymphalian Marsh. The stench of it'll turn your stomach inside out. If that's not bad enough, there are the Stymphalian Birds. It's said, and I have this on good authority, that a plague of wolves to the south frightened the Birds into the marsh. Those must be mean wolves, for the Birds are ugly, smelly killers with bronze beaks and claws. It's said they also have bronze wings that they use like shields. They're the source of the stench, which is so bad it's even driven a clan of cyclopes out of the citadel they built on the eastern part of Cyllene! Take my word, you want no part of the marsh or its Birds."

If the PCs don't ask, Keileon will not return to his detailed directions concerning the western route to the beekeeper. If the PCs do remind him of the directions, Keileon tells them this:

> "If you follow the Aroanius, you will reach a stretch where the river turns almost due south. When it turns southwest again, with the foothills only six hundreds of paces away on your left, you are then forty-eight hundreds of paces north of the cairn. Here, the line of Cyllene's foothills is almost straight north-south. You'll find the cairn on your left, by the stump of a pine tree that was killed by lightning. The beginning of the trail up the mountain is due east of the cairn, between two small hills. The trail is well marked. So long as you stay on it, the bees won't bother you. But, for your lives, don't harm the bees!"

The DM should make his description of the trek down the Aroanius River sufficiently detailed that the PCs can follow these instructions.

If the PCs ask about bronze containers, neither Keileon nor Thendas can help them. The village uses pottery containers and wooden chests.

The two villagers know the story of how Apollo's cattle were stolen from the slopes of Mt. Olympus and driven away by an unknown thief. They've also heard rumors that Silenus, the demigod who commands the satyrs, is out hunting for the cattle. And Silenus has let it be known that he'll take it amiss should anyone beat him to Apollo's reward. The Arelydans have seen satyrs in the neighborhood, and they're keeping close to home until the matter's settled.

Thendas breaks in again at this point to tell of rumors about all sorts of strange creatures seen in the area recently: great boars, satyrs, centaurs, hydras, and even the gods roaming about. Keileon makes it plain he doesn't believe a word of this. "Good men don't involve themselves in the affairs of the gods," he intones as Istareon returns with the party's supplies (with two archers to help him, if needed). Once the party pays for the goods, the villagers make it clear that they have work to do and that they expect the PCs to go their own way. No further hospitality is offered, though Thendas will press the PCs for information if given a chance.

Keileon does have one parting piece of advice, though: "Watch yourselves. If the gods are about in the land, it's no time for good men to be careless."

3. The Centaurs. Skip this encounter if the PCs follow Keileon's advice and go west from Arelyd to take the hunters' track along the line of the Aroanius River. However, the PCs can't be blamed if they disbelieve most of

what they've heard at Arelyd and turn south to cross Mt. Cyllene directly.

Two days ago, the giant Aloeids came up the west side of the western branch of the Sythas River. Due south of Mt. Chelydorea, they attempted to cross the river eastward and met a small band of centaurs. The centaurs tried to invite (or coerce) the giants into a drinking bout, and the singleminded Aloeids mauled them savagely. Now the centaurs have called in reinforcements and have boiled out of their homeland between the two branches of the Sythas River, looking for anyone they can harass and attack.

Centaurs (2d8+10): AC 5 (4); MV 18; HD 4; hp 18 each; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6 and by weapon type; ML 13; AL N; MC. Half these centaurs are armed with clubs (treat as morning stars) and 25% are armed with long bows (25 arrows each). The remaining 25% are leaders who carry shields (AC 4) and light horse lances. Three attacks are possible in melee, one with a weapon and two with the forehooves. Each centaur carries 2-8 gp and has a 50% chance of carrying 1-4 gems worth 10-100 gp each.

The centaurs hide among the trees while their leaders challenge the PCs, demanding to know who the two giants are and where they came from. The centaurs have no reason to believe that the PCs know anything about the giants, but if the PCs can't answer the question, it'll give the centaurs an excuse to relieve their frustrations on the party.

The centaurs fight fiercely but withdraw after taking 20% casualties. If the party is defeated, the centaurs attempt to take as many PCs alive as possible, intending to take them to Pellene and sell them as slaves. If the PCs prevail and turn west, the surviving centaurs follow and harass them from the trees for half an hour before leaving.

If the PCs persist in going south, however, the DM has two options. The centaurs can be given sufficient reinforcements to renew the attack and turn the PCs westward, or the PCs may be allowed to pass south beyond the centaurs and attempt to cross Mt. Cyllene. In this case, the PCs rate of march is reduced to two hours per hex as soon as they start up the mountain, and there is a 30% chance per hour (minus 1% per level of any ranger or druid with the party) that the PCs will get lost (see the 2nd Edition *DMG*, page 127). Also, the DM should check for encounters on the Arcadia Random Encounters table.

The Stench

If the PCs climb high enough on Mt. Cyllene (within one hex of the highest contour line), they may encounter the stench from the Stymphalian Marsh. The DM may rule that swirling winds have brought the stench even lower on the northern and western slopes of Mt. Cyllene.

The moment the party encounters the stench, each PC must immediately make a constitution check to avoid nausea and must repeat this check every half hour. Any PC who fails a check becomes sick and loses 1 hp every turn thereafter; afflicted PCs can die of nausea if the sickness isn't relieved. Any spell, potion, or effect that can *cure wounds* will provide temporary relief, restoring hit points lost to this illness and ending the nausea. However, the constitution checks begin again just a half-hour after the spell or potion is administered.

Holding a cloth to the face (even a perfumed cloth) will not protect against the stench. If a PC can create a breeze to blow the stench away, the party can gain temporary relief, but the only enduring relief is to get out of range of the stench.

The Giant Bees

If the PCs come within three hexes of the beekeeper's compound (area 6), they begin to see giant bees hovering among the trees. Giant hives are visible in the forest, never closer to each other than 100 yards. When the forest opens up, the PCs glimpse great fields of huge red flowers 5' high, with blossoms 6" in diameter. Worker bees swarm in the fields, and a change in the breeze brings the thick, cloying scent of the great flowers to the PCs. Any PC with a constitution of less than 10 begins to cough lightly, though suffering no penalties to combat.

If the PCs continue toward the beekeeper's compound, giant soldier bees will notice them in 1-20 minutes. The bees "buzz" them but won't attack unless the PCs harm a bee or come within 10' of one of the giant hives (there is a 15% chance every half hour that one PC will stumble on a half-hidden hive). If provoked, six soldier bees attack immediately, and six more arrive to reinforce them every minute. The attacks stop only if the PCs retreat from the zone of the giant bees: off the mountain or more than three hexes away from the beekeeper's compound.

If the PCs later ascend by the trail that starts at the cairn (area 5), the bees ignore them (the bees don't carry a grudge; they don't remember that they once had trouble with this particular group of intruders). If the PCs get past the bees, go to area 6.

Giant bees, soldiers: AC 5; MV 12, flying 30 (C); HD 4+2; THAC0 17; #AT 1 sting; Dmg 1-4 plus poison; ML 13; AL N; MM2/17.

Giant bees, workers: AC 6; MV 9, flying 30 (D); HD 3+1; THAC0 17; #AT 1 sting; Dmg 1-3 plus poison; ML 10; AL N; MM2/17.

4. Silenus and the Satyrs. If the PCs turn west from Arelyd to follow the track along the Aroanius River, they encounter Silenus and his satyrs here. Silenus appears to be a cheerful, fat human riding a mule toward the PCs. Only two satyrs accompany him. If the PCs stand aside to let him pass, he stops to talk with them.

Silenus is dressed in rich country garb and drinks freely from a wineskin that he doesn't offer to share. He readily identifies himself and questions the PCs about their identities and purposes. He frankly tells the PCs that he's after Apollo's cattle and wants no competition. If the PCs ask him about bees or bronze containers, he says he knows nothing. Silenus warns the PCs in the friendliest fashion not to go anywhere near the Stymphalian Marsh and offers to send one of his satyrs to guide them safely as far as the place where the foothills of Mt. Cyllene come closest to the waters of Lake Pheneus.

If the PCs accept Silenus's offer, a satyr named Phonius loyally guides them as far along the hunters' track as they choose to go. He keeps them from straying and has a 10% chance of anticipating any random encounter in time to warn the PCs. Phonius doesn't know about the cairn and can't help the party find it. When the PCs send him back, he makes certain of the direction they're going before reporting to Silenus's scouts.

If the PCs refuse the guide or do not give way to let Silenus pass, the demigod does not appear to care. But as soon

as the PCs are out of sight, he summons the rest of his satyrs (who have been hiding in the trees) and follows. When the PCs make camp, Silenus has one of his satyrs use his pipes to lull the PCs into magical *sleep* (save vs. spells in 60' radius). If this succeeds, the satyrs take over the camp and rob the PCs of all gold and jewels, taking one item of particular interest from each PC. Meanwhile, Silenus interrogates the party's leader to learn how much the PCs know about the theft of Apollo's cattle. Once he's certain the PCs know nothing, he has them bound and leaves with his satyrs. If the PCs defend their camp, however, Silenus won't allow his satyrs to get too badly hurt. He's in Arcadia to hunt Apollo's cattle, not to waste his power against wandering adventurers (though he will certainly harass them if he feels they've earned it).

In every case, Silenus keeps track of the PCs through his satyr scouts. If it appears that the PCs have found a clue to the location of Apollo's cattle, Silenus moves to take it away from them. The PCs have a 10% chance to notice the satyrs are following them, +1% per level of any ranger or druid with the party (roll once per hour).

Silenus, lesser god of the Greek pantheon: AC −2; MV 18; F12/D15; hp 350; THAC0 9; #AT 3/2; Dmg 3-30; SA voice can create *fear* and *beguiling*, can use any druid spell once per round; SD 80% magic resistance; S 25 (+7, +14), D 23, C 25, I 16, W 16 (8 if drunk), Ch 20; ML 16 (4 if drunk); AL CN. Although Silenus appears old, he's very limber. His weapons are his fists, but in combat he prefers to use his spells to clear the way for his satyrs to attack. A son of the earth goddess Gaea, he is the prime leader of the satyrs, even more influential than Pan. He has all the powers of a lesser deity, as per *Legends & Lore*, page 8.

However, Silenus is frequently as drunk as he appears to be and tends to drink more when he's excited. If roused to a high pitch of excitement (such as anticipating finding an important clue to Apollo's cattle), he rapidly empties his wineskin and thereafter will be easily fooled by illusions, misdirection, etc. In this condition he is easily startled into retreat. No matter how much Silenus drinks, he always has ways to find more wine, and his wineskin should be considered full at the start of any conflict. This is the reason why, despite his powers, he's not very successful and has few worshipers.

Of all the deities met herein, Silenus is probably the most combative and dangerous to the PCs. Unless the PCs are unusually powerful, the DM should have Silenus avoid fighting the PCs directly unless he himself is attacked (and even then he has a fair chance fleeing in fright and confusion if he is very drunk). He will instead have his satyrs do the fighting, directing the action from a safe place to the rear of the action. If the satyrs retreat from opposition, Silenus will retreat as well but will harass the PCs later.

Silenus's mule: AC 7; hp 24; other statistics as per Arkilan's mule (area 1). Silenus's mule is very stable; it always obeys Silenus and will never panic or buck, no matter what the situation.

Satyrs (2d10+10): AC 5; MV 18; HD 5; THAC0 15; #AT 1 head butt or weapon; Dmg 2-8 or by weapon type; SA special; SD special; ML 13; AL N; MC.

Marshalled by Silenus, the satyrs are more determined than usual. They are armed with spears (normal attack and

damage), and one satyr has pipes that, when played, can cast *charm*, *sleep*, or *cause fear* spells on all within a 60' radius (save vs. spells to avoid effects). In close combat, the normal satyr attack is a butt with the head's sharp horns. Against a weak defense, the satyrs are merciless, but they retreat from determined opposition and wait for Silenus to clear the way for them with his spells. They are totally demoralized if Silenus is defeated in magic or combat. Each satyr carries coins or gems equal to 50 gp (DM's choice) and one dose each of two potions (*healing* and *vitality*).

Phonius, satyr guide: hp 28; other statistics as above. Phonius carries a spear but prefers to get in close and butt in combat. He also wears a *ring of regeneration* and an *amulet of inescapable location* to aid Silenus in identifying his position.

5. The Cairn. If the PCs got the detailed description of the cairn's location from Keileon (area 2), they have no trouble identifying the trail up the mountain. The path is well marked; if the PCs stay on it, the giant bees ignore them. When the PCs have gone 100 yards up the mountain, they begin to see the bees and their hives, and the great fields of red flowers (see "The Giant Bees"). It will take at least three hours to go from the cairn to the beekeeper's compound, depending on the time of day and the PCs' condition at this stage of the adventure (wounded, exhausted, etc.). If the PCs didn't get the full directions from Keileon, there is a 50% chance that they miss the cairn (minus 1% per level of any ranger or druid with the party). If the PCs miss the cairn but decide to search in the general area, their chance to find the cairn or the trail improves by 3% for every 10 minutes they search.

If the PCs try to climb the mountain without using the trail, they have a 25% chance of getting lost (−1% per level of any ranger or druid); check every half hour on this part of the mountain. In addition, the giant soldier bees harass the PCs as soon as they start to climb.

6. The Beekeeper's Compound. The compound faces west in a large clearing near the crest of the mountain. Several trees have been cut down near the wall and inside the compound to deprive the marsh Birds of cover for ambushes. Five

Arcadia Random Encounters

After the PCs have encountered the centaurs (area 3) or Silenus and his satyrs (area 4), the DM should begin checking for random encounters. A roll of 1d8 should be made once every hour during the day and once every six hours at night, though the DM may reduce this frequency as the situation requires. Stop checking for encounters when the PCs enter the zone of the giant bees (within three hexes of area 6). A roll of 1 indicates an encounter, whereupon a roll of 1d8 + 1d12 is made on this table.

Some encounters should be used only once, as indicated. Thereafter, treat that roll as "no encounter." If any encounter is rolled twice in a row, treat the second roll as "no encounter" but allow the encounter in future rolls.

2: The PCs come upon a river god—or the river god comes upon them (this encounter does not have to take place near a river). On the western side of the map, the river god is Ladon, whose river (of the same name) is away to the west beyond the edge of the map. On the eastern side, the river god is Asopus, whose river lies far to the east. The two gods have identical statistics (**River god:** AC 1; MV 15; hp 275; THAC0 6 (as 15th-level fighter); #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; SA special; SD special; ML 19; AL CN). The river god appears as a heavily muscled 15'-tall human with long blond hair and beard. Once per day, the river god can hurl a *lightning bolt* for 10d10 hp damage; cast *weather summoning*, *predict weather*, *control winds*, and *call lightning* (five bolts for 10d10 hp damage each). Twice per day, he can cast *purify water*, *create water*, *airy water*, *lower water*, *part water*, and *levitate* (5,000 lbs. plus his own weight). The god has unlimited capacity to breathe underwater and can move unhampered underwater to any depth. In his own river, he can create a bolt of water equal in effect to a 10d10-hp *lightning bolt*, 10 times per day. He carries a battle axe three times human size that does 3d8 hp damage. The river god is away from his river because he is searching for Apollo's cattle. If the PCs treat him with the respect due to royalty, he condescends to warn them about their next encounter (75% probability the warning is accurate). After asking if the PCs know anything of the cattle theft, the river god departs. If the PCs treat him with less than royal respect, he angrily commands them to go back the way they've come. If they refuse, he summons a storm and attacks with lightning, but retreats and returns to his own river after receiving 100 hp damage. Each god carries four gems (250 gp value each) and eight potions (DM's choice). Although the river gods are classified as "lesser gods" of the Greek pantheon, they do not have the powers that *Legends & Lore* suggests for lesser gods; they are more like super-powered storm giants. Use this encounter once for Ladon and once for Asopus, as appropriate.

3: **Dire wolves** (1d6 + 5): AC 6; MV 18; HD 4 + 4; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; ML 10; AL N; MC. The wolves are hungry and searching for prey. If they outnumber the PCs, they attack at once. If not, they follow the PCs, hoping to cut down a straggler.

4: **Minotaurs** (1d4 + 1): AC 6; MV 12; HD 6 + 3; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/2-8 or 1-4/by weapon type; SA grapple, charge; SD +2 bonus on surprise roll; ML 13 plus special; AL CE; MC. The minotaurs are armed with flails (+2 to damage). They can attack an opponent who is at least 6' tall with a butt (2-8 hp damage) or a shorter opponent with a bite (1-4 hp damage). The minotaurs trail the PCs, hoping to pick off a straggler. They won't give up unless attacked and defeated. As soon as any minotaur has received 75% damage, he withdraws and the others follow him. Each minotaur has a pouch containing 100 sp plus three gems worth 10-100 gp each.

5: **Shedu:** AC 4; MV 12, flying 24; HD 9 + 9; hp 68; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6; SA special; SD special; ML 14; AL LG; MM1/87. The shedu can *become ethereal* at will and can travel the Astral and Ethereal planes. The shedu communicates via *telepathy* with a lawful-good PC to determine the party's purpose in Arcadia. It then offers advice and directions if possible. If the party contains no lawful-good PC, the shedu ignores the adventurers. However, if the jackalwere (encounter 20) is with the party, the shedu always alerts the PCs to the jackalwere's nature and helps to destroy it. If the satyr Phonius (area 4) is with the party, the shedu warns the PCs that an *amulet of inescapable location* is present. The shedu knows about the theft of Apollo's cattle and about the birth of Hermes, but not the connection between the two. The shedu can also warn of dangers in the immediate vicinity (the DM should give the PCs sufficient warning of the next five random encounters so that they can attempt to avoid them). Use this encounter only once.

6: **Luck eater:** AC 7; MV 15; HD 4; hp 26; THAC0 nil; #AT nil; Dmg nil; SA special; SD special; ML 10; AL N; MM2/80. This golden-furred cat is waiting on the trail and purrs as the PCs pass by. Each PC within 30' must save vs. spells or be attracted to the cat and want to pick it up. The cat remains with the party for 2-5 hours, purring all the while. All PCs within 30' of the cat lose 10% (−2) on all saving throws, damage rolls, and chances to hit. As long as the PCs are accompanied by the luck eater, they are unable to avoid any encounter. Use this encounter only once.

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7: **Black bear** (1d3 + 1): AC 7; MV 12; HD 3 + 3; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA hugs for 2-8 hp damage; ML 9; AL N; MC. If the bears are surprised (50% chance), they attack the PCs at once. Otherwise, they lumber off into the woods in 1-10 rounds if the PCs remain still and make no threatening moves.

8: **Mountain lion** (2): AC 6; MV 12; HD 3 + 1; hp 25, 22; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA rear claws for 1-4/1-4, upward spring 15', forward spring 20'; SD surprised only on a 1; ML 10; AL N; MC (cats). If surprised, the cats attack at once. There is a 60% chance that the cats are standing over the carcass of an animal in the center of the trail and refuse to move, defending their kill tenaciously. Otherwise, the cats move off after a short staring match (2d4 + 2 rounds), but they attack if the PCs do anything threatening.

9: **Wolves** (2d6 + 6): AC 7; MV 18; HD 2 + 2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; ML 10; AL N; MC. This pack of wolves has cornered a stag and is just getting ready to make the kill. If the PCs attempt to continue along the trail, the wolves attack to defend their prize. Optionally, the stag may break clear and flee through the PC party in an attempt to escape from the wolves, who follow their prey and attack the PCs if they intervene.

10. **Giant skunk:** AC 7; MV 9; HD 5; hp 30; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA, SD squirt musk; ML 9; AL N; MC. There is a 75% chance that both the party and the skunk are surprised. In this case, the skunk is discovered only 3' away, and it immediately attacks with a squirt of musk (victims retreat and suffer nausea for 2-8 turns; save vs. poison or be blinded for 1-8 hours. The odor remains on clothing, so victims are shunned until they change clothes and bathe. See the *Monstrous Compendium* for other possible effects). Otherwise, the PCs discover the skunk while still 9' away. In this case, the skunk isn't surprised and ambles away after 1d10 + 5 rounds.

11: **Wild dogs** (2d10 + 4): AC 7; MV 15; HD 1 + 1; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; ML 6; AL N; MC. This small pack of wild dogs is more curious than dangerous. They follow the PCs, sniffing at their trail and barking every few minutes. If the PCs make camp, the dogs attempt to raid their packs for food. If the PCs hunt or make a kill, the dogs try to take a portion. The dogs leave if they fail to get any food from the PCs after 1d6 + 6 hours. They won't fight the PCs unless attacked but will try to kill any wounded stragglers.

12: **Giant owl:** AC 6; MV 3, Fl 18 (E); HD 4; hp 32; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 2-8/2-8/2-5; SA −6 on surprise roll; ML 12; AL LG; MC. This is Athena's bird, sent to observe the PCs. It will not help or hinder the PCs in any way but will follow them the rest of the day, keeping track of their movements. It will not enter the hunting grounds of the Stymphalian Birds and will ignore the giant bees. If the PCs are accompanied by a luck eater, the owl attacks the cat and attempts to kill or carry it off but will not harm "infected" PCs even if they try to harm the owl. Use this encounter only once a day.

13: **Dryads** (1-6): AC 9; MV 12; HD 2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); SA *charm;* SD special; ML 12; AL N. Each dryad can use *dimension door* to get to her own tree. They can each cast *charm person* three times per day, with −3 on the victim's saving throw. If any male of the party has a charisma above 12, the dryads attempt to kidnap him. The dryads of Arcadia are capricious and will not help the PCs in any way. Each dryad has 200-800 gp and 10-40 gems (10-100 gp value each). Use this encounter only once a day.

14: **Nereids** (1-4): AC 10; MV 12, Sw 12; HD 4; hp 30; THAC0 17 (spit only); #AT nil; Dmg nil; SA spit, control water in lair; SD kiss, mesmerize men; ML 11; AL CG-CN-CE; MC. A nereid's spittle (range 20') will blind a target for 2-12 rounds, causing a −4 penalty to all to-hit rolls, saving throws, and armor classes. Arcadian nereids are as capricious as dryads and attempt to kidnap any human male with a charisma higher than 12. Each nereid has two potions (types of DM's choice). Use this encounter no more than once a day. If the encounter does not occur near water, treat as "no encounter."

15: **Soldiers** (2d10 + 10): AC 6; MV 9; F2; hp 10-12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 13; AL CN; studded leather armor, shields. These soldiers are armed and have proficiencies with long thrusting spears, short swords, and daggers. Their leader is distinguished by red stripes on the shoulders of his armor but is otherwise unremarkable. These wandering mercenaries attempt to extort a toll from the PCs, beginning at 1 gp per person but coming down to 3 sp if the PCs argue well and don't look too prosperous. If the PCs appear extremely prosperous or if they refuse to pay any toll, the soldiers may attack (1% chance per soldier present). They do not attempt to kill the PCs but only

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beehives occupy the ground immediately west of the compound, and many more hives can be seen spread across this part of the mountain.

When the PCs reach the top of the trail, the beekeeper (warned of their approach by the bees) is waiting for them with a giant soldier bee hovering over his left shoulder. A dozen other soldier bees hover nearby, and several human figures stand behind the beekeeper with weapons at the ready.

That the PCs are confronting humans may not be obvious at first. The beekeeper and his people are all wearing strange masks when the PCs first see them, presenting the appearance of some unknown kind of insectlike humanoid creature with whom the PCs must deal. (See area G later in the text for details on these special masks.)

If the PCs have harmed any bees on their way up the mountain, the beekeeper knows of it, and the PCs will have to be very persuasive to get any cooperation from him. He is not implacable, however; he understands the errors of strangers and has sympathy for adventurers trying to fulfill an omen. If the PCs are very good at explaining themselves—especially if they have not harmed any bees—the beekeeper escorts them past the hives and into his compound.

Beekeeper: AC 5 (special armor); MV 12; R20; hp 136; THAC0 1; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type; SA special; SD special; S 16, D 14, C 16, I 12, W 15, Ch 14; ML 18; AL CG. The beekeeper is a man of medium height and very powerful appearance, with black hair and beard. He has weapon proficiencies in long bow, short bow, javelin, long sword, and dagger, among others. He also has the ability to use clerical scrolls. The beekeeper frequently sells honey and royal jelly to clerics of Demeter (Greek goddess of agriculture) in exchange for *purification* scrolls to eliminate the marsh's stench from the bee's honey, and for *cure wounds* scrolls to cure his bees or his own people who've been sickened by the stench. He also has a scroll with *divination* spells, two scrolls with *neutralize poison* spells, and two with *heal* spells. His ranger's animal empathy includes a special affinity for the giant bees, whose language he understands. In emergencies, he can summon bees to defend his compound, and he will defend their hives against attacks by predators. He never gives his

name to anyone, and none of his family have ever been heard to say it aloud. His armor is of a special design that he created to protect from the Stymphalian Birds.

Iole, the beekeeper's wife: AC 10; MV 12; F14; hp 60; THAC0 7; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type; S 12, D 18, C 13, I 15, W 14, Ch 16; ML 17; AL NG. Iole is a slim, attractive woman with brown hair and eyes, and pale skin. She has weapon proficiencies in short bow, javelin, and dagger, with specialization in the short bow. She usually goes without armor, but in an emergency can don armor like her husband's (AC 1). She was a successful adventurer and (like everyone else in this area) has fought the Stymphalian Birds many times.

Tereus, the beekeeper's elder son: AC 5 (special armor); MV 12; R10; hp 77; THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 18, D 15, C 16, I 12, W 15, Ch 10; ML 15; AL CG. Tereus looks much like his father. He has weapon proficiencies in long bow, short bow, javelin, long sword and dagger, among others. His ranger's animal empathy extends to the giant bees. He does not, however, have the ability to use clerical scrolls.

Oeneus, the beekeeper's younger son: AC 5 (special armor); MV 12; R7; hp 91; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; S 13, D 13, C 18, I 15, W 16, Ch 12; ML 14; AL NG. Oeneus is a smaller version of his elder brother. He has weapon proficiencies in long bow, short bow, javelin, long sword, and dagger. His ranger's animal empathy does not extend to the giant bees, but he can use clerical scrolls.

Lycus, the beekeeper's brother-in-law: AC 4 (shell-studded *leather armor +3);* MV 12; D14; hp 87; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg by spell or weapon type; SA special; SD immune to woodland creatures' *charm* spells; S 13, D 12, C 16, I 13, W 17, Ch 15; ML 16; AL NG. Lycus is a tall, light-haired man who is a druid of Demeter rather than Artemis, who is the patron of most Greek druids (see *Legends & Lore,* pages 60 and 63; according to the designers of the AD&D 2nd Edition game, druids may be of any neutral-component alignment, so long as they have the same alignments as their deities). He does not live at the beekeeper's compound, but he visits frequently and is the beekeeper's primary contact with Demeter's cult. His weapon proficiencies are in the sling, scimitar, dagger, spear, and dart. He has the standard druid powers to identify plants, pass through overgrown areas, learn woodland languages, and *shape change* three times per day. He knows this part of Arcadia almost as well as the beekeeper, but he has no special affinity for the giant bees.

Male servants of the beekeeper (5): AC 10; MV 12; zero-level humans; hp 3-7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 13; AL N. Three servants are armed with short bows and two with javelins.

Female servants of the beekeeper (5): AC 10; MV 12; zero-level humans; hp 2-6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 13; AL N; knife.

The compound is surrounded by a 5'-high stone fence and contains the following structures:

12A. Gatekeeper's house. This building holds a single chair and one cot. There is no gatekeeper, since the gate is useless against the Stymphalian Birds. Once of the beekeeper's male servants can serve as gatekeeper at need.

12B, 12C. Servants' Quarters. Males are housed in the west building, females in the east. Each room has five beds, five low chests, a table, and three chairs.

12D. Main House. The main room (area D1) contains a large wooden table with six chairs, a chest in each corner of the west wall, and a wardrobe containing cold weather cloaks on the southeast wall.

The bedroom of the beekeeper and his wife (area D2) has a large bed, a wooden table with two chairs, and a small doorless closet containing five long and five short bows in cases and arrows in bas-

Continued from page 54

subdue them and steal their valuables. If the PCs pay the toll, the soldiers pass on, leaving the party unharmed. These mercenaries haven't been paid for some time and carry only 10-60 sp each; the leader also has four gems worth 100 gp each. Use this encounter once.

16: **Wild boars** (1-8): AC 7; MV 15; HD 3+3; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; ML 9; AL N; MC. If the PCs hear the boars rooting around in the shrubbery before the animals discover them (30% chance), the party may attempt to detour. If not, the single grown male who leads this pack attacks as soon as the PCs are discovered, with a charge through the underbrush aimed at the nearest PC's legs. The boar fights to the death. No other boars will attack.

17: **Harpies** (1d6+2): AC 7; MV 6, Fl 15 (C); HD 7; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6 or 1-3/1-3/by weapon type; SA singing and *charm;* ML 13; AL CE; MC. The harpies attempt to *charm* and destroy the PCs. If the PCs resist, the first harpy to take more than 10 hp damage flees, and the others follow. Then, for 1-6 hours, the harpies follow the PCs, harassing and mocking them and attempting to pick off any stragglers.

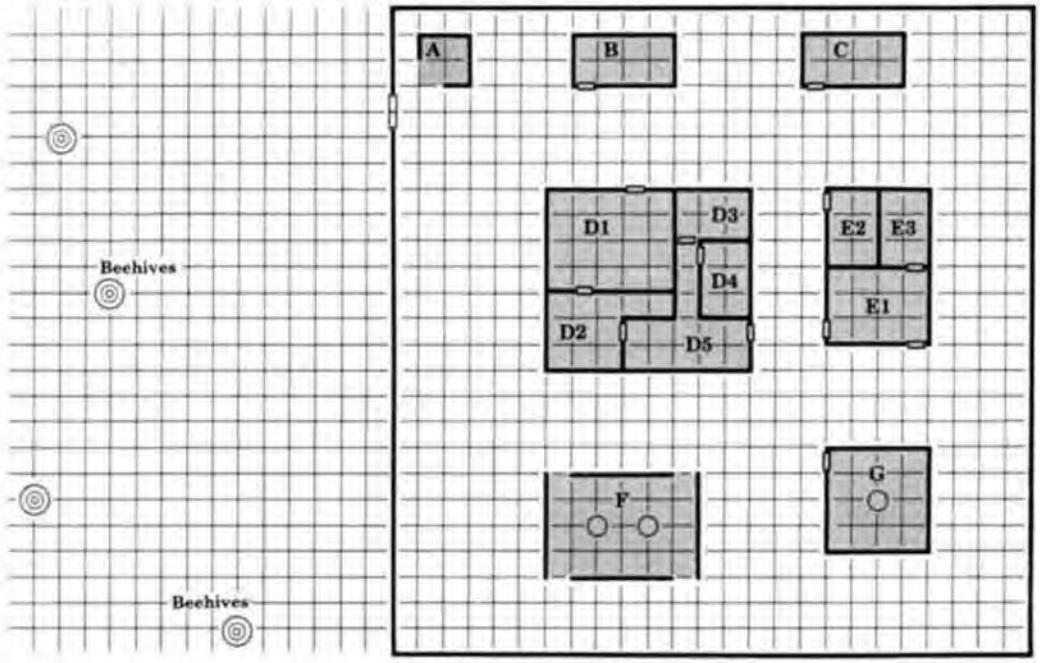
18: **Giant porcupines** (2): AC 5; MV 6; HD 6; hp 38, 32; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA shoot quills; SD quills; ML 6; AL N; MC. There is a 30% chance that both the party and the porcupines are surprised, in which case the porcupines attack immediately. Otherwise, the porcupines cause no trouble unless the PCs interfere with them, causing them to defend themselves fiercely. If no attack occurs, the porcupines ignore the PCs and block the trail for 1d10+5 rounds.

19: **Owlbears** (2-5): AC 5; MV 12; HD 5+2; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6/2-12; SA hug; ML 12 (fearless in combat); AL N; MC. The owlbears attack with their claws and snapping beaks, then hug and bite. A claw hit (from either forelimb) on a roll of 18 or better means that the owlbear has dragged its victim close enough to hug for 2-16 hp additional damage. This damage is taken in the first round of the hug and every succeeding round until the owlbear or its victim is killed. The owlbears attack the PCs on sight and fight to the death. Use this encounter only once.

20: **Jackalwere:** AC 4; MV 12; HD 4; hp 28; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA gaze causes sleep in unsuspecting victims; SD hit only by iron and +1 or better weapons; ML 11; AL CE; MC. The jackalwere pretends to be an adventurer and asks to join the PCs. It hopes to separate a PC from the party to kill and eat him. If the PCs refuse to let the jackalwere join the party, it follows them secretly for the rest of the day in hopes of catching a straggler. If Athena's giant owl is close to the party, the bird attacks the jackalwere when the monster first appears. If the jackalwere accompanies the PCs to the beekeeper's compound (area 6), the bees avoid it and the beekeeper becomes suspicious of the entire party.

Note: If the PCs are warned about an encounter and attempt to avoid it, they have a 50% chance of success (+1% per level of any ranger or druid with the party). However, they also have a 30% chance of getting lost during the attempt (−1% per level of any ranger or druid).

BEEKEEPER'S COMPOUND
Area 6



kets. Six swords in sheaths hang on the north wall of the closet, each with a dagger and shield beside it. Against the south wall of the room are two large wooden chests containing the personal possessions of the beekeeper and Iole.

Tereus's bedroom (area D3) contains a bed, a chest, and a table. His weapons and shield are hung on the west wall. The bedroom of Oeneus (area D4) holds the same sort of furniture. More weapons decorate the west wall. A workroom (area D5) is furnished with a long table against the south wall. Beneath the table are three low chests. Assorted household utensils hang on the walls.

12E. Cookhouse. There is a large table in the center of the kitchen (area E1). Bins are stacked against the north wall, and kitchen utensils hang on the east wall. A stone fireplace is set against the south wall. Area E2 is general storage, and area E3 is a pantry stocked with food and additional kitchen equipment.

12F. Workhouse. Here honey and royal jelly are processed. Bows and arrows are also made here, and weapons and equipment repaired. The single room has no doors, but each doorway is strung with web netting to give protection against the marsh Birds while allowing good ventilation. It takes one round for an experienced person to string or remove the webbing from one doorway (two rounds for the inexperienced). The ceiling is supported by two plain wooden pillars. Against each wall is a short workbench with tools hung on the wall above.

12G. Safehouse. The honey, royal jelly, and other valuables of the compound are stored here. The door is always securely locked, and only the beekeeper has the key (it hangs on a chain around his neck). The honey and royal jelly are stored in securely sealed jars set in bins against the west wall. The jars are 6" high and 3½" in diameter, each containing 20 ounces of honey or unprepared jelly. (Twenty ounces of royal jelly reduce to five ounces when prepared. Each ounce equals one potion of *extra-healing* with *cure disease* side effects. Prepared royal jelly is worth 2,000-3,000 gp per ounce, and one ounce can be made into a youth-preserving unguent worth 3,000-8,000 gp. See the *Monster Manual II*, page 17.)

Also stored in the safehouse are masks that Iole makes by "spinning" honeycombs. The masks are an antidote to the terrible stench of the marsh (though they are ineffective within the marsh itself) and are particularly valuable nonmagical devices, proof against nonmagical smoke, dust, and airborne poisons of all kinds as long as the masks are kept clean; they are also very durable. Each member of the beekeeper's household has his own mask; only the spares are stored here, in a bin in the northeast corner of the safehouse. The beekeeper keeps his magical scrolls in a chest in the southeast corner.

All windows in the beekeeper's compound are heavily barred, with extra bars for the safehouse. At every corner of every building is an oblong container that looks decorative but contains six javelins. Opening a container takes one round. All members of the beekeeper's household wear knives and keep their masks with them at all times. The beekeeper, Tereus, Oeneus, and Lycus always carry two javelins each (strapped to their backs) unless armed with a bow

and quiver of 20 arrows.

The stench of the marsh has been in the air at the compound for the past two hours and is just leaving as the PCs arrive. The PCs notice the stench, and its remnants make talking difficult for them; reduce charisma by one point temporarily for all PCs. In 1d10+5 rounds, the stench clears sufficiently for the PCs' charismas to return to normal.

While the beekeeper is entertaining the PCs—a small meal of bread and fruit is offered if it's before noon, more substantial fare if it's later in the day—he tells them something about his situation. The compound has been under loose siege by the marsh Birds for several years. The Stymphalian Marsh, while never exactly a pleasant place, was once at least hospitable to those who understood it. The beekeeper frequently explored it in the company of the bees, in search of herbs and other valuable natural products. When the Stymphalian Birds migrated north, everything changed. The Birds are deadly meat-eaters and filthy creatures besides. From the beginning, their excrement made the marsh a malodorous, unhealthy place. Most of the inhabitants of Stymphalus town fled or were killed. To the east, above a high pass on Mt. Cyllene, a band of cyclopes even abandoned their citadel, driven away by the stench. Only the beekeeper and his family and servants have made a stand here, determined not to be driven away. The Birds are not at war with the giant bees, whom they don't consider prey, but they frequently attempt to raid the compound for tasty human flesh, and the beekeeper depends on the power of the bees to defend him and his people.

As for the PCs' quest, the beekeeper can tell them little that is helpful. "This certainly is the place to come if you were told to follow the bees," he says. "But there are no abandoned beehives in the immediate vicinity. And as for a large bronze container, neither I nor my family know of any." Nor does the combination of wings and serpents mean much to him.

"There is this, though," the beekeeper continues. "In my grandfather's day, long before the coming of the Birds or the cyclopes, we lived on the eastern slope of Mt. Cyllene. That is where the great blossoms were. When the flowers died away and the bees came to this part of the mountain, we came as well, but over on the eastern slopes there remain a few abandoned hives. Perhaps you should look there."

Lycus adds, "Perhaps it's a matter of symbols. What do bees symbolize? Industry. Creativity. Wealth. And what do those things call to mind?"

If the PCs don't know the answer to this, the DM can have the beekeeper answer, "Cyclopes!"

While the PCs are with the beekeeper, the compound is attacked by a strong force of Birds. The attack is a surprise, and the beekeeper has no chance to summon soldier bees for assistance (although those from the nearest hives automatically come to counterattack the Birds). The DM should time this attack for when the PCs are feeling most comfortable and secure, perhaps when they have separated (Tereus may offer to show the workshop to a PC with bowyer proficiency, for example).

The Birds give out raucous cries just moments before they dive into the compound. The PCs will have the impression that large, copper-metal storks have appeared all over the area—and these creatures *stink!*

When the attack comes, the male and female servants immediately lock themselves inside their own quarters or the kitchen building. The DM should give the PCs an opportunity to materially aid the beekeeper during this attack: A servant is caught outside the compound, halfway between the open gate and the nearest beehive, and the PCs must assist in fighting off the Birds and getting the servant into the main house. Once everyone is under shelter, the doors are securely closed and the bowmen fire from the windows to help the bees drive off the Birds.

Stymphalian Birds (10-40): AC 5; MV 9, Fl 18 (C); HD 3; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 2-20; SA special; SD special; ML 16; AL NE. The Stymphalian Birds have beaks, claws, and wing feathers of bronze. They usually attack with their claws, but they may also make diving attacks in an attempt to impale prey with their beaks (+4 to hit, 2-12 hp damage). In flight, a Bird has a 35% chance per round to use its wings to deflect any missile aimed at it. The Birds are very aggressive and frequently attack even if they're outnumbered, relying on their mobility to help them disable their prey. The Birds also have a terrible odor that causes all victims within 10' of them to suffer a −2 penalty on to-hit rolls, saving throws, and armor-class values (the effects of the stench are very pronounced at close range). Victims must also make constitution checks every round spent within 10' of these Birds or else suffer the loss of 1 hp per round thereafter from nausea, until the Birds leave or are destroyed, or until curative spells (see "The Stench") or fresh air are available.

If the PCs have been of exceptional help to the beekeeper, he rewards them generously. He gives each of them one of the honeycomb masks and a small flask containing rich giant bee honey (worth 500 gp per flask). To the entire party he gives a small flask of prepared royal jelly (worth 6,000-9,000 gp or more, depending on how good a bargain they make when selling it). He also uses his scroll of *divination* to ask what the PCs should do to complete their quest.

The answer is, "Seek the place of the single eye."

Once again, if the PCs don't understand the meaning of the response, the beekeeper certainly should. The "place of the single eye" is the cyclopes' citadel (area 9) on the eastern slopes of Mt. Cyllene. The beekeeper advises the PCs to start for the citadel at once to take advantage of the lull in Bird activity that's bound to follow the creatures' defeat today.

Lycus offers to guide the PCs part way if they'll help him in return. Halfway between the beekeeper's compound and the citadel is a forest glen (area 8) where a special herb grows, an Arcadian variant of the herb moly, that is proof against *polymorph* spells. Normally, this glen is inaccessible due to the Birds, but Lycus wants to take advantage of the expected lull to visit the glen and gather some herbs. Gathering requires a half hour of deep meditation to ensure the moly isn't spoiled when it's picked, and Lycus wants the PCs to guard him during this period of vulnerability. If they agree, he'll tell them how best to reach the citadel.

7. The Pool Cave. If the PCs agree to go with Lycus, he guides them down the mountain to the forest lands between Mt. Cyllene and the Stymphalian Marsh. Three hours' travel takes them to the edge of the foothills, where Lycus knows a convenient cave with a pool of fresh water to drink from. His plan is to shelter there until dawn of the next day, safe from the Birds and the stench. If

the group starts at dawn, they should reach the glen early in the day, and the PCs will have time to reach the citadel before dark—which will be better than having to camp in the forest at night.

The Arcadia Random Encounters table should not be used south of Mt. Cyllene. However, if the encounter with the nereids hasn't yet been used, Lycus and the PCs may discover that these creatures have taken possession of the pool cave.

The PCs spend the night in the cave and at dawn Lycus guides the PCs east along the southern foothills of Mt. Cyllene. This is wooded country, and Lycus keeps to the thickest part of the trees for protection against the Birds. Any PC who lacks a wilderness aptitude (ranger, druid, tracking proficiency, etc.) runs a 20% risk of becoming separated from the main party. Roll once for each such PC each time the party enters a new hex.

Each PC also runs a 10% risk every hour of accidentally dislodging his mask. If a mask is dislodged, make a constitution check for nausea. A PC suffering nausea must make a dexterity check to see if he can remove his mask before he fouls it. A fouled mask must be washed with fresh water before it can be used again. Lycus, due to his experience, can properly clean a fouled mask in five minutes, but it will take a PC 10 minutes to clean a mask.

During this march, there is a 15% chance every hour that the PCs are noticed by 2-12 Birds (see statistics at area 6), who attack immediately. These Birds do not summon reinforcements (being greedy and desiring all this nice flesh for themselves) unless they are defeated. In that case, there is a 25% chance that the Birds' cries summon 5-10 times their number in reinforcements unless the PCs kill them all.

Three hours of hard marching should take the party to the glen (area 8) where Lycus's herbs grow.

8. The Glen. This glen is set right against the foothills, with a clear, sparkling stream running through it. It is well sheltered with thick-branched trees, but while these may protect the PCs from observation by the Birds (reduce chance to be seen to 10%), the trees also provide the Birds with enough cover to get in close and ambush the PCs if they can observe the party (30% chance the Birds can get within striking range before the PCs detect them). The water in the stream is sweet, and if a slight breeze is blowing from any direction except the south, Lycus can use a *control winds* spell to augment it and clear the air so that the PCs can eat and drink free of their masks. A special check (15% chance) should be made to see if the Birds notice the wind alteration and detect the party because of it.

It will take Lycus half an hour to meditate and another half hour to harvest the moly while the PCs guard him. The DM should make an extra check for detection by the Birds during this time, since the Birds know humans come to this glen (a total of three 15% checks during this hour if the *control winds* spell is used).

If one of the PCs is a druid, Lycus permits him to harvest sufficient moly to prepare a *resist polymorph* potion for each PC. But remember, the PCs' part of the bargain is to guard Lycus, not to harvest herbs.

Lycus intends to harvest 10 doses of moly, and while a single sprig of moly is sufficient for one dose, it's the process of harvesting that is most important in retaining the magical value of the herb. It takes three minutes to properly harvest one sprig of moly, and the PC druid must carefully watch Lycus harvest the first spring in order to see how it should be done, after which he can harvest one less sprig of moly than Lycus. The PC must also roll equal to or less than his wisdom (with a +1 penalty) for each sprig or it will be ruined (unknown to the PC). If the PC watches Lycus harvest two sprigs, there is no penalty to his wisdom rolls, but he cannot improve his rolls beyond that and he will harvest two sprigs less than Lycus.

The DM may create his own formula for preparing the potion or may simply require that the moly be boiled in holy water until a thick syrup is formed. Since moly is a very rare herb, a complex formula isn't necessary. The entire potion must be consumed to confer complete immunity to *polymorph* spells for 1d10 + 10 rounds.

When Lycus's harvesting is finished, he instructs the PCs to continue east along the flank of Mt. Cyllene until the foothills begin to turn south. At that point they should climb due north across the crest of the mountain. There, they should be able to see the edge of the cyclopes' citadel to the northeast, on a great shelf that overlooks the pass. Lycus then leaves to make his own way back to the beekeeper's compound.

It will take the PCs at least 3½ hours to reach the place where the foothills turn south. The country through which they pass is thickly forested, and they will have to cross two fast streams along the way. Halfway between the two streams, the PCs reach a place where they can look south and see the abandoned town of Stymphalus, almost three miles away. During this march, the risk of being detected by the Birds is again 15%, with one check every hour.

The climb to Cyllene's crest takes 2½-3 hours. If the PCs left Lycus's cave at dawn on this day, they'll be lucky to have reached the crest and come within sight of the cyclopes' citadel 10½ hours later. If the PCs look south after reaching the crest, they have a 15% chance of seeing the two 18'-tall giant Aloeids, still searching through the marsh far below.

If the PCs decide to camp for the night on the northern side of Cyllene's crest there is a 50% chance that the stench will die down sufficiently for them to sleep without their masks. If they have to sleep with their masks on, the DM may rule that each PC runs a 5% chance every hour of dislodging his mask while he's sleeping, with a resulting risk of nausea.

9. The Cyclopes' Citadel. If the PCs find a vantage point and look south as they approach the citadel, they see that the Aloeids, having gotten fed up with the marsh, its stench, and its Birds, are moving rapidly in the direction of the citadel. Though the PCs do not know who the Aloeids are, the giants should be visible and their approach should be described in terms that make it seem ominous. The actual timing of their arrival at the citadel is left to the DM's discretion, since it should be adjusted to the PCs' strength and speed. The DM should not allow the Aloeids to arrive at the citadel so soon that the PCs have no chance of succeeding, unless he's prepared to referee a confusing battle involving the PCs, Silenus, the satyrs, the Aloeids, and the sphinx who guards the citadel, and feels that his players are competent enough to play one enemy against another. The Aloeids are formidable foes, and the PCs should have a fair chance of winning.

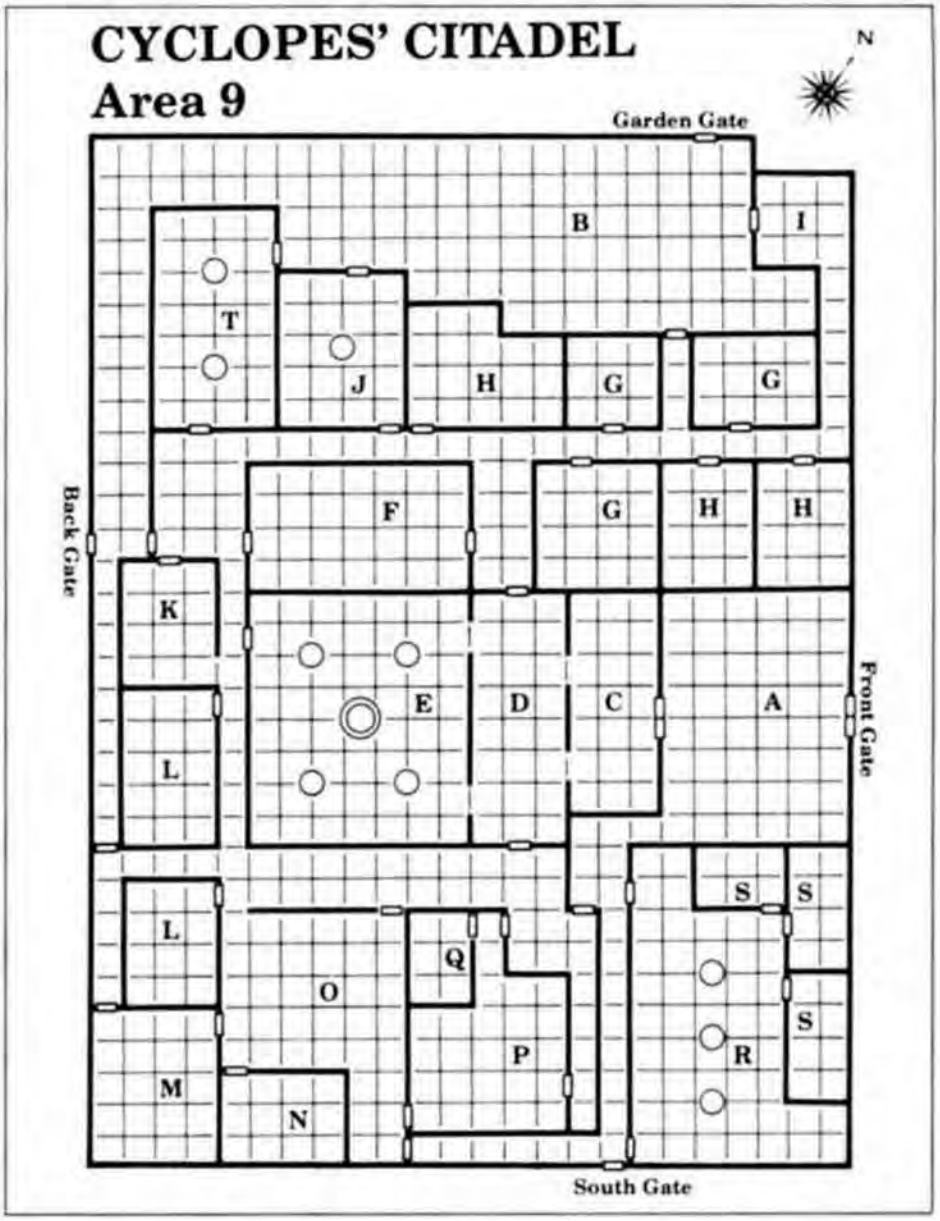
The citadel overlooks the pass between the main peak of Mt. Cyllene and

the northeastern extension of the mountain. The citadel is difficult to see from below, but when the PCs reach it they find that it sits on a kind of shelf with a clear view of the pass, the forest to the north, and the marsh to the south and east. There are few trees around the citadel, so approaching the front gate or the south gate in any secrecy will be impossible. High brush on the north side of the citadel allows some secrecy in approaching the garden gate. The back gate can be approached through rubble that has fallen from the peak behind the citadel. All four gates are invitingly ajar.

Everything about the citadel is three times normal human size, as expected in something constructed by cyclopes. The citadel is in good condition, with all doors intact, but was stripped when abandoned. Unless otherwise noted, it is entirely empty. The doors are heavy (AC 6, hp 40-60), and while they lack latches, they have strong handles. The outer gates can be locked by crossbars that lie on the ground nearby. The windows are all open casements with unlatched wooden shutters; the outer wall has no windows. The floors are thick with dust, and the PCs may notice that there are giant rat tracks in every room. Other tracks are evident but are more difficult to recognize. Since the Aloeids explored most of the citadel before hiding the chest, the PCs will find no coherent trails to follow.

The stench of the marsh is an effective deterrent to most would-be residents. The DM must rule whether or not current weather conditions force the PCs to wear their masks all the time. A good north wind off the gulf can temporarily blow away the stench, and magic can help this. If the PCs have not obtained masks from the beekeeper or have no magic to help them, a south wind will make it difficult for them to operate in the citadel. The DM should not rule for a south wind unless the PCs have a fair chance of countering its effects. The stench will not inhibit the actions of the Aloeids, of Silenus and his satyrs, or of any current residents of the citadel.

Silenus lost track of the PCs after they left the beekeeper's compound, but heard about the Aloeids from the centaurs. Curious, Silenus led his band to investigate and is watching the citadel when the PCs enter (the PCs have a 5% chance of glimpsing a satyr before they enter the citadel). Silenus, who has



increased his band to 35 satyrs, may try to ambush the PCs before they enter the citadel, but he's more likely to permit them to enter ahead of him, then follow them in. If he and his satyrs corner the PCs before the party encounters the sphinx (guarding area T), Silenus has his satyrs attack the adventurers. If the PCs encounter the sphinx first, Silenus stays outside of area T and awaits the results of the encounter, then enters the room and orders an attack on the survivors. If the sphinx's riddle is solved and the sphinx rushes from area T, there is a 50% chance that the satyrs will be surprised and leap out of her way. If they are not surprised, they attack her. At this point, Silenus senses that the secret of the theft of Apollo's cattle is very near and puts forth every effort to defeat the PCs. The satyrs, however, flee after taking 50% casualties; they will then be beyond Silenus's control, and Silenus will not continue the struggle without them. As noted earlier, Silenus himself will avoid combat if at all possible. He will, of course, be very drunk when he arrives at the citadel.

The citadel's courtyard (area A) is bare and dusty, the unpaved earth

packed hard. The passage from the courtyard to the south gate is unroofed and open. The roofs of the citadel's main building and of the stables (area R) are flat, covered with 1'-square tiles that are dirty and slick with neglect. The roofs have narrow, 1'-high walls around their outer perimeters, with a drainage spout at every corner.

The garden (area B) extends all the way along the northwest side of the main building and around the corner to the southeast, from the north gate to the back gate, and is an overgrown tangle with nothing like a path through it. Much of the tangle consists of bushes that once bore flowers but that now show thorns. If the PCs attempt to force their way through the tangle, they each suffer 1 hp damage from the thorns unless the first PC is capable of cutting a path for the rest. A huge spider has set up residence in the garden. There is a 75% chance that it detects and attacks anyone entering the garden.

Huge spider: AC 6; MV 18; HD 2+2; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA 30' leap, poison, surprise; ML 8; AL N; MC.

The outer hall (area C) is two steps up from the courtyard. Behind it is the inner hall (area D). The great hall (area E) has four massive pillars to hold up the ceiling, and a large fire pit in its center. Two large snakes (drawn to the citadel in the hope of finding rats) nest in the pit. They will not aggressively attack the PCs but will defend their home against interference.

Constrictor snakes (2): AC 6; MV 9; HD 3+2; hp 22, 20; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1/1-3; SA constriction; ML 8; AL N; MC. The snakes bite, then coil around their victims. Successful constriction indicates automatic damage each succeeding round.

To the north of the courtyard and the great hall are a guardroom (area F), three storerooms (areas G), and three bedrooms (areas H).

Sprawled on the floor of the gardener's quarters (area I) is the skeleton of an earlier visitor to the citadel. This unfortunate fellow was bitten by the spider (or, more likely, its parent) in the garden but escaped to this room before dying. The bones are greatly disturbed and some are missing, for the rats have eaten what the spider has not. Shreds of clothing remain, and a cloth pouch and war hammer lie near the body. In the pouch are 8 gp, 12 sp, 20 cp, three gems (worth 30 gp, 45 gp, and 75 gp), and two rings (a gold ring with a ruby, worth 600 gp; and a *ring of feather falling*).

Just off the garden is a large bedroom (area J) with a plain pillar in its center. There is nothing of interest here. The female servants of the cyclopes lived in a small (for giants) room at the back (area K). Two storerooms (areas L) to the southeast stand empty, while giant rats have taken over a third storeroom (area M) and resist any intrusion.

Giant rats (40): AC 7; MV 12, Sw 6; HD ½; hp 1-4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA disease; ML 6; AL N(E); MC. Victims of the rats have a 5% chance per bite to contract a serious disease (saving throw vs. poison negates this chance). The disease causes a loss of 1 hp per turn until the victim has zero hit points and collapses, unconscious; a system-shock roll must be made at this point to avoid death. Recovery occurs at a rate of 1 hp per day thereafter. Though now fully adapted to the stench from the marsh, these rats fear fire and will flee from it. Alarmed by the Aloeids, the rats have retreated from the rest of the citadel, but 2-12 of them may be encountered in the kitchen (area O), the pantry (area N), and the southernmost area L.

The male servants slept in area P, but the overseer had his own private nook (area Q). The large room at the northeast corner of the complex (area R) appears to have been a kind of stable, but since cyclopes know little about horses, it's more likely to have been a kennel for oversized hounds. Three unadorned pillars hold up the roof. Three storerooms (areas S) break up the large space. One of these areas may have been the grooms' quarters.

The master bedroom (area T) is dominated by two large, plain pillars. Behind the northern pillar is the bronze chest in which the Aloeids have imprisoned Hermes. Resting her forepaws on the chest is a large gynosphinx.

The chest is 4' long, 2' wide, and 3' high, made of 1"-thick bronze. It weighs 1,000 lbs (not counting Hermes's 150 lbs.). The metal of the chest was once brightly burnished but is now badly scuffed. The sides are dented but solid; the top is curved, with two hinges (AC 5) at the back and an excellent quality hasp lock at the front. However, while the lock can sustain 50 hp damage, close examination shows that the left hinge will break after receiving only 30 hp, and the right hinge will give way after only 20 hp damage. The chest is of greater cyclopes' manufacture, and impressed on the top of the lid is the stylized picture of a beehive. The chest is bound in a chain of average quality that is fastened by a good quality lock. The lock is AC 4 and will take 60 hp damage, but the chain is only AC 6, and five minutes' examination shows that one link will take only 10 hp damage before giving way (other links take 20 hp).

Inside the chest, Hermes is scrunched up with his knees under his chin. The chest has no air holes and, while Hermes (being a god) is in no danger of suffocating, long confinement has been miserable and has cost him 40 hp. He is bound by a *rope of entanglement* that entangles upon the command "seize" and releases upon the command "free"—both spoken in the Greek dialect of the greater cyclopes who made the rope. Hermes knows both words but cannot speak them because of the *ring of silence* that is hung around his neck on a silver chain. The ring operates like the second-level priest spell of the same name, except the ring's operation is continuous. The magical silence can be contained by completely enclosing the ring in a bronze or silver container—a modification specified when the ring was first created in order to enable it to be carried without suffering its effects. As soon as the chest is opened, the ring's effects spill out into the room, creating a zone of silence with a 15' radius.

Hermes, soon-to-be greater god of the Greek pantheon: AC 4; MV 18 (or special); R10/T15/B10/D10/I10; hp 170 (130 hp currently); THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dmg 3-18; SA may cast any spell allowed by class and level once per round; SD 25% magic resistance; S 19 (+3, +7), D 25, C 24, I 25, W 19, Ch 24; ML 20; AL N; LL/66. Hermes (when he is free to do so) can run so fast that he seems to use *blink* and *teleport* at will, and he is always *hasted*. He has maximum thieving abilities for his level and dexterity. At the time of this adventure, Hermes is less than a month old and has not yet reached his full growth, but because immortal children mature with extreme rapidity, he appears as a handsome teenager. He does not yet have the winged sandals, *helm of invisibility*, or white caduceus described in *Legends & Lore*, page 66, nor does he have the powers of a deity, as per the same book,

page 6. Hermes is mischievous, impudent, and daring. He will not allow any insult to go unpunished nor any favor unrewarded.

The chest is guarded by a gynosphinx who wears a cloth-of silver pouch in which the *ring of silence* was placed when the Aloeids wanted to talk to Hermes. Also in the pouch are eight matched rose pearls worth 250 gp each; a *pearl of power* (fifth level), also rose and matched to the other pearls; and two gems worth 250 and 300 gp.

Gynosphinx: AC −1; MV 15, Fl 24 (D); HD 8; hp 58; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/2-8; SA special; ML 17; AL N; MC (sphinx). The sphinx can use the following spells once per day: *detect magic, read magic, read languages, detect invisible, locate object, dispel magic, clairaudience, clairvoyance, remove curse, legend lore.* Once per week the sphinx can use each of the *symbols*.

The Aloeids paid the sphinx (with the gems) to watch the chest during their absence, and she will not be drawn out of this room by any noises the PCs make as they explore the citadel. Like all Greek versions of her species, the sphinx is proud and vain. She is willing to talk with the PCs and may (DM's option) explain to them who and what the Aloeids are, their hatred for the Olympian gods, and their capture of Hermes.

She will offer to let the PCs open the chest if they can answer her riddle. The offer is legitimate, for the sphinx's vanity will not let her believe that the riddle can be answered or that the PCs can defeat her, and this is her way of toying with them. If the PCs refuse the challenge or fail to answer the riddle, the sphinx immediately attacks them. If Silenus's satyrs enter the room, the sphinx attacks them instantly, whether before the PCs' arrival or while the PCs are present, but as soon as the satyrs are defeated, she calls a truce to make her offer to the PCs.

If the PCs succeed in answering the riddle, the sphinx becomes so dismayed that she screams in agony (10% chance per PC to suffer 1-10 hp damage as a result of this fierce scream) and rushes from the citadel to throw herself over the nearest cliff (some sphinxes are touchy about their pride).

The traditional riddle of the sphinx from Greek mythology is, "What walks on four feet in the morning, on two feet at noon, and on three feet in the evening?" The answer is, "Man, who crawls on all fours as a baby, walks erect as an adult, and must use a cane when he is old." But, since a great many people are familiar with this riddle, here are a few others:

"When is the highest beneath the lowest?" Answer: "At night, when the sun is beneath the feet of every man, whoever he is."

"What has one eye but cannot see; is always felt but never seen; travels but has no legs; is never thirsty but must always drink?" Answer: "A hurricane."

"When I come, light fails. Apollo blinks, and Artemis rules in his place. Who am I?" Answer: "Apollo is the sun god, Artemis is the moon goddess, and I am an eclipse."

"Always present, never seen. I am not so thick as blood, but if I leave, you will die. Fire loves me, water rides me. Who am I?" Answer: "Air."

The DM may use one of these riddles or one of his own choice. However, an effort should be made to avoid using silly riddles. After all, the sphinx is a reasonably sober creature.

Hermes's Revenge

If the PCs succeed in opening the bronze chest, the effect of the ring around Hermes's neck immediately spills out and spread *silence* over a 15' radius. When the PCs look into the chest, Hermes is mouthing at them animatedly. If they try to sever the *rope of entanglement*, the young god shakes his head violently (he wants to save the rope) and tries to draw their attention to the chain around his neck and to the *ring of silence*. Hermes is mouthing at the PCs in Common, and any PC with proficiency in reading lips can easily understand that Hermes is saying, "Take off the ring and get it out of the room!" Otherwise, an intelligence roll is needed for a PC to understand what Hermes is saying. (The players, of course, may guess what is needed without the DM interpreting for the PCs.)

If the PCs find a way to neutralize the ring or take it more than 15' away, Hermes immediately speaks the word to release the rope. The moment he's free, Hermes stands up—painfully—and stretches to get out the kinks in his muscles. "Thank you, good friends!" he says to the PCs. "I congratulate you on defeating my guardian. But what of the twin giants, the Aloeids, the Brothers Dim? Are they upon us? Did the marsh swallow them up, or were they too much for even it to stomach?"

What follows depends on what has already happened in the citadel. If Silenus and his satyrs haven't yet been defeated, Hermes helps the PCs against them, but there is a 75% chance that the Aloeids arrive before Silenus and the satyrs are defeated. If Silenus has already been vanquished, Hermes's main purpose is to get revenge against the Aloeids—and to exercise his unusual sense of humor in the process. As soon as possible, he hurries to a vantage point from which he can see the Aloeids. If they are still far enough from the citadel to allow time for preparations, Hermes rushes through the citadel (his *rush is a little slow; even a god is stiff* from the kind of confinement he endured), and once he has viewed the situation, he returns to the PCs.

"I am Hermes, son of Zeus," the young god states when he returns. "I've a debt to pay to yonder brothers, and you'll please me by staying to help me pay it in full. But name yourselves and your patron gods: We've always time for politeness, and I've a debt of a different sort to pay to each of you."

When the introductions have been made, Hermes says, "I've seen what the one-eyed ones have wrought here, and I've a plan. Are you up to a small game of hide-and-seek?" If the PCs agree, Hermes explains his plan to them. He intends to imprison the Aloeids just as the Aloeids imprisoned him—with variations. While the PCs lure the Aloeids through the halls of the citadel, Hermes will herd all the giant rats into area N (it will take him 1d6+4 rounds to do this). Then, working together, Hermes and the PCs will trick the Aloeids into entering that room, throw the *ring of silence* in after them, and slam the door. The door will then be secured by tying the *rope of entanglement* from the handle of area N's door to the handle of area M's eastern door. Even if the Aloeids get the ring to the far end of area N, they won't be able to speak through the door distinctly enough to release the rope, assuming they can figure out what's holding the door closed. "And let's see if the giants can batter their way out of a cyclopes' citadel!" Hermes laughs.

The god stations one PC at the great double doors of area C. He instructs the rest to remove any bodies from the courtyard, lest the Aloeids suspect something is wrong (there's a 30% chance that the Aloeids won't notice anything is wrong or draw conclusions from such evidence). The moment the Aloeids enter, Hermes casts a *slow* spell on them, then heads for area N. After that, it is up to the PCs to run the Aloeids a merry chase through the citadel until Hermes reappears to personally lure the giants into the rats' nest. Just before the PCs slam the door, Hermes runs quickly out of the room.

At the DM's option, once the Aloeids are locked in, Hermes may decide to leave some other surprise for them, such as an illusion of a hydra in area O. (Even though Hermes is young, he will be a 15th-level illusionist at full growth *and has attained enough of his powers* to accomplish this much.)

Otus and Ephialtes, the Aloeids (twins with identical statistics): AC 0; MV 15; HD 30; hp 190 each; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 7-42; SA hurl boulders for 3-30 hp; SD special, 90% magic resistance; ML 18; AL CE. Both brothers are unique 18'-tall giants. The Aloeids each have an intrinsic and automatic aura of magical protection that operates as a *ring of protection +5*. They also regenerate 5 hp damage every round and are immune to poisonous and noxious substances (such as the fumes from the Stymphalian Marsh, though these cause them great discomfort). The Fates have decreed that the Aloeids cannot be killed; if reduced to zero or fewer hit points, an Aloeid falls into a coma until his natural regenerative ability has restored him to positive hit points.

There is a flaw in the decree of the Fates, as the goddess Artemis discovers several years after this incident when she learns the decree's precise wording: "The Aloeids cannot be killed by any other person." During a war between the Aloeids and the Olympians, Artemis tricks them into killing each other.

Each giant has a key on a chain around his neck. Otus's key unlocks the padlock of the chains that bound the bronze chest; Ephialtes's key opens the lock of the chest. Both giants carry great clubs that do twice the damage of the clubs listed on page 68 of the 2nd Edition *PHB*, but these clubs also have 50% higher speed factors. Each giant also carries 10 gems worth 200 gp (×6), 300 gp (×3), and 500 gp. Fortunately, the Aloeids are not very bright and can easily be misled.

Concluding the Adventure

Once the Aloeids are disposed of, Hermes's interest turns to his own business. While curious about what brought the PCs to his rescue, Hermes prefers to depend on his own sources of information rather than try to get knowledge out of the PCs. After all, he owes the PCs a debt, and a rigorous interrogation would be out of character. In any case, the divine ability of *true seeing (Legends & Lore*, page 8) has told Hermes that the PCs are not from Greece, or indeed from this time period. Before leaving them, Hermes tells the PCs to expect a reward within 24 hours after they have "returned to their own place and time."

The PCs' reward takes the form of a 2"-long white caduceus that appears somewhere in each PC's belongings sometime during the 24 hours after the party returns to Chalevot Temple. (While Hermes doesn't have the caduceus for a symbol at the time the reward is promised, he does have it at the time the reward is given.) Each PC receives empathic knowledge from the charm

that, if ever he finds himself in some deadly and otherwise fatal trap, he can hold the charm and call on Hermes. The charm will vanish and Hermes will come or send someone to rescue the PC, just as the PC helped to rescue Hermes.

If the PCs ask for directions, Hermes tells them that the best way to return to Mt. Chelydorea is to follow the northern slopes of Mt. Cyllene eastward, leave the forest for the plains of Achaea, and follow the tree line northwest to Mt. Chelydorea. Having described the route, Hermes leaves.

If the PCs follow Hermes's advice, the Arcadia Random Encounters table should be used only once per hex rather than once per hour. When the PCs descend onto the plains, the random encounters should end.

If the PCs decide to circle west and north along Mt. Cyllene's northern slope to reach Mt. Chelydorea, random encounters should be rolled every hour, and in addition the PCs run a 25% chance per hour of getting lost (minus 1% per level of any ranger or druid with the party).

When the PCs return to the abandoned temple on Mt. Chelydorea, the woodcutter Arkilan is gone. The PCs must clean and restore the temple as instructed before they can make the transition to Chalevot Temple. When the temple is ready, the PCs should all enter, and the leader of the party should place the offering on the altar. The nature of the offering will depend on how well the PCs have done during the adventure. For example, if (after disposing of the Aloeids) the PCs climbed down below the citadel and recovered the sphinx's pouch, they should leave the better of the two gems on the altar as an offering. If they've also received the benefit of the beekeeper's bounty, they can afford to leave both gems. If, in the DM's judgment, the offering is insufficient, the PCs will not be able to make the transition back to Chalevot until a sufficient offering is left.

After an acceptable offering is left and the PCs leave the abandoned temple, they find themselves on the steps of Chalevot Temple. Vrainos and the old gray-eyed woman are waiting for them on the top step. If the mission has been a success, Athena tells the PCs that the goddess is pleased with them and will reward them with *good fortune* for the duration of their next adventure.

If the DM judges that the PCs have not returned from this adventure with enough treasure to adequately reward them, the *good fortune* should be +25% on all die rolls during the next adventure, including determinations of encounters, combats, resurrections, discovery of treasure and magical items, and the likelihood that magical items will not bear a *curse* or other disadvantageous qualities, as well as an equal improvement in the experience points earned during that adventure.

If the PCs have returned from ancient Greece with adequate treasures, the value of the *good fortune* should be reduced. The amount of reduction depends on the DM's judgment of what constitutes "adequate treasure" in his campaign. It is suggested that the reductions in *good fortune* be made in 5% increments, with +10% being considered an absolute minimum for the *good fortune*.

The old woman then leaves, and Vrainos warns the PCs that their *good fortune* is not unalloyed. In true Greek fashion, it is a test of their characters. If they use this *good fortune* in a greedy manner, engaging in the most dangerous adventure they can find in the belief that the *good fortune* will protect them against harm, they could find that the *good fortune* has been withdrawn by an angry goddess who is offended by their arrogant greed—and probably withdrawn unexpectedly, at the most awkward moment. On the other hand, if the PCs engage in a minor adventure, expecting it to be a walk-through because of the *good fortune*, the goddess may be equally angered at their squandering of her gift. Decidedly, Greek gods are not easy to please! The PCs will need very good judgment indeed to make proper use of their *good fortune*.

One final note: If the PCs were at any time so careless as to mention to anyone in Arcadia that they were sent on this mission by a goddess (or, worse yet, say that the goddess was Athena herself), this fact will be discovered by Athena through her own divination methods. If the PCs successfully completed the mission to free Hermes, the PCs will be struck with a powerful curse. Those PCs who talked too freely will suddenly lose all memory of their actions (and all experience gained) during the adventure, upon their return to Chalevot Temple. Further, those PCs will lose all possessions they took with them into the temple and will not recall having ever owned such goods. This curse is the will of Athena, who acts to keep such untrustworthy PCs from spreading further stories in their own place and time—stories that might reach the ears of Eris and cause yet further problems. Ω

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more like the cold beacon of a lighthouse.

Standing around the great oak—two within the purplish glow, two without—are four more hideous elf-things like the ones that greeted you at the Glanadyl settlement. They seem to have been awaiting your group and are quite aware of your arrival. As one of the undead elves begins to walk slowly forward, a sudden icy gust of wind sends a shower of leaves spiralling to the ground and carries to you the frightful voice of the approaching creature. Its words seem to be directed toward Druida.

"Our family should have left Elfswood when the druid told us to!" the rotting elf-corpse calls in a raspy voice. "Now we are cursed to walk these woods for eternity! How foolish we were to think we could steal Irkthorn's forest from him! But now that Irkthorn has returned to take back what is rightfully his," the undead elf hisses, breaking into a repulsive dirt- and blood-stained grin as he gestures toward the huge oak and its fierce purple glow, "we have seen the light."

After the undead elf that was once Druida's father Myrdelor gives his speech, the odic and its greater wyrd servants attack.

Combat Strategies

The first thing the odic does when it confronts the PCs is to *animate* six more *charming* leaves and send them against the party. Whenever one of the leaves is destroyed, the spirit creates a replacement in the following round. It can use this power in addition to a regular attack (physical blow or spell) each round but can never have more than six leaves *animated* at one time.

As long as at least one opponent is within 30' of its possessed tree, the odic can attack with a branch (Dmg 1-12 plus poison) and will do so, leaving out-of-range PCs for the greater wyrds and *animated* leaves to engage. If all PCs attack from a distance, however, the odic will use its spell-like powers—especially *finger of death*—against the adventurers. The spirit ignores any *charmed* victims within the area of purple light surrounding it, allowing its continuous energy drain to leisurely steal the life out of such unfortunate individuals.

Another option available to the odic is its special *animate dead* ability. If any greater wyrds are defeated in combat, the odic can *animate* them again (at one-half their previous hit-point totals) if their corpses are within 60'. Similarly, if Druida or any PC elves are slain during this battle, the spirit can *animate* their dead bodies as wyrds and send them against their former friends! The spirit is capable of *animating* up to 16 Hit Dice of undead elves (two greater wyrds) per round.

The odic has another trick up its sleeve as well. When the spirit's hit-point total begins to dwindle, it can direct its *finger of death* power against itself, thus *curing* itself of 3-30 hp damage (as per the *raise dead* spell on page 12 of the D&D *Players Companion*. This option is usable once per round instead of an attack.

If the odic is Turned by a cleric, it is immediately banished to a random location 1-6 miles away. Once it reaches its new location, the spirit possesses another tree and then cures any damage it has suffered at the hands of the PCs. The following evening it returns to the site of the previous night's battle, *animating* any elf corpses it finds there. The spirit then resumes its tireless patrol of Elfswood, keeping a sharp lookout for the PCs.

Concluding the Adventure

Should the PCs fail to destroy the odic, the spirit simply continues to patrol Elfswood. Eventually, it kills the treant Sagebark, Old Man Hood, and countless other forest creatures. Its deadly presence remains in the forest until it is destroyed.

If the PCs succeed in defeating the odic, Druida immediately makes good on any promises she's made to them. Unless she was mistreated, the elf states that she would gladly adventure with the PCs in the future.

As a possible further adventure, Druida and the other surviving elves might decide to repopulate the settlement of Elfswood, and any PC elves could be invited to build new homes there or move into existing ones. Such a scenario might call for a journey to the Glanadyls' old clan of Whispering Grove to attract new settlers. The PCs may also be asked to obtain a sprig from the clan's Tree of Life to help repel any undead marauders that might trouble the settlement in the future and to ensure that a second such tragedy never occurs in Elfswood. Ω

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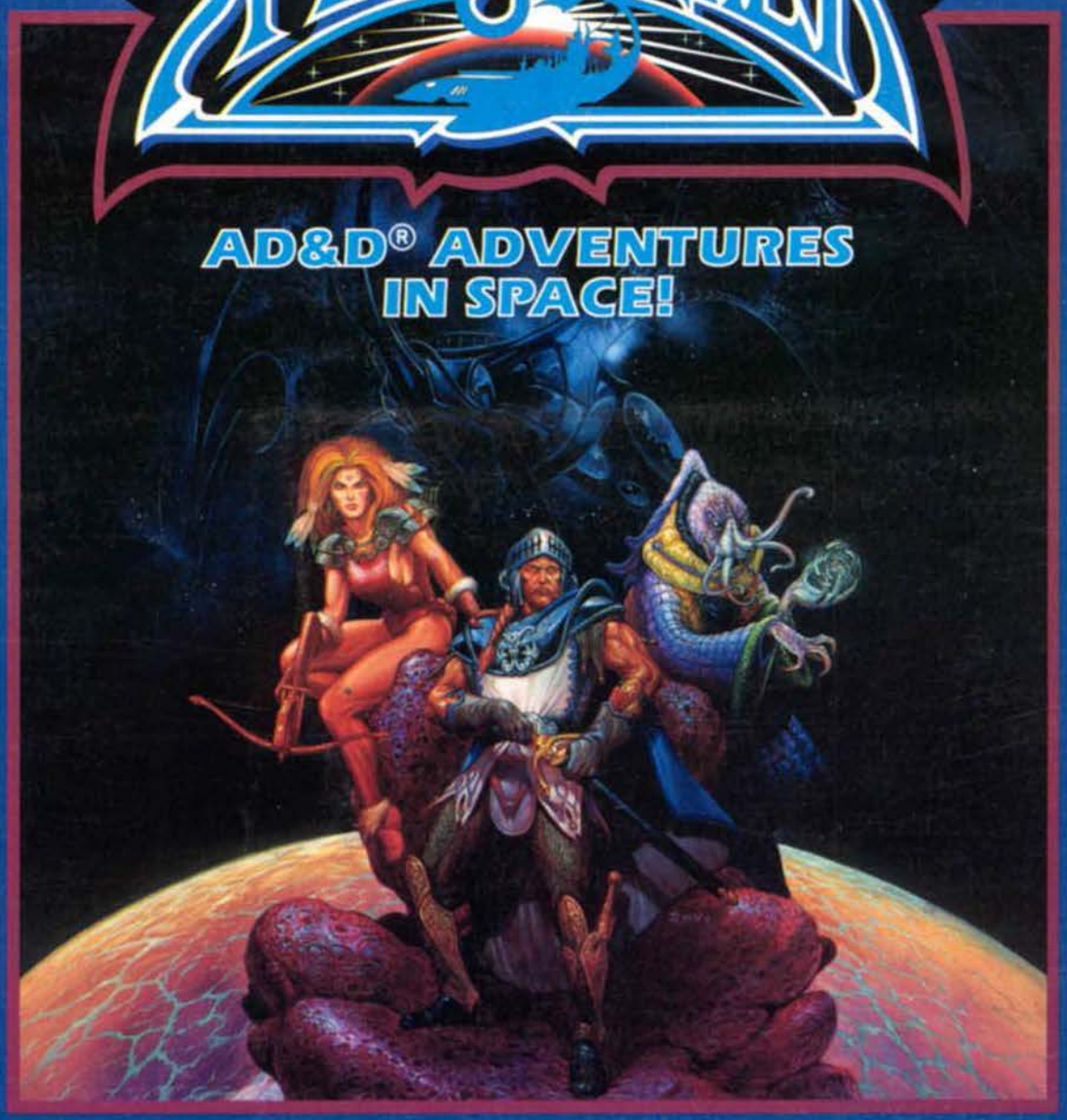

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